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A HOME OF THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD.

THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE IN KENTUCKY.



MORE than two hundred and fifty years have passed away since the Cardinal de Richelieu stood at the baptismal font as sponsor to a name that within the pale of the Church was destined to become more famous than his own. But the world has well-nigh forgotten Richelieu's godson. Perhaps only the tireless student of biography now turns the pages that record his extraordinary career, ponders the strange unfolding of his moral nature, is moved by the deep pathos of his dying hours. The demands of historic clearness and perspective which enforce some mention of him here may not, therefore, appear unfortunate. Dominique Armand-Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé! How cleverly, while scarcely out of short-clothes, did he puzzle the king's confessor with questions on Homer, and at the age of thirteen publish an edition of Anacreon! Of ancient, illustrious birth, and heir to an almost ducal house, how tenderly favored was he by Marie de Médicis; happy-hearted, kindly, suasive, how idolized by a gorgeous court! In what affluence of rich laces did he dress; in what irresistible violet-colored close coats, with emeralds at his wristbands, a diamond on his finger, red heels on his shoes! How nimbly he capered through the dance with a sword on his hip! How bravely he planned quests after the manner of knights of the Round Table, meaning to take for himself, doubtless, the part of Lancelot! How exquisitely, and ardently, and ah! how fatally he flirted with the incomparable ladies in the circle of Madame de Rambouillet!

And with a zest for sport as great as his unction for the priestly office, how wittily—laying one hand on his heart and waving the other through the air—could he bow and say, "This morning I preached like an angel; I'll hunt like the devil this afternoon!"

All at once his life broke in two when half spent. He ceased to hunt like the devil, to adore the flesh, to scandalize the world; and retiring to the ancient Abbey of La Trappe in Normandy,—the sponsorial gift of his Eminence and favored by many popes,—there undertook the difficult task of reforming the relaxed Benedictines. The old abbey—situated in a great fog-covered basin encompassed by dense woods of beech, oak, and linden, and therefore always gloomy, unhealthy, and forbidding—was in ruins. One ascended by means of a ladder from floor to rotting floor. The refectory had become a place where the monks assembled to play at bowls with worldlings. The dormitory, exposed to wind, rain, and snow, had been given up to owls. Each monk slept where he could and would. In the church the stones were scattered, the walls unsteady, the pavement was broken, the bell ready to fall. As a single solemn reminder of the vanished spirit of the place, which had been founded by St. Stephen and St. Bernard in the twelfth century, with the intention of reviving in the Western Church the bright examples of primitive sanctity furnished by Eastern solitaries of the third and fourth, one read over the door of the cloister the words of Jeremiah: *Sedebit solitarius et tacebit*. The few monks who remained in the convent were, as Chateaubriand says, also in a state of ruins. They preferred sipping ratafia to reading their breviaries; and when De Rancé

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undertook to enforce a reform, they threatened to whip him well for his pains. He, in turn, threatened them with the royal interference, and they submitted. There, accordingly, he introduced a system of rules that a sybarite might have wept over even to hear recited; carried into practice cenobitical austerities that recalled the models of pious anchorites in Syria and Thebais; and gave its peculiar meaning to the word "Trappist," a name which has since been taken by all Cistercian communities embracing the reform of the first monastery.

In the retirement of this mass of woods and sky De Rancé passed the rest of his long life, doing nothing more worldly, perhaps, than quoting Aristophanes and Horace to Bossuet, and allowing himself to be entertained by Pellisson, carefully exhibiting the accomplishments of his educated spider. There, in acute agony of body and perfect meekness of spirit, a worn and weary old man, with time enough to remember his youthful ardors and emeralds and illusions, he watched his mortal end draw slowly near. And there, asking to be buried in some desolate spot,—some old battle-field,—he died at last, extending his poor macerated body on the cross of blessed cinders and straw, and commending his poor penitent soul to the pure mercy of Heaven.

A wonderful spectacle to the less fervid Benedictines of the closing seventeenth century must have seemed the work of De Rancé in that old Norman abbey. A strange com-

pany of human souls, attracted by the former distinction of the great abbot as well as by the peculiar vows of the institute, must have come together in its silent halls! One hears many stories, in the lighter vein, regarding some of its inmates. Thus, there was a certain furious ex-trooper, lately reeking with blood, it seems, who got himself much commended by living on baked apples, and a young nobleman who devoted himself to the work of washing daily the monastery spittoons. One brother, the story runs, having one day said there was too much salt in his scalding-hot broth, immediately burst into tears of contrition for his wickedness in complaining; and another went for so many years without raising his eyes that he knew not a new chapel had been built, and so quite cracked his skull one day against the wall.

The abbey was an asylum for the poor and helpless, the shipwrecked, the conscience-stricken, and the broken-hearted—for that meditative type of fervid piety which for ages has looked upon the cloister as the true earthly paradise wherein to rear the difficult edifice of the soul's salvation. Much noble blood sought De Rancé's retreat, to wash out, if might be, its terrifying stains; and more than one reckless spirit went thither to take upon itself the yoke of purer, sweeter usages.

De Rancé's work remains an influence in the world. His monastery and his reform constitute the true background of material and spiritual fact against which to outline the



BROTHERS.



A FOLLOWER OF ST. JOSEPH.

present Abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky. Even when thus clearly viewed, it seems placed where it is only by some freak of history. An abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky! How utterly inharmonious with every element of its environment appears this fragment of old French monastic life! It is the twelfth century touching the last of the nineteenth — the Old World reappearing in the New. Here are French faces — here is the French tongue. Here is the identical white cowl presented to blessed St. Alberick in the forests of Burgundy nine hundred years ago. Here is the rule of St. Benedict, patriarch of the Western monks in the sixth century. When one is put out at the wayside station, amidst woodlands and fields of Indian-corn, and, leaving all the world behind him, turns his footsteps across the country towards the abbey more than a mile away, the seclusion of the region, its ineffable quietude, the infinite spiritual isolation of the life passed by the silent brotherhood — all bring vividly before the mind the image of that ancient distant abbey with which this one holds connection so sacred and so close. Is it not the veritable spot in Normandy? Here too is the broad basin of retired country; here are the densely wooded hills, shutting it in from all the world; here the orchards and vineyards and gardens of the ascetic devotees; and as the night falls from the low blurred sky of ashen-gray, and cuts short a silent contemplation of the scene, here too one finds one's self, like some belated traveler in the dangerous forests of old, hurrying on to reach the porter's lodge and ask admission within the sacred walls to enjoy the

hospitality of the venerable abbot. It is interesting to inquire how this religious exotic from another clime and another age ever came to be planted in such a spot.

II.

FOR nearly a century after the death of De Rancé it is known that his followers faithfully maintained his reform at La Trappe. Then the French Revolution drove the Trappists as wanderers into various countries, and the abbey was made a foundry for cannon. A small branch of the order came in 1804 to the United States and established itself for a while in Pennsylvania, but soon turned its eyes towards the greater wilds and solitudes of Kentucky. For this there was sufficient reason. It must be remembered that Kentucky was early a great pioneer of the Catholic Church in the United States. Here the first episcopal see of the West was erected, and Bardstown held spiritual jurisdiction, within certain parallels of latitude, over all States and Territories between the two oceans. Here too were the first Catholic missionaries of the West, except those who were to be found in the French stations along the Wabash and the Mississippi. Indeed, the Catholic population of Kentucky, which was principally descended from the colonists of Lord Baltimore, had begun to enter the State as early as 1775, the nucleus of their settlements soon becoming Nelson County, the locality of the present abbey. Likewise it should be remembered that the Catholic Church in the United States, especially that portion of it in Kentucky, owes a great debt to the zeal of the exiled French clergy of those early days. That buoyancy and elasticity of the French character which naturally adapts it to every circumstance and emergency was then most demanded and most efficacious. From these exiles the infant missions of the State were supplied with their most devoted laborers.

Hither, accordingly, the Trappists removed from Pennsyl-





OFFICE OF THE FATHER PRIOR.

vania, establishing themselves on Pottinger's Creek, near Rohan's Knob, several miles from the present site. But they remained only a few years. The climate of Kentucky was deemed ill suited to their life of unrelaxed asceticism, and, moreover, their restless superior had conceived a desire to Christianize Indian children, and so removed the languishing settlement to Missouri. There is not space for following the solemn march of those austere exiles through the wildernesses of the New World. From Missouri they went to an ancient Indian burying-ground in Illinois and there built up a sort of village in the heart of the prairie; but the great mortality from which they suffered and the subsidence of the fury of the French Revolution recalled them in 1813 to France, to reoccupy the establishments from which they had been banished.

It was of this body that Dickens, in his "American Notes," wrote as follows:

Looming up in the distance, as we rode along, was another of the ancient Indian burial-places, called Monk's Mound, in memory of a body of fanatics of the order of La Trappe, who founded a desolate convent there many years ago, when there were no settlements within a thousand miles, and were all swept off by the pernicious climate; in which lamentable fatality few rational people will suppose, perhaps, that society experienced any very severe deprivation.

But it is almost too late to say that in these "Notes" Dickens was not always either kindly or correct.

This is a better place in which to state a miracle than to discuss it; and the following account of a heavenly portent, which is related to have been vouchsafed the Trappists while sojourning in Kentucky, may be given without comment:

In the year 1808 the moon, being then about two-thirds full, presented a most remarkable appearance. A bright, luminous cross, clearly defined, was seen in the heavens, with its arms intersecting the center of

the moon. On each side two smaller crosses were also distinctly visible, though the portions of them most distant from the moon were more faintly marked. This strange phenomenon continued for several hours and was witnessed by the Trappists on their arising, as usual, at midnight, to sing the Divine praise.

The present monastery, which is called the Abbey of Gethsemane, owes its origin immediately to the Abbey of La Meilleraye, of the department of the Loire-Inférieure, France. The abbot of the latter had concluded arrangements with the French Government to found a house in the island of Martinique on an estate granted by Louis Philippe; but this monarch's rule having been overturned, the plan was abandoned in favor of a colony in the United States. Two fathers, with the view of selecting a site, came to New York in the summer of 1848, and naturally turned their eyes to the Catholic settlements in Kentucky and to the domain of the pioneer Trappists. In the autumn of that year, accordingly, about forty-five "religious" left the mother-abbey of La Meilleraye, set sail from Havre de Grace for New Orleans, went thence by boat to Louisville, and from this point walked to Gethsemane, a distance of some sixty miles. Although scattered among various countries of Europe, the Trappists have but two convents in the United States—this, the oldest, and one near Dubuque, Iowa, a colony from the abbey in Ireland.



BY THE WALL.

III.

THE domain of the abbey comprises some seventeen hundred acres of land, part of which is tillable, while the rest consists of a range of wooded knobs that furnish timber to the monastery steam saw-mill. Around this domain lie the homesteads of Kentucky farmers, who make, alas! indifferent monks. One leaves the public road that winds across the open country and approaches the monastery through a long level avenue, inclosed on each side by a hedge-row of cedars and shaded by nearly a hundred beautiful English elms, all the offspring of a single parent stem. Traversing this dim, sweet spot, where no sound is heard but the waving of boughs and the softened notes of birds, one reaches the porter's lodge, a low brick building, on each side of which extends the high brick wall that separates the inner from the outer world. Passing beneath the archway of the lodge, one discovers a graceful bit of landscape gardening—walks fringed with cedars, elaborately designed beds for flowers, pathways so thickly strewn with sawdust that the heaviest footfall is unheard, a soft turf of green traversed only by the gentle shadows of the pious-looking Benedictine trees: a fit spot for recreation and meditation. It is with a sort of worldly start that you come upon an inclosure at one end of these grounds wherein a populous family of white-cowled rabbits tip around in the most noiseless fashion.



Architecturally there is little to please the æsthetic sense in the monastery building, along the whole front of which these grounds extend. It is a great quadrangular pile of brick, three stories high, heated by furnaces and lighted by gas—modern appliances which heighten the contrast with the ancient life whose needs they subserve. Within the quadrangle is a green inner court, also beautifully laid off. One side of it consists of two

chapels, the one appropriated to the ordinary services of the Church and entered from without the abbey-wall by all who desire; the other, consecrated to the offices of the Trappist order, entered only from within, and accessible exclusively to males. It is here that one finds occasion to remember the Trappist's vow of poverty. The vestments are far from rich, the decorations of the altar far from splen-



WITHIN THE GATES.

did. The crucifixion scene behind the altar consists of wooden figures carved by one of the monks now dead and painted with little art. No tender light of many hues here streams through long windows rich with holy reminiscence and artistic fancy. The church has, albeit, a certain beauty of its own—that charm which is inseparable from fine proportion in stone and from gracefully disposed columns growing into the arches of the lofty roof. But the cold gray of the interior, severe and unrelieved, bespeaks a place where the soul comes to lay itself in simplicity before the Eternal as it would upon a naked, solitary rock of the desert. Elsewhere in the abbey, of course, greater evidences of votive poverty occur—in the various statues and shrines of the Virgin, in the pictures and prints that hang in the main front corridor—in all that appertains to the material life of the community.

Just outside the church, beneath the perpetual benediction of the cross on its spire, is the quiet cemetery garth where the dead are side by side, their graves covered with myrtle, and each having for



THE COOK.

its headstone a plain wooden crucifix bearing the religious name and the station of him who lies below—Father Honorius, Father Timotheus, Brother Hilarius, Brother Eutropius. Who are they? And whence? And by what familiar names were they greeted on the old play-grounds and battle-fields of the world?

The Trappists do not, as it is commonly understood, daily dig a portion of their own

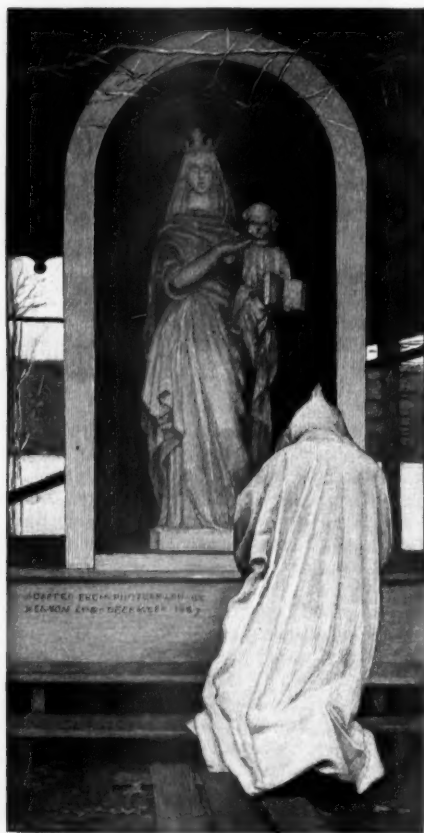
Nor do they sleep in the dark, abject kennel, which the imagination, in the light of medieval history, constructs as the true monk's cell. By the rule of St. Benedict, they sleep apart but in the same place, and the dormitory is a great upper room, well lighted and clean, in the body of which a general framework several feet high is divided into partitions that look like narrow berths.

It is while going from place to place in the abbey and considering the other buildings connected with it that one grows deeply interested in a subject but little understood—the daily life of the monks.

IV.

WE have all acquired poetical and pictorial conceptions of monks—praying with wan faces and upturned eyes half darkened by the shadowing cowl, the coarse serge falling away from the emaciated neck, the hands pressing the crucifix close to the heart; and along with this type has always been associated a certain idea of cloistral life—that it was an existence of vacancy and idleness, or at best of deep meditation of the soul broken only by express spiritual devotions. There is another kind of monk, of course, with all the marks of which we seem traditionally familiar; the monk with the rubicund face, sleek poll, good epigastric development, and slightly unsteady gait, with whom, in turn, we have connected a different phase of conventual discipline—fat capon and stubble goose, and midnight convivial chantings growing ever more fast and furious, but finally dying away in a heavy stertorous calm. Poetry, art, the drama, the novel, have each portrayed human nature in orders; the saint-like monk, the intellectual monk, the bibulous, the felonious, the fighting monk (who loves not the hermit of Copmanhurst?), until the memory is stored and the imagination preoccupied.

Living for a while in a Trappist monastery in modern America, one gets a pleasant infusion of actual experience, and is disposed to insist upon the existence of other types no less picturesque and on the whole much more acceptable. He finds himself, for one thing, brought face to face with the working monk. Idleness to the Trappist is the enemy of the soul, and one of his vows is manual labor. Whatever a monk's previous station may have been, he must perform, according to abbatial direction, the most menial services. None are exempt from work; there is no place among them for the sluggard. When it is borne in mind that the abbey is a self-dependent institution, where the healthy must be maintained, the sick cared for, the dead buried, the necessity



BEFORE THE MADONNA.

graves. When one of them dies and has been buried, a new grave is begun beside the one just filled, as a reminder to all the survivors that one of them must surely take his place therein. So, too, when each seeks the cemetery inclosure, in hours of holy meditation, and, standing bare-headed among the graves, prays softly for the souls of his departed brethren, he may come for a time to this unfinished grave, and, kneeling on the rude board placed at the head, pray Heaven, if he be next, to dismiss his soul in peace.



AMONG THE GRAVES.

for much work becomes manifest. In fact, the occupations are about as various as those of a modern factory. There is scope for intellects of all degrees and talents of well-nigh every order. Daily life, unremittingly from year to year, is an exact system of duties and hours. The building, covering about an acre of ground and penetrated by corridors, must be kept faultlessly clean. There are three kitchens,—one for the guests, one for the community, and one for the infirmary,—that require each a *coquinarius* and separate assistants. There is a tinker's shop and a pharmacy; a saddlery, where the broken gear used in cultivating the monastery lands is mended; a tailor's shop, where the worn garments are patched; a shoemaker's shop, where the coarse, heavy shoes of the monks are made and cobbled; and a barber's shop, where the Trappist beard is shaved twice a month and the Trappist head is monthly shorn.

Outdoors the occupations are even more varied. The community do not till the farm. The greater part of their land is occupied by tenant farmers, and what they reserve for their own use is cultivated by the so-called "family brothers," who, it is due to say, have no families, but live as celibates on the abbey domain, subject to the abbot's authority, without being members of the order. The monks, however, do labor in the ample gardens, orchards, and vineyard from which they derive their sustenance, in the steam saw-mill and grain-mill, in the dairy and the cheese factory. Thus picturesquely engaged one may find them in autumn: monks gathering apples

and making barrel after barrel of pungent cider, which is stored away in the vast cellar as their only beverage except water; monks repairing the shingle roof of a stable; monks feeding the huge swine which they fatten for the board of their carnal guests, or the fluttering multitude of chickens from the eggs and young of which they derive a slender revenue; monks grouped in the garden around a green and purple heap of turnips, to be stored up as a winter relish of no mean distinction.

Amidst such scenes one forgets all else while enjoying the wealth and freshness of artistic effects. What a picture is this young Belgian cheese-maker, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows of his brawny arms, his great pinkish hands buried in the golden curds, the cap of his serge cloak falling back and showing his closely clipped golden-brown hair, blue eyes, and clear delicate skin! Or this Australian ex-farmer, as he stands by the hopper of grist or lays on his shoulder a bag of flour for the coarse brown bread of the monks. Or this



GOING TO WORK.



Kenyon Cox - 1887.

After photograph.

THE FORTNIGHTLY SHAVE.

dark old French opera-singer, who strutted his brief hour on many a European stage, but now hobbles around, all hoary in his cowl and blanched with age, to pick up a handful of garlic. Or this athletic, superbly formed young Irishman, thrusting a great iron prod into the glowing coals of the saw-mill furnace. Or this slender Switzer, your attendant in the refectory, with great keys dangling from his leathern cincture, who stands by with folded hands and bowed head while you are eating the pagan meal he has pre-

pared, and prays that you may be forgiven for enjoying it.

From various countries of the Old World men find their way into the Abbey of Gethsemane, but among them are no Americans. Repeatedly the latter have made the experiment, and have always failed to persevere up to the final consecration of the white cowl. The fairest warning is given to the postulant. He is made to understand the entire extent of the obligation he has assumed; and only after passing through a novitiate, prolonged

at the discretion of the abbot, is he admitted to the vows that must be kept unbroken till death.

V.

FROM the striking material aspects of their daily life, however, one is soon recalled to a sense of their subordination to spiritual aims

and half of cream. The guest-master, whose business it is to act as your guide through the abbey and the grounds, is warily mindful of his special functions and requests you to address none but him. Only the abbot is free to speak when and as his judgment may approve. It is silence, says the Trappist, that shuts out new ideas, worldly topics, controversy. It is

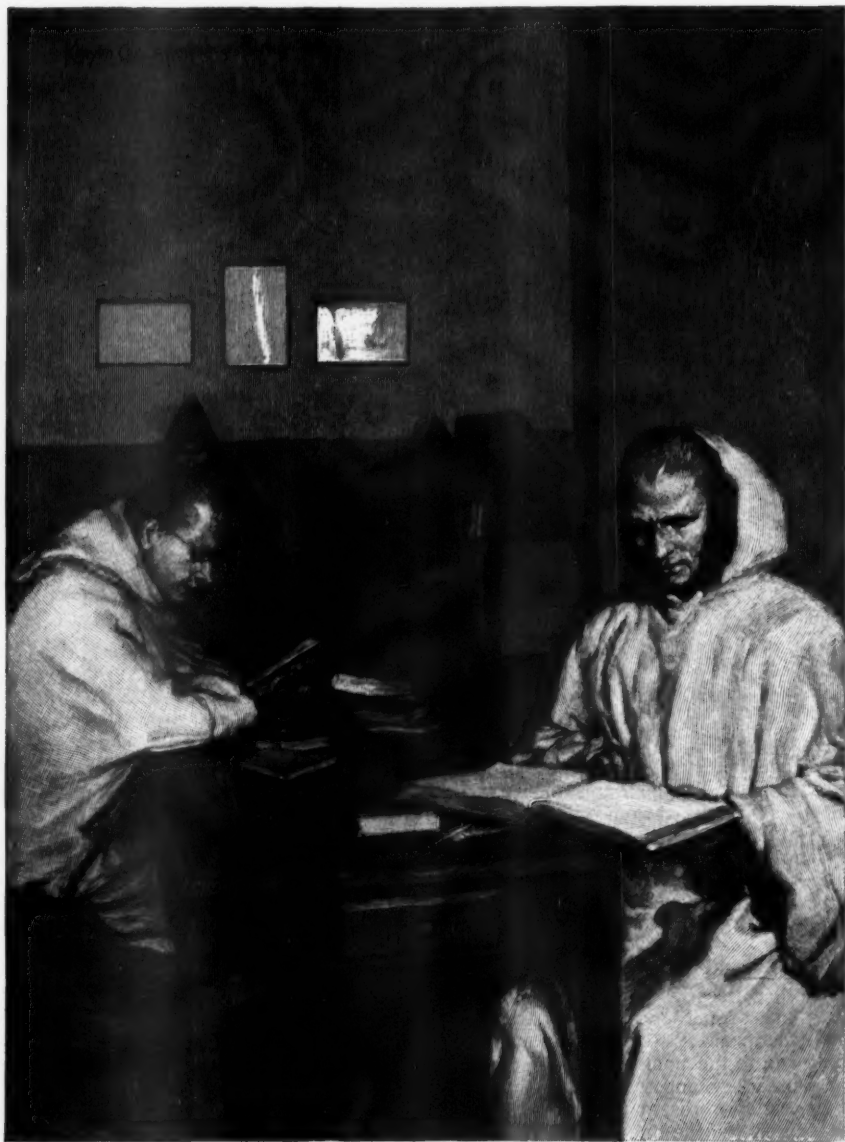


THE REFECTORY.

and pledges; for upon them all, like a spell of enchantment, lies the sacred silence. The honey has been taken from the bees with solemnity; the grapes have been gathered without song and mirth. The vow of life-long silence taken by the Trappist must of course not be construed literally; but after all there are only two occasions during which it is completely set aside—when confessing his sins and when singing the offices of the Church. At all other times his tongue becomes, as far as possible, a superfluous member; he speaks only by permission of his superior, and always simply and to the point. The monk at work with another exchanges with him only the few low, necessary words, and those that provoke no laughter. Of the three so-called monastic graces, *Simplicitas*, *Benignitas*, *Hilaritas*, the last is not his. Even for necessary speech he is taught to substitute a language of signs, as fully systematized as the speech of the deaf and dumb. Should he, while at work, wound his fellow-workman, sorrow may be expressed by striking his breast. A desire to confess is shown by lifting one hand to the mouth and striking the breast with the other. The maker of cheese crosses two fingers at the middle point to let you know that it is made half of milk

and half of cream. The guest-master, whose business it is to act as your guide through the abbey and the grounds, is warily mindful of his special functions and requests you to address none but him. Only the abbot is free to speak when and as his judgment may approve. It is silence, says the Trappist, that shuts out new ideas, worldly topics, controversy. It is

silence that enables the soul to contemplate with singleness and mortification the infinite perfections of the Eternal. In the abbey it is this all-pervasive hush that falls like a leaden pall upon the stranger who has rushed in from the talking universe and this country of free speech. Are these priests modern survivals of the rapt solitaires of India? The days pass, and the world, which seemed in hailing distance to you at first, has receded to dim remoteness. You stand at the window of your room looking out, and hear in the autumn trees only the flute-like note of some migratory bird, passing slowly on towards the south with all its kind. You listen within, and hear but a key turning in distant locks and the slow-retreating footsteps of some dusky figure returning to its lonely self-communings. The utmost precaution is taken to avoid noise; in the dormitory not even your guide will speak to you, but explains by gesture and signs. During the short siesta the Trappists allow themselves, if one of them, not wishing to sleep, gets permission to read in his so-called cell, he must turn the pages of his book inaudibly. In the refectory, while the meal is eaten and the appointed reader in the tribune goes through a service, if one through carelessness



READING IN THE CHAPTER ROOM.

makes a noise by so much as dropping a fork or a spoon, he leaves his seat and prostrates himself on the floor until bidden by the superior to arise. The same penance is undergone in the church by any one who should distract attention with the clasp of his book.

A hard life, to purely human seeming, does the Trappist make for the body. He thinks nothing of it. It is his evil tenement of flesh,

whose humors are an impediment to sanctification, whose propensities are to be kept down by the practice of all austerities. To it in part all his monastic vows are addressed—perpetual and utter poverty, chastity, manual labor, silence, seclusion, penance, obedience. The perfections and glories of his monastic state culminate in the complete abnegation and destruction of animal nature, and in the



AT WORK.

correspondence of his earthly life with the holiness of divine instruction. The war of the Jesuit is with the world; the war of the Trappist is with himself. From his narrow bed, on which are simply a coarse thin mattress, pillow, sheet, and coverlet, he rises at 2 o'clock, on certain days at 1, on others yet at 12. He has not undressed, but has slept in his daily garb, with the cincture around his waist.

This dress consists, if he be a brother, of the roughest dark-brown serge-like stuff, the over-garment of which is a long robe; if a father, of a similar material, but white in color, the over-garment being the cowl, beneath which is the black scapular. He changes it only once in two weeks. The frequent use of the bath, as tending to luxuriousness, is forbidden him, especially if he be young. His diet is vegetables, fruit, honey, cider, cheese, and brown bread. Only when sick or infirm may he take even fish or eggs. His table-service is pewter, plain earthenware, a heavy wooden spoon and fork of his own making, and the bottom of a broken bottle for a salt-cellar. If he wears the white cowl, he eats but one such frugal repast a day during part of the year; if the brown robe, and therefore required to do more work, he has besides this meal an early morning luncheon called "mixt." He renounces all claim to his own person, all right

over his own powers. "I am as wax," he exclaims; "mold me as you will." By the law of his patron saint, if commanded to do things too hard, or even impossible, he must still undertake them.

For the least violations of the rules of his order; for committing a mistake while reciting a psalm, responsory, antiphon, or lesson; for giving out one note instead of another, or saying *dominus* instead of *domino*; for breaking or losing anything, or committing any fault while engaged in any kind of work in kitchen, pantry, bakery, garden, trade, or business — he must humble himself and make public satisfaction forthwith. Nay, more: each by his vows is forced to become his brother's keeper, and to proclaim him publicly in the community chapter for the slightest overt transgression. For charity's sake, however, he may not judge motives nor make vague general charges.

The Trappist does not walk beyond the inclosures except by permission. He must repress all those ineffably tender yearnings that visit and vex the human heart in this life. The death of the nearest kindred is not announced to him. Forgotten by the world, by him it is forgotten. Yet not wholly. When he lays the lashes of the scourge on his flesh — it may be on his carious bones — he does it

not for his own sins alone, but for the sins of the whole world; and in his searching, self-imposed humiliations, there is a silent, broad out-reaching of sympathetic effort in behalf of all his kind. Sorrow may not depict itself freely on his face. If a suffering invalid, he must manifest no interest in the progress of his malady, feel no concern regarding the result. In his last hour, he sees ashes strewn upon the

been the realization of the infinite loveliness and beauty of personal purity; and the saint in the desert was the apotheosis of the spiritual man." However this may be, here at Gethsemane you see one of the severest expressions of its faith that the soul has ever given, either in ancient or in modern times; and you cease to think of these men as members of a religious order, in the study of them as exponents



IN THE SMITHY.

floor in the form of a cross, a thin scattering of straw made over them, and his body extended thereon to die; and from this hard bed of death he knows it will be borne on a bier by his brethren and laid in the grave without coffin or shroud.

VII.

BUT who can judge such a life save him who has lived it? Who can say what undreamt-of spiritual compensations may not come even in this present time as a reward for all bodily austerities? What fine realities may not body themselves forth to the eye of the soul, strained of grossness, steadied from worldly agitation, and taught to gaze year after year into the awfulness and mystery of its own being and deep destiny? "Monasticism," says Mr. Froude, "we believe to have

of a common humanity struggling with the problem of its relation to the Infinite. One would wish to lay hold upon the latent elements of power and truth and beauty in their system which enables them to say with quiet cheerfulness, "We are happy, perfectly happy." To them there is no gloom.

Excepting this ceaseless war between flesh and spirit, the abbey seems a peaceful place. Its relations with the outside world have always been kindly. During the civil war it was undisturbed by the forces of each party. Food and shelter it has never denied even to the poorest, and it asks no compensation, accepting such as the stranger may give. The savor of good deeds extends beyond its walls, and near by is a free school under its control, where for more than a quarter of a century boys of all creeds have been educated.



THE GARDEN.

There comes some late autumnal afternoon when you are to leave the place. With a strange feeling of farewell, you grasp the hands of those whom you have been given the privilege of knowing, and walk slowly out past the meek sacristan, past the noiseless garden, past the porter's lodge and the misplaced rabbits, past the dim avenue of elms, past the great iron gateway, and, walking along the sequestered road until you have reached the summit of a wooded knoll half a mile away, turn and look back. Half a mile! The distance is infinite! The last rays of the sun seem hardly able to reach the pale cross on the spire which anon fades into the sky; and the monastery bell, that sends its mellow tones across the shadowy landscape, is rung from an immemorial past.

It is the hour of the *Compline*, the *Salve*, and the *Angelus*—the last of the seven services that the Trappist holds between 2 o'clock in the morning and this hour of early nightfall. Standing alone in the silent darkness you allow imagination to carry you once more into the church. You sit in one of the galleries and look down upon the stalls of the monks ranged along the walls of the nave. There is no light except the feeble gleam of a single low red cresset that swings ever-burning before the altar. You can just discern a long line of nameless dusky figures creep forth from the deeper gloom and glide noiselessly into their seats. You listen to the *cantus plenus gravitate*—those long, level notes with sorrowful cadences and measured pauses, sung by a full, unflinching chorus of voices, old and young.



It is the song that smote the heart of Bossuet with such sadness in the desert of Normandy two and a half centuries ago.

Anon by some unseen hand two tall candles are lighted on the altar. The singing is hushed. From the ghostly line of white-robed fathers a shadowy figure suddenly moves towards the spot in the middle of the church where the bell-rope hangs, and with slow, weird movements rings the solemn bell until it fills the cold, gray arches with quivering sound. One will not in a lifetime forget the impressiveness

of the scene—the long tapering shadows that stretch out over the dimly lighted, polished floor from this figure silhouetted against the brighter light from the altar beyond; the bowed, moveless forms of the monks in brown almost indiscernible in the gloom; the spectral glamour reflected from the robes of the bowed fathers in white; the ghastly, suffering scene of the Saviour, strangely luminous in the glare of the tall candles. It is the daily climax in the devotions of the Old World monks at Gethsemane.

James Lane Allen.



A MAN'S REPROACH.

WHEN into my life you came
You gave me no promise, yet still
Dare I charge on you the shame
Of a pledge you have failed to fulfil.

Said not each tone of your voice,
Said not each look of your eye,
"Measure my truth at your choice;
No means of proof I deny."

Was it for nothing your glance
Held itself, flame pure, to mine?
Needed there speech to enhance
The strength of its promise divine?

Was there no pledge in that smile,
Dazzling beyond all eclipse?
Only God measures your guile
When you could lie with those lips!

You fail me, in spite of it all,
And smile that no promise you break.
No word you have need to recall;
Your self is the vow you forsake!

Arlo Bates.



HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

I.

FIRST THOUGHT: "THE MASSES."



HERE is perhaps, says Professor Huxley in a recent paper, "no more hopeful sign of progress among us in the last half-century than the steadily increasing devotion which has been and is directed to

measures for promoting physical and moral welfare among the poorer classes." And just before, he says, as to the necessity for such measures, "Natural science and religious enthusiasm rarely go hand in hand, but in this matter their concord is complete."

I do not purpose to write very gravely on this subject. But here is the scientist's verdict, that the proposition to "elevate the masses" is good science; and I quote it to gain, what I particularly covet, the attention of minds that, with or without "religious enthusiasm," need this kind of assurance.

To such especially I purpose simply to tell of a scheme of "elevation," now working well in its second year, kept for a time purposely within narrow limits, but growing, and capable, I believe, of indefinite expansion.

It sprang from certain merely colloquial efforts to point out some very common and rather subtle errors which help to explain why, in so vast a field, human sympathy, large self-sacrifice, and gracious condescensions so often reap the slender harvest they do.

For example, it was admitted that there is much truth in the stern statement that the "masses" we purpose to lift sink to where they are by their own specific gravity; that they lack the buoyancy to float, the intelligence, virtues, aspirations, which are the upholding powers in human life, and that they are where they are because of what they are and what they inwardly lack.

Yet this is only part of the truth, and at best it is not final. People are also, in great part, *what* they are because of *where* they are, their inward lack due much to their outward. Moreover, both what one is and where one is depend much on what and where others are with whose fate one's own is entangled.

It may be just as hard, but it is also just as easy, to keep human merit, as to keep water, from finding its level: with this difference, that human character may have, may acquire,

lose, and regain, elasticity. And so we say, even when one is only equal to the station he fills, that the fact is not final. New influences from without may produce new inner powers and merits, which may not only earn better place for self but may liberate others from conditions unworthy of them, to which his own conditions had undeservedly confined them. Though a sunken ship may be mainly of iron, and might never stir to raise itself, we may go down to it and by driving air in and water out may see it, of its own motion, rise again to noble uses. So with a man.

But in the various groups into which the relations or fortunes of life gather us we are not, each one, a separate ship, but are bound together more like the various parts of one or another ship. And while it is mostly by good or bad management that ships float or sink, yet in every ship that floats are many parts that of themselves would sink, and in every ship that sinks are many parts that but for fastenings or entanglements would float. The chances of fortune and the force of merit are not enough to secure "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; and without that we cannot get the highest good of any. Even of wrecked ships we save what we can. To fortune and merit must be added the factor of *rescue*, whether we call it salvage or salvation. To leave the unfortunate to fight ill-fortune with only their handicapped merit is to leave them to an unintelligent and merciless natural selection to which we would think it inhuman to leave shipwrecked voyagers, and stupid to leave our cattle. So, then, our failures to "elevate the masses" are not because any and every intervention is a meddling with selective forces already adequate to the best results.

Misguided benevolence has its well-known faults. We know the benevolence that does not "help a man to help himself" is not beneficent. We know that nothing is at its best which puts needless obligations upon the beneficiary. We know that to produce merit is at least as good as to find it; that to augment it is better than merely to reward it; that its best rewards are simple recognition, encouragement, and opportunity; and that even in giving these, all gratuitousness is dangerous; and, especially, that there are great risks in all sudden abundance. Benevolence has learned that even in social science there is room and need for sentiment, but that sen-

timent must follow and obey reason, not lead and rule it. All these things we know by heart, and yet our failures go on.

Some say that charity has still too much sentiment. But in fact it has not yet enough. Some say that it has taken on too much science. But really it has not enough. There ought to be no lack of sentiment in the word science. Yet many regard science as something that complicates simple things, whereas it simplifies complex things. If science deals with complex things, so does every other province of human life; but our mental indolence loosely treats complexities as though they were simple, and science as the breeder of complexities. Human benevolence still needs a more scientific thoughtfulness to see the complexity of things too often thus far treated as simple, and a greater depth of sentiment to remember it. Our efforts are still crude.

II.

NOT THE MASS: THE INDIVIDUAL.

WE shall never have any great success in "elevating the mass" until we get beyond treating it merely as a mass. Even political science, impersonal as it is, never secures a safe self-government till it recognizes the individual citizen and his rights. But in the "elevation of the mass" a treatment is required that must go much further from mass-treatment than the true functions of the state will allow it to go. General legislation must not know one man from another; and administrative government may distinguish only between those who break, and those who keep, the law. Individual conditions and relations it recognizes; but individuals it cannot justly consider save impersonally and merely as units of the community. It is only when by crime or infirmity one is disqualified as a simple civil unit that government, not by benevolent choice, but for the protection of society at large, enters into personal considerations with him, in order that by disciplinary or sanitary treatment adjusted to his peculiar, personal, inward needs he may as soon as possible be restored to the precious liberty of impersonal citizenship. We can neither ask nor allow civil government to go further. But something must go further. Something must take personal knowledge of those whose inward and outward conditions may be bettered to the advantage of all, and yet who are not in those plights that alone should make them wards of the state. What will do it?

Commerce, trade, all the material industries, have to do with masses as masses, and with individuals both impersonally and personally. Sometimes not merely the personal capacities

but even the social qualities of the individual must be taken account of in these provinces of life, and so we see the commercial and the social realms overlapping and in no small degree dominating each other, man making the not always noble discovery that commercial ties have their social, and social ties their commercial, values; with this severe limitation, however, that personal relations, qualities, or wants cannot be set up by or for any one as actual commercial claims save for their actual commercial values.

So, then, we cannot intrust to government nor demand of commerce the exercise of personal benevolence. In commerce we have, and must have, limited only by moral law and the laws of the land, the supreme rule of commercial selection, to which all personal considerations must remain subordinate. A far-sighted commercial selection may see commercial values, qualified by personal considerations, far out to right and left of its trodden path, and the most we can rightly demand of commerce is that it follow those values as far as they reach. Both government, and commerce with virtually all her kindred industries, are incalculably beneficent. Without them how should we "elevate the masses"? Yet they are not enough. We may conceive of government or commerce springing from the most benevolent motives, but even so, government may not rightly go beyond the most obvious common welfare; and commerce and her kin, the moment they step beyond the circle of gain, loss, and rectitude, cease to be themselves.

We turn to society. Will it supply the deficiency? Let us first be sure what we mean. A nation is a social group. So are three friends at a fireside. But public society (if I may presume to quote a sentence or two of my own lately printed) comprises one group of relations, and private society entirely another, and it is simply and only evil to confuse the two. Public society, civil society, comprises all those relations that are impersonal, unselective, and in which all men, of whatever personal inequality, should stand equal. Private society is its antipode. It is personal, selective, assortive; ignores civil equality, and forms itself entirely upon mutual preferences and affinities. Our civil social status has of right no special value in private society, and our private social status has of right no special value in our civil social relations. We make the distinction here in order to set aside the idea of public society: we mean, now, private society. Government can make among men only a civil selection, commerce only a commercial selection; but in society we find at last the operations of a personal selection.

III.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY.

At first glance we who are unlearned on the great deep of social science might suppose that a perfectly normal social movement ought to work the results we are seeking. Why not? Has one not liberty to choose his social companions as he will? If he will but put away all foolish prides,—pride of place, of purse, of blood, of mind, and that worst pride of all, the pride of morals,—may he not bring himself into benevolent and beneficent personal intercourse with whom he will?

No. We presently find that we are overrating our liberty and our power over certain laws that lie in the very nature of private social relations. What makes the social circle? As the key-note of commerce is gain, so that of society is pleasure. As a normal commerce requires that gains be mutual and approximately equal, society requires that pleasures be the same. Sociality is normally and rightly only a sort of commerce, a social exchange, from which we find we must withdraw as soon as we realize our inability to render a *quid pro quo* of social values. Normally it ignores material values, and is totally uncommercial. Yet we discover that though its movements, too, are immensely beneficent, neither can it, with any good effect, let benevolent intentions sharply oppose themselves to the natural operations of social selection.

The merely formative state of a large part of society in America accounts for some broad and frequent errors made by us as to the true province and limits of private sociality. In one great belt of our country there is the strangest confusion of thought as to where public social relations, over which the individual has no private right of control, and private social relations, over which the public voice has no right of control, touch and bound each other; while in another belt there is almost equal confusion as to what private society might do for public society if it would. But wherever in the world we see population dense enough for private society to be selective, we find it broken into countless small groups, "circles," each of which, however they may overlap one another, owes its continuance to the ability of its members to supply mutual entertainment. This ability lacking, no amount of benevolence can hold them, socially, together.

Benevolence, self-sacrifice, condescension, become repellant forces in the social circle wherever they cannot be paid for in kind. Social selection does not spare even the family circle, but draws its various members apart from one another frequently, and at length permanently. As the century-plant constantly

disintegrates and absorbs its old leaves and of their substance sends out new, society divides and absorbs the old family circle and sends out the germs of more numerous new ones. Not in a mean sense only, but in a very noble way private society is a mart. In commerce and the industries the prime necessity laid by each upon himself is that he get for all he gives. In society he requires of himself to give for all he gets. In the commercial exchange the man without commercial resources is intolerable. In the social exchange the man without social resources equal to its demands is not nearly so intolerable to it as it is to him,—not only because its condescensions put debts upon him that he feels he cannot pay, but also because the social circle that does not prize his social resources has probably few or none to offer that he wants.

What fattens the ox would starve the fox;
Yet the fox has food that would starve the ox.

That is to say, no one is wholly without social resources, only let those resources find their right social market by a rational social selection.

Now, if social selection were always rational, we should see it reaching out generously across the lines of life and the accidents of fortune, and selecting, rejecting, and assorting men and women according to their abilities to make fairly even exchange with one another of social pleasures and such intellectual and spiritual enlargements, small or great, as these pleasures may yield. But other forces enter and make confusion. Family ties, parental and fraternal affection and pride, hold out more or less stubbornly for the social equality of all the family's members, often in the face of gross inequalities. On the other hand, society often crudely assesses the individual socially by the accidents of family relationship, and counts him far above or below his own true value. Commercial, political, and other outside values intrude themselves, and seek and make all degrees of false appraisements above and below the just mark. Then there is our proneness to prize superficial graces and conventional forms more than inner merit. And there, too, are the spirit of mere caste, and the often still narrower one of coterie; and again our selfish fear of making unlucky selections, and the greater ease of keeping the strait and narrow way of social orthodoxy; these all mar the proper workings of social distribution.

Hence we find no plane of private society, however exalted, where we may not encounter the boor, the fool, and the knave, holding or held in their unearned station on false claims; and none, however humble, where we may not meet the wise, the good, the gentle, over-

looked by the social groups into which their merits ought to bring them, and themselves and the world robbed of their best values by accidental conditions that might easily be removed.

IV.

SOCIAL SELECTION KILLED AND STUFFED.

SOCIAL selection being thus wild and erratic, we naturally utter much fine indignation against it and demand repair of the evil wrought. Our benevolent sentiment hurries forward to ask why, since the comfortable ranks of society have not kept up an intelligent and faithful discrimination, but let their processes of selection be more or less warped by all manner of ignoble motives, why should they hold themselves aloof from and above less fortunate humanity, to its estrangement, embitterment, and degradation? And then we set about to mend the wrong by methods that too often only add to the confusion.

We feel that a moral duty has been neglected and must now be performed. We join hands with others who propose to correct the same evils because, for their part, they see in them a menace to the order and safety of public society; and with yet others, distinctively "religionists," who see religion dammed up, making progress and gathering numbers only in the ranks of comfortable respectability, and irreligion, vulgarity, and bad morals widening like a flood and threatening every guard that the God-fearing can throw around their own children. And so we join to "elevate the masses."

With what result? To find out speedily, with mortification and resentment, that the sorts of people we attempt to elevate either openly spurn or secretly despise any such attempts made in order to satisfy our sense of duty, or to subserve the public interest, or to promote the cause and fortunes of religion. They will not be used either to wipe our conscience clear, or to abate a public nuisance, or as a filling even for churches and church statistics. We recoil from the effort, bruised and sore.

Then when our benevolence and pride have recovered from their wounds, we try another plan: we offer them personal friendship. We see this is what we owe them, and that the real or suspected absence of this is what they resent. Now, friendship implies fellowship; and we lightly assume, contrary to our best knowledge, that friendship means private social companionship, and offer them personal friendship in this form. And ninety-nine times in a hundred they decline this also.

The trouble is, of course, not in the friendship; it is in the form the friendship takes.

And the difficulty stands, whether the form be genuine or specious. If genuine, the form will consist in the one to be helped, as well as the helper, generously putting away all false pride and unworthy suspicions, and each receiving from the other at least one social visit under his or her own roof. Most likely one such exchange will show that neither is able to offer a social companionship that is not an unprofitable weariness to the other. If the effort drags on, how it drags!

If only there were pain to relieve or sorrow to comfort, what new life the forced relation would at once display! "In sooth," says the young prince to Hubert, "I would you were a little sick, that I might sit all night and watch with you." Actual, present distress makes fellowships, while it lasts, that cannot be made without it. But in such a case the visit is one of mercy, not of sociality, whereas we are seeking a scheme that will not have to wait for people to fall into pitiful distress or languish when the distress is gone. Sociality cannot be other than a burden, with its weight resting most heavily on the one who was to be helped by it, unless it has its own natural, inherent reasons for being.

To condescend and manage socially is not so hard; to be socially condescended to and managed—that is what cannot last. Such deformed social fellowship soon and rightly goes and hangs itself. The most that such effort can ever do is by rare chance to find some one out of his true social sphere and bring him into it. It can never have any appreciable effect to fit for any sort of true promotion any one who is unfit. In the vast majority of such cases prompt failure puts the friend and the befriended only further apart, and makes the betterment of the lowly seem more nearly impossible than it ever seemed before.

But generally the offers of friendship from the fortunate to those less so are less genuine even than this. We are in haste for results, choose easy methods rather than thorough ones, and have among us many who only half want and half do not want the results that for one reason or another they join with us to get. Hence specious offers of social attention such as we could not be guilty of making to those who are already on our own social plane; proposals to gather our beneficiaries together and meet them *numerously* without having met or tried to meet them individually; ignoring the fact that there are broad social divergencies among *them*—ranks and circles, as there should be, and the spirits of class and coterie, as there ought not to be; extending social attentions that might at least be genuine if offered personally and in our own drawing or sitting rooms, but are only flimsy counterfeits when

tendered promiscuously and in some public or semi-public place, some society's rooms, or church parlors, or other social neutral ground. What wonder, if those to whom we so condescend turn away saying, "You may mean well, but we don't shake hands with anybody's forefinger."

Another trouble: in this sort of lump treatment there is often as little discrimination concerning who shall make these tenders of sociality as concerning who shall receive them. Fortune and station decide, and an indiscriminate that would insure failure to any private enterprise characterizes an effort which really demands the most careful selection of persons for their wisdom, tact, and social experience. Instead, we see the young, the giddy, the old, the stupid, the self-seeking, and the worldly thrown together, and social selections, eliminations, and separations reasserting themselves on the spot; unless—as is more likely—the intended beneficiaries are wholly absent.

Such schemes, so far from "elevating the masses," only estrange and offend them with no end of unfair conditions, and delude the benevolent with the notion that they are doing their best to effect what they are really doing their best to prevent. Only in the pure democracy and unassorted meagerness of numbers of, for instance, a New England farm-village, where there is no distinct "mass" to elevate, can such schemes be apparently harmless. Even there they are not really so; for at any time the establishment of manufacturing or large commercial interests may develop class and mass, and both sides be found handicapped with false notions of how true friendship is to make itself effective between them. Or if no such material development take place, then those who go out into the larger world seeking better fortune, and find the conditions of class and mass, carry with them the most mischievous misconceptions of what private society can and ought to do for the masses, by virtue of their commercial, church, and other relations, and how it should be done.

Here, then, are certainly two truths: (1) That the masses cannot be elevated by mere mass treatment, and (2) that—be it mass treatment or personal treatment—mere sociality would be quite inadequate even if practicable, and quite impracticable even if adequate.

V.

CLASS TREATMENT, THEN?

ALL mass treatment belongs rightly to legislation and government. The "mass," as a mass, has no wants except its *rights*. To presume to accord these by any sort of private

condescension is extremely offensive to countless minds that may not be able to define why it is so. Yet naturally one will find himself largely disqualified for any salutary treatment of the lowly if he is known to be opposed to any clear right of the mass.

There is a kind of benevolent effort midway between mass treatment and personal treatment. In nations where arbitrary class distinctions are made and sustained by law, even private efforts at the elevation of others may have a limited effectiveness though made in the guise of *class* treatment.

Yet even where society is thus broken up into classes recognized by law and ancient custom, class wants are class rights. Only law can properly supply them. A want which legislation cannot lawfully supply is clearly not a class want, and private effort to supply it ought not to take the form of class treatment; that is, it should not be offered to people in and by and as classes.

Now, in our own country the idea of classes differing from one another in their rights is intolerable to the very ground principles of the nation's structure. No one who is not helpless or criminal belongs to a class. Every one belongs to the whole people, the whole people to him, and he, first and last, to himself. No American principle is better known or more dearly prized by every American in humble life. Occupations, religious creeds, accidents of birth and fortune, may have their inevitable classifying effect; but no one relation of life has any power arbitrarily to determine one's class in any other relation, and any treatment, whether by intention or oversight, of persons whom any accident of life has grouped together, as being all of a sort, is sure to be, and ought to be, resented as at least a blunder. In any private effort, then, to "elevate the masses," in this country at least, class treatment is out of the question.

Very exact persons may say that the support of public education and public charities by public taxation supplies class wants that cannot truly be called class rights. But in fact these benefactions are supported by public tax not because they are charities to classes, but because they are provisions for the common public peace, safety, and welfare. Though the needs they supply are wants of class, they are defensive rights of the whole public, and as such are properly met by public treatment. Even foundlings given into the arms of private charity are so assigned, not for class treatment, but to reduce their class treatment to the extreme practicable minimum and give them the most that can be given of personal consideration. Now, if individual treatment be best for those whom dependency or delin-

quency has classified, how much more is it imperative for those who rightly refuse to be impersonally classed at all and need rather to unlearn their own inconsistent, numerous, rude, and unjust classifications of one another.

VI.

PRIVATE PERSONAL PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

THUS we drop into our true limitations. Private effort for the elevation of the non-dependent and the non-delinquent lowly is right and highly necessary. But it must be for each helped one's own sake, and not merely for the promotion of some good cause or abatement of some general evil.

Not even for the advancement of Christianity? No! If the great fraternity of man will seek each other's best advancement, Christianity will advance itself never so fast. No mass treatment, no class treatment, no *cause* treatment. It must be individual, personal treatment. It is not the mass, the class, or the cause, it is the individual, that we must elevate. Hence you—I—must know the individual. I must learn four things about him—his capabilities, his needs, his desires, and his surroundings. There is one thing I must give him—true friendship; and one thing I must get of him—his confidence; and two that I must exchange with him—profit and pleasure.

Not pleasure alone, for I cannot long give him, or he give me, as much mere pleasure as he can get without me. Yet not profit alone; for most likely uncommercial profit without pleasure is in his eye not worth its effort. Nor yet mere profit and pleasure separately, side by side, or in alternation; but profit yielding pleasure. A profit he may not as easily get without me, and a pleasure not sought for its own sake, but dependent on the profit. And the profit not merely given, but exchanged. For to know that the profit is mutual makes the pleasure mutual, heightens it, and so animates and sustains the relation; while, also, to require mutual profit restrains each side from reaching out farther across social lines than is good for the best results.

So, the first step with him whom I would elevate is to seek a speaking acquaintance with him. This must be got; but in getting it I shall, if I am wise, keep every good social rule that I need not break. Then, not with rash haste, yet promptly, and on the first personal contact, I would set about to discover what he would like to get that I can give, with only gain to him and no apparent loss to me. Even within this limit he may not wish for what I most wish to give him. But I must begin with what he wants—so it be

good—to bring him to what I wish him to want.

Unless he is in some dire distress I must lay no sudden or heavy burden of debt or effort upon him. I must be even more careful to keep the obligation small than to make the benefaction large. My aim must be to produce the most comfortable maximum of beneficence from the most comfortable minimum of benevolence. I must offer no benefit for nothing for which he can in any way pay something. He will like this the better, or if, gently and silently, I have to teach him to like this the better, that is one of the greatest benefits I can do him. Unearned benefits are doubtful benefits; earned benefits live and grow. Yet they need not always be paid for. The child in school must earn every line of his education by study; some one else, perhaps the state, pays for it, and ultimately he repays the state.

So I make nothing gratuitous that can, without discouragement, be made otherwise; and even what is a mere gratuity from me may be no mere gratuity to him. I give him no gratuitous elevation nor even any gratuitous social promotion; but only the opportunity, stimulation, and guidance which he is not able, or perhaps does not yet prize enough, to pay for. Now, plainly, under these limitations, the only elements of true elevation and enlargement that I can enable him to get by earning and yet without paying for them are the various sorts of education and culture of hand, head, and heart.

VII.

CULTURE.

EVEN here we are narrowly hedged in. I have little leisure; he has less. I am tired; he is more so. He is probably not a struggling genius, hungering and thirsting for mental food and drink. He has not the confident hope, the strong ambition, the natural bent, the habit, nor yet, perhaps, the physical stamina, that sustain a man in hard study after eight, nine, ten hours of hard or confining work. It is those who are not equal to this who need help most.

Whatever he and I are going to undertake, its burden must be light. It must be of his choosing, in kind and quantity, and yet of a kind that I can help him with, and in quantity so moderate that it might very comfortably to either of us be more. Again, it must lay any large tax upon hours of relaxation. Yet must neither quantity nor frequency be so scant as to attenuate the sense of profit and the interest in the pursuit.

But the tax of regularity and punctuality

must be levied and paid. We must meet each other on a regularly recurring day—and no other recurrence is so good as the weekly return—with a fixed and closely observed hour for meeting, and another, just as strictly kept, for separating. And, lastly, the pursuit must be such that I, too, shall visibly gain some pleasure and profit from it; for reasons already given, and also because thus it will gain more value in his esteem, and because thus, too, may I induce others the more numerously to follow my example.

And now are we ready to begin? We have provided unburdensome, inexpensive, pleasurable, and elevating profit. Thus I am offering tangible friendship, inviting confidence, and putting myself in a way to learn his capabilities, needs, desires, and—stop! I have not provided for knowing his habitual surroundings. Until I know them I cannot really know him. How shall I learn what they are and learn it as soon as possible? Manifestly, by observing him in them. But I must not dream of secretly spying into them, nor of indirectly inquiring into them, nor yet of openly and formally investigating or reconnoitering them. There is a wiser, kindlier, friendlier, and far more effective way. It is to hold our weekly meetings in his house.

VIII.

HOME CULTURE.

We must meet in his home. But will not that seem to him like holding him at arms-length? Will it not tax his confidence to see that I do not ask him to my house? It might. So we had better alternate; one week at his house, the next at mine, the third at his, and so on. But first at his. His courage might fail him to come first to me; mine need not fail to go first to him.

Suppose that, after the first, he should want all our meetings to be at my house. That would be good, but not best. Besides my need to know his habitual surroundings, there are two other strong reasons why I should meet him under his own roof: first, to keep *the home* in his world; and, secondly, to bring some little of *my world* into his home.

Book-learning and the like are but a scant third of education and culture. Our home contacts are a full third, and our world contacts another third. Therefore, to get the best results in culture from him whom I purpose to elevate, I must keep these three channels open. To try to lift him only, and not his home, would be for me to pull one way while his home pulls another way. If I succeed in lifting him, and he still holds on to his home as he should, then the lift is a dead

lift, and either a great strain or a poor result. And if, as I lift him, I loosen the hold between him and his home, it is a hazardous benefit that estranges him from his family circle. For the hearth-stone is the key-stone of all the world's best order and happiness. The easiest, best, quickest way to lift almost any one is to lift him, house, and all.

Moreover, so many other things—the gas-lit street, the theater, the public dance, the club, the saloon, the reading-room, so many things, good, bad, and indifferent—tend to rob the lowly home of its brightest ornaments, that it behooves me to work the other way. Those who must stay at the fireside, the aged and the little ones, have some rights. They may lack the time, the wits, or the wish, to come formally under my care; and yet they may get large benefit,—stimulations, aspirations,—though it be only by virtue of the new outside “atmosphere,” the mere odor of better things, that I unconsciously bring with me when I come thus somewhat within their own home circle: not with mere condescension, but on a definite business with one of its number, mayhap the pride of the flock; a business, too, which they shall see that I myself rightly enjoy. It is far best, for him and for all, that the culture I bring to my one beneficiary be given and received in the home. The more any sort of true culture is shared the more there is for each and every one, especially when it is shared with those we love and who love us. Hence “*home culture*.”

But there is still unprovided the third medium of culture; to wit, healthful contact with the outlying world. It is true, he whom I seek to help will often meet me in my own home. But this will give him but a slight contact with my world, for several reasons. First, we meet to pursue an appointed task which will take up the whole time of our meeting. And then, even if there were time to bring him socially into the company of my intimates, he is, most likely, not equipped for that kind of contact, even with me; and much less with them, he alone and they in the plural. He would shun its repetition, and we should soon be driven apart. Again, himself is not his whole self; his domestic ties are a large part of him. And so, as well for his own sake as for his home's own sake, his home must get this outer contact. My visits bring a little, but not as much as is good. How may more be brought?

I see we must avoid mere sociality here also, and anything likely to run into it. I see, too, that, very rightly, the sense of disadvantage is so plainly with my beneficiary and his household that I must all the time do all I can to make him, as nearly as I can, master

of the situation. Under his roof the only larger contact with the world without that he will like will be with that part already nearest to him in taste and culture. I must let him choose the persons.

Even then he will not like, nor would it be best, for them to be mere lookers-on. They must join us in our task. Hence they must be always the same persons, and their homes also must be open to the weekly meetings of the group, in regular routine. By these provisions we shall largely guard against any estrangements of any humble household from the friends and neighbors of its own sort, make the movement seem less mine than the group's own — their self-provision rather than my beneficence, and ward off especially that rude, envious, or frivolous criticism of unsympathetic daily associates which always puts so heavy a strain upon the moral courage of the uncultured. Other good effects will suggest themselves, without mention here.

Working thus in group we shall have other provisions to make, but we can make them. Different members of the group may show varying degrees of energy for the pursuit of the matter we take up. In that case, for those to whom a single weekly hour of reading is not enough we can supply additional collateral reading (or other sources of information, but generally books), on the same subject as that in hand at the group's sessions. This collateral work, apart from the sessions of the group, such members can pursue as they may find it convenient, in their own privacy, and so sustain and enliven their interest and continue to prize their own attendance at the regular meetings.

Under this group arrangement the house of each member will receive our visitation much less often than if we were but two persons; but when it comes it will be a more stimulating event. And my own usefulness will thus be brought to its best; for what I can impart to one at a time I may just as well impart to four or six at once.

Four or six; hardly more. More might embarrass some households even to seat them. It would make the visits of the group at the house of each member too infrequent for best effect, and would diminish that mutual personal acquaintanceship and influence which is the thing most needed for the results we seek. Yet the number need never be arbitrary. There may be this reason or that why some member will be really unable to receive the group at his domicile. He may live, for instance, in an inhospitable boarding-house. Yet should he, least of all, be excluded from the group. Two or more members may belong to one household, and one visitation

count each time in their case for two. Let us say then that four or six should be about the number of homes represented by the total membership, whatever that number may be. On the other hand, if even so few as four or five members are hard to find, there is no reason why a beginning may not be made with two or three. Yet we must be watchful to add others whenever we can. To put all in two words, we must have and keep the group, and we must keep it small. Hence not mere self-culture, but home-culture; and not the home culture society or association, but each time, however often repeated, a home culture club.

IX.

HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

NEVERTHELESS we find ample room for larger aggregations also. If one group of four or five persons under, or rather around, a leader can make a home culture club, the chance is that three or five or ten clubs may be formed within reach of one another. In such a case great stimulation may come to each club through knowledge of what the other clubs are doing, and a friendly comparison of one another's methods, mistakes, and successes.

REPORT OF HOME CULTURE CLUB NO. —

for weekly meeting (of)..... 1888.

Number of members present.....

Title of book read in the meeting:

.....

Began at page No.....; ended at page No.....

Titles of books read out of meeting:

.....

.....

.....

.....

No. of pages read by each member out of meeting:

.....

Names of visitors present from other Clubs:

.....

.....

Whole number belonging to the Club.....

Next meeting held at.....

.....

Remarks and leader's signature:

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RECORD OF HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888. *Numbers of Clubs, with Titles of Books Read.*

- No. 1....Read in meeting: Not to Ourselves, 70 pages. Read out of meeting: Ben Hur, miscellaneous; 40, 150 pages.
- " 2....Read in meeting: L'Univers Illustré, one column.
- " 3....Read in meeting: Pen Pictures of Modern Authors, 26 pages. Read out of meeting: Shandon Bells, Yolande, George Eliot, miscellaneous; 50, 270, 302, 150 pages.
- " 4....Read out of meeting: Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, Triumphant Democracy, miscellaneous; 150, 75, 200 pages.
- " 5....Read in meeting: The Sunset Land, 30 pages. Also discussed the question: Is it ever Justifiable to Tell a Lie? Read out of meeting: The Fair God, His One Fault, The Sunset Land; 200, 150, 612 pages.
- " 6....Business meeting. Read out of meeting: Life of Longfellow, miscellaneous; 100, 330 pages.
- " 7....No meeting, on account of illness of members.
- " 8....Read in meeting: The Twenty-ninth of February, 36 pages. Read out of meeting: Humboldt's Travels, Theodolf the Iclander, Life of Hegel, Hegel's Lectures on Philosophy of History, Life of Humboldt, Life of Fichte, Undine; 428, 638, 300, 250, 325, 191 pages.
- " 9....Read in meeting: What Social Classes Owe to Each Other, 50 pages. Read out of meeting: Queen Money, Yoke of the Thora, Caleb Field, Hawthorne's Tales, Tolstoi's Stories, miscellaneous; 500, 250, 100, 136, 200 pages.
- " 10....Read in meeting: Longfellow's Life and Poems, 25 pages. Read out of meeting: German Literature, Christian Science, Longfellow, United States History, Assyria, miscellaneous; 300, 225, 500, 300, 424 pages.
- " 11....Read in meeting: Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, 30 pages. Read out of meeting: Universal History, Feudal England; 20, 15 pages.
- " 12....Read in meeting: United States History, 12 pages. Read out of meeting: Girls who became Famous Women, 193 pages.
- " 13....Read in meeting: Boy Travelers in Russia, 43 pages. Read out of meeting: Our Boys of India, Uncle Tom's Cabin; 320, 65 pages.
- " 14....Read in meeting: Pickwick Papers, 50 pages. Read out of meeting: Through Storm to Sunshine, From Hand to Mouth, Vice Versa, Under the Shield, Romance of the Republic, Some Other Folks of Woodstock, Gold of Chickoree, miscellaneous; 1592, 914, 836 pages.
- " 15....Read out of meeting: History of California, History of Our Own Times, magazines; 200, 175, 150, 75 pages.
- " 16....Read in meeting: Soldier and Servant, 43 pages. Read out of meeting: History of England, History of the World, miscellaneous; 1000, 115, 500 pages.
- " 17....Read in meeting: Faust, 47 pages. Read out of meeting: Trumps, Don Quixote, Juan and Juanita, Les Misérables, The Fair God, Peveril of the Peak; 392, 234, 98, 236, 176, 210 pages.
- " 18....No meeting. Read out of meeting: Sweet Cicely, miscellaneous; 120, 80 pages.
- " 19....PARKVILLE, MO.—No report received this week.
- " 20....BALTIMORE, MD.—No report received this week.

[Here follows a tabulated summary.]

Even merely to convene at occasional intervals in a common gathering of all the clubs, not in private sociality, but either as an audience to some elevating public entertainment, or for each club to make its own report, and hear the aggregated report, of work done; nay, even the mere sight of their own numbers will kindle enthusiasm, inspiration, *esprit de corps*, public esteem, and new energy and effort.

Hence the plural, the home culture clubs, with their secretary—one for all—receiving weekly from every club a postal-card report of its own work done,—as far as mere figures can tell it,—and sending weekly to every club an engrossed record of the whole work of the previous week in all the clubs, as gathered from these postal-cards. Hence, too, the general meetings of all the clubs together, as often as once in every six or eight weeks.

And these general meetings may be given another value—they may provoke the formation of new clubs. To this end invitations to be present may be given numerous to those of

whom it is most desirable to see the clubs made up; and probably both the best and the readiest way to insure this is to allow every member, leaders and all, the right to give the same appointed number of invitations to persons of his choice not yet in any home culture club.

HERE, then, seems to be a complete scheme for the continuous, safe, true befriending of the less fortunate by the moderately more fortunate, applicable to all sorts and conditions of life that do not justify the deprivation or surrender of personal liberty. It appears to be free from the flaws and drawbacks that depreciate so many generous efforts to reach across the gross inequalities of fortune and rank and establish a mutually elevating human fraternity without risk of mischievous social confusion. It offers no gratuitous promotion of any sort, nor even any enervating opportunity; but only opportunity of the stimulating sort, opportunity to earn and achieve true elevation. It purposes to elevate the individual not out from

the home circle, but in it, and, as much as may be, by the participation of the home circle itself in that elevation. It purposes, under the best safeguards, to bring those who may be severed from family ties into contact with family circles, as nearly as may be of their own best affinity. It does not purpose to put any one in any burdensome degree under another's condescension, nor does it call upon any one for tasks wholly unprofitable to self. It involves no chance of unwisely sudden changes in any one's condition. It purposes to be practicable for as few as two or three persons, or for as many thousands; to be good and profitable as far as it goes, little or much, whether in effort, duration, or numbers, and to involve no possible loss in case of possible failure. In any community where books may be borrowed from private hands or public library the expense involved may be made so slight as not to require the question of ways and means to be broached beyond the circle of a very few friends in sympathy with any such work.

X.

WILL THEY WORK?

Two questions remain to be met: First, would this scheme, put into practice, be effective? But the scheme has been tried. It is working. As in the nature of all things, particular clubs will have, are having, their birth, life, and death, and while they live one will differ from another in effectiveness; but the plan works and the work is growing.

The experiment has been cautiously made. Each step has been studied both before and after it was taken, before another has been proposed. Proposals to start clubs in many towns far apart from one another have been held in suspense, and the venture until very lately has been intentionally and entirely confined to one place, the town of Northampton, Massachusetts. Here there have been started one by one, from time to time during the year 1887 and the winter and spring of 1888, twenty home culture clubs. Eighteen still exist, and the only two that have disbanded have done so by reason of changes beyond control, and not for lack of interest or from any discovered fault in the scheme. Many thousands of pages of standard literature have been read and heard around the evening lamp, or in "collateral readings," by those with whom reading had been no habit. Two other clubs have lately been admitted, though meeting in distant towns. The total membership is at present one hundred and forty-four, and the aggregate number of pages read weekly averages about eighteen thousand. But it is recognized that an arithmetical count is but a

crude way of indicating the work done, only justified by the absence of any other simple method. Many pages have been not merely read, but studied, recounted, debated. All ranks of society are represented, with those who move in the plainer walks of life distinctly in the majority, and it is believed that the members are being brought into a helpful contact with others from more or less fortunate and refined planes than their own, and are getting that knowledge of and proper regard for one another and one another's widely divergent social conditions which every true interest of society must commend.

And the second question: What errors or abuses is the scheme in danger of? One, undoubtedly, is fashion. In view of this the greatest pains have been taken to avoid enlisting any sudden enthusiasm, or appealing, in the fortunate ranks of society, to the sorts of persons likely to be attracted by mere novelty or vogue. However, should the system anywhere, at any time, so rise into the favor of people of leisure as to become fashionable, and thus tempt light-minded persons of fortune to take it up for their own mere diversion, it will meet the failure it will merit; but the failure need not extend much beyond the time and place of such misuse.

Another abuse to be guarded against is letting the work degenerate into class treatment. We need not expand the thought again. Class treatment, in this country at least, will merely fail to reach the classes reached after.

The one great danger is the error of private sociality. It may work in two ways: persons may form clubs of really diverse social elements,—which will be proper,—but in an indiscreet and impatient goodness of heart undertake to build up a mutual friendship and acquaintanceship by socialities, or let clubs idly drift into them. This would be bad, and only bad, whether for the club itself or as a precedent. For the consequent social confusion would either break up the club or alienate more or less of its members, and leave the remainder a petty social clique getting no good across the ordinary social lines. Or persons may form a club or clubs with members drawn all from one social rank, either in humbler or in higher life. In such a case they may find much profit; but the foremost object of the whole scheme would thus be overlooked from the very start, and a new force added to confirm, where the design should be to offset, the crude assortments made by uncertain fortune and the caprices of private social selection.

To start these clubs anywhere requires no outlay nor any wide coöperation. Wherever any man or woman of the most ordinary attainments can gather two, three, or four others,

in any sort or degree less accomplished, a club may be formed, and if necessary can be complete in itself; or it may join itself by correspondence to some group of clubs elsewhere, and have the benefit of making weekly reports and getting weekly the aggregated record of the whole group of clubs. Wherever there is such a group of clubs there should be a president and a secretary, and it will probably always be for the best that the secretary receive some small quarterly or semi-yearly compensation in consideration of a business-like attention to his or her duties. An unpaid secretaryship is probably too old a snare to need warning against here.

The home culture clubs are not recommended for filling churches, emptying charitable institutions, or eradicating any great visible public evil, but as means for proving practically our love and care for our less fortunate brother or sister. If the scheme, when time and diverse regions have fairly tried it, wins our needy fellow-man's confidence and

kindles his higher desires; if it helps us to correct somewhat the misfortunes of others and to make human fraternity something wider than mere social affinity will, or social assortment ought to, stretch, it will live; if not, it will drag no one with it into the grave.

The home culture clubs are recommended not to zealots only, but to those generous thousands who have seen the poor success of so many efforts to commend the Christianity of the fortunate to the hearts of the unfortunate, and have seen the cause of failure in the neglect to secure personal acquaintance and to carry unprofessional friendly offices into the home, free from the burden of charity on the one hand and of sociality on the other. The plan is submitted to all who believe that to help a lowlier brother to supply any worthy craving of the mind that he may already have is the shortest, surest way to implant those highest cravings of the soul which seek and find repose only in harmony with the Divine will.

G. W. Cable.



THE CRICKET.

THE twilight is the morning of his day.
 While Sleep drops seaward from the fading shore,
 With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,
 He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,
 Until the dark east softens into gray.
 Now as the noisy hours are coming — hark!
 His song dies gently — it is getting dark —
 His night, with its one star, is on the way.
 Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats —
 Sleep, little brother, sleep: I am astir.
 Lead thou the starlit nights with merry notes,
 And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme:
 We worship Song, and servants are of her —
 I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time.

Charles Edwin Markham.

MY MEETING WITH THE POLITICAL EXILES.



OUR first meeting with political exiles in Siberia was brought about by a fortunate accident, and, strangely enough, through the instrumentality of the Government. Among the many officers whose acquaintance we made in Semipalatinsk was an educated and intelligent gentleman named Pavlovski,* who had long held an important position in the Russian service, and who was introduced to us as a man whose wide and accurate knowledge of Siberia, especially of the steppe provinces, might render him valuable to us, both as an adviser and as a source of trustworthy information. Although Mr. Pavlovski impressed me from the first as a cultivated, humane, and liberal man, I naturally hesitated to apply to him for information concerning the political exiles. The advice given me in St. Petersburg had led me to believe that the Government would regard with disapprobation any attempt on the part of a foreign traveler to investigate a certain class of political questions or to form the acquaintance of a certain class of political offenders; and I expected, therefore, to have to make all such investigations and acquaintances stealthily and by underground methods. I was not at that time aware of the fact that Russian officials and political exiles are often secretly in sympathy, and it would never have occurred to me to seek the aid of the one class in making the acquaintance of the other. In all of my early conversations with Mr. Pavlovski, therefore, I studiously avoided the subject of political exile, and gave him, I think, no reason whatever to suppose that I knew anything about the Russian revolutionary movement, or felt any particular interest in the exiled revolutionists.

In the course of a talk one afternoon about America, Mr. Pavlovski, turning the conversation abruptly, said to me, "Mr. Kennan, have you ever paid any attention to the movement of young people into Siberia?"

I did not at first see the drift nor catch the significance of this inquiry, and replied, in a qualified negative, that I had not, but that perhaps I did not fully understand the meaning of his question.

"I mean," he said, "that large numbers of educated young men and women are now coming into Siberia from European Russia;

* I am forced to conceal this gentleman's identity under a fictitious name.

I thought perhaps the movement might have attracted your attention."

The earnest, significant way in which he looked at me while making this remark, as if he were experimenting upon me or sounding me, led me to conjecture that the young people to whom he referred were the political exiles. I did not forget, however, that I was dealing with a Russian officer; and I replied guardedly that I had heard something about this movement, but knew nothing of it from personal observation.

"It seems to me," he said, looking at me with the same watchful intentness, "that it is a remarkable social phenomenon, and one that would naturally attract a foreign traveler's attention."

I replied that I was interested, of course, in all the social phenomena of Russia, and that I should undoubtedly feel a deep interest in the one to which he referred if I knew more about it.

"Some of the people who are now coming to Siberia," he continued, "are young men and women of high attainments—men with a university training and women of remarkable character."

"Yes," I replied, "so I have heard; and I should think that they might perhaps be interesting people to know."

"They are," he assented. "They are men and women who, under other circumstances, might render valuable services to their country; I am surprised that you have not become interested in them."

In this manner Mr. Pavlovski and I continued to fence cautiously for five minutes, each trying to ascertain the views of the other, without fully disclosing his own views, concerning the unnamed, but clearly understood, subject of political exile. Mr. Pavlovski's words and manner seemed to me to indicate that he himself regarded with great interest and respect the "young people now coming to Siberia"; but that he did not dare to make a frank avowal of such sentiments until he should feel assured of my discretion, trustworthiness, and sympathy. I, on my side, was equally cautious, fearing that the uncalled-for introduction of this topic by a Russian official might be intended to entrap me into an admission that the investigation of political exile was the real object of our Siberian journey. The adoption of a quasi-friendly attitude by an officer of the Government towards the

exiled enemies of that Government seemed to me an extraordinary and unprecedented phenomenon, and I naturally regarded it with some suspicion.

At last, tired of this conversational beating about the bush, I said frankly, "Mr. Pavlovski, are you talking about the political exiles? Are they the young people to whom you refer?"

"Yes," he replied; "I thought you understood. It seems to me that the banishment to Siberia of a large part of the youth of Russia is a phenomenon which deserves a traveler's attention."

"Of course," I said, "I am interested in it, but how am I to find out anything about it? I don't know where to look for political exiles, nor how to get acquainted with them; and I am told that the Government does not regard with favor intercourse between foreign travelers and politicals."

"Politicals are easy enough to find," rejoined Mr. Pavlovski. "The country is full of them, and [with a shrug of the shoulders] there is nothing, so far as I know, to prevent you from making their acquaintance if you feel so disposed. There are thirty or forty of them here in Semipalatinsk, and they walk about the streets like other people: why should n't you happen to meet them?"

Having once broken the ice of reserve and restraint, Mr. Pavlovski and I made rapid advances towards mutual confidence. I soon became convinced that he was not making a pretense of sympathy with the politicals in order to lead me into a trap; and he apparently became satisfied that I had judgment and tact enough not to get him into trouble by talking to other people about his opinions and actions. Then everything went smoothly. I told him frankly what my impressions were with regard to the character of "nihilists" generally, and asked him whether, as a matter of fact, they were not wrong-headed fanatics and wild social theorists, who would be likely to make trouble in any state.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I find them to be quiet, orderly, reasonable human beings. We certainly have no trouble with them here. Governor Tseklinski treats them with great kindness and consideration; and, so far as I know, they are good citizens."

In the course of further conversation, Mr. Pavlovski said that there were in Semipalatinsk, he believed, about forty political exiles,* including four or five women. They had all been banished without judicial trial, upon mere executive orders, signed by the Minister of the Interior and approved by the Tsar. Their terms of exile varied from two to five years; and at the expiration of such terms, if

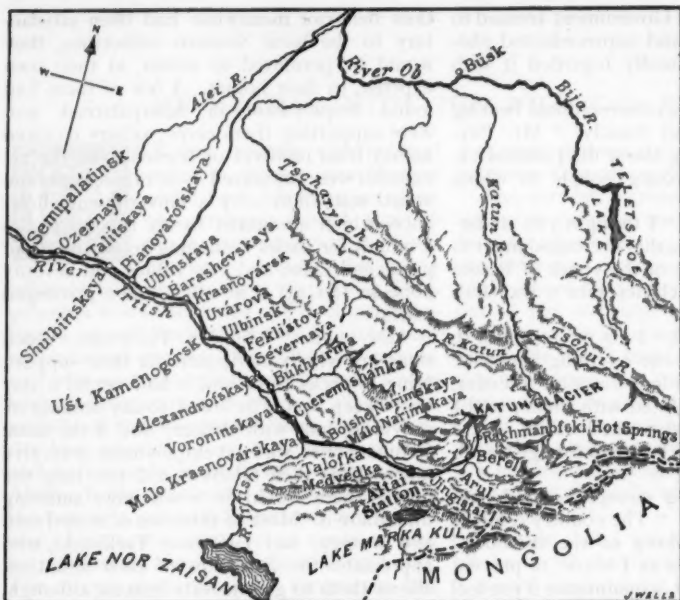
their behavior meanwhile had been satisfactory to the local Siberian authorities, they would be permitted to return, at their own expense, to their homes. A few of them had found employment in Semipalatinsk and were supporting themselves; others received money from relatives or friends; and the remainder were supported — or rather kept from actual starvation — by a Government allowance, which amounted to six rubles (\$3.00) a month for exiles belonging to the noble or privileged class, and two rubles and seventy kopecks (\$1.35) a month for non-privileged exiles.

"Of course," said Mr. Pavlovski, "such sums are wholly inadequate for their support. Nine kopecks [four and a half cents] a day won't keep a man in bread, to say nothing of providing him with shelter; and if the more fortunate ones, who get employment or receive money from their relatives, did not help the others, there would be much more suffering than there is. Most of them are educated men and women, and Governor Tseklinski, who appreciates the hardships of their situation, allows them to give private lessons, although, according to the letter of the law, teaching is an occupation in which political exiles are forbidden to engage. Besides giving lessons, the women sew and embroider, and earn a little money in that way. They are allowed to write and receive letters, as well as to have unobjectionable books and periodicals; and although they are nominally under police surveillance, they enjoy a good deal of personal freedom."

"What is the nature of the crimes for which these young people were banished?" I inquired. "Were they conspirators? Did they take part in plots to assassinate the Tsar?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Pavlovski with a smile; "they were only neblagonadezhni [untrustworthy]. Some of them belonged to forbidden societies, some imported or were in possession of forbidden books, some had friendly relations with other more dangerous offenders, and some were connected with disorders in the higher schools and the universities. The greater part of them are administrative exiles — that is, persons whom the Government, for various reasons, has thought it expedient to remove from their homes and put under police surveillance in a part of the empire where they can do no harm. The real conspirators and revolutionists — the men and women who have actually been engaged in criminal activity — are sent to more remote parts of Siberia and into penal servitude. Banishment to the steppe provinces is regarded

* This estimate proved to be too large; the number was twenty-two.



MAP OF ROUTE TRAVELED IN THIS ARTICLE.

as a very light punishment; and, as a rule, only administrative exiles are sent here."

In reply to further questions with regard to the character of these political exiles, Mr. Pavlovski said, "I don't know anything to their discredit; they behave themselves well enough here. If you are really interested in them, I can, perhaps, help you to an acquaintance with some of them, and then you can draw your own conclusions as to their character."

Of course I assured Mr. Pavlovski that an introduction to the politicals would give me more pleasure than any other favor he could confer upon me. He thereupon suggested that we should go at once to see a young political exile named Lobonofski, who was engaged in painting a drop-curtain for the little town theater.

"He is something of an artist," said Mr. Pavlovski, "and has a few Siberian sketches. You are making and collecting such sketches: of course you want to see them."

"Certainly," I replied, with acquiescent diplomacy. "Sketches are my hobby, and I am a connoisseur in drop-curtains. Even although the artist be a nihilist and an exile, I must see his pictures."

Mr. Pavlovski's droshky was at the door, and we drove at once to the house where Mr. Lobonofski was at work.

I find it extremely difficult now, after a whole year of intimate association with political exiles, to recall the impressions that I had

of them before I made the acquaintance of the exile colony in Semipalatinsk. I know that I was prejudiced against them, and that I expected them to be wholly unlike the rational, cultivated men and women whom one meets in civilized society; but I cannot, by any exercise of will, bring back the unreal, fantastic conception of them which I had when I crossed the Siberian frontier. As nearly as I can now remember, I regarded the people whom I called "nihilists" as sullen, and more or

less incomprehensible "cranks," with some education, a great deal of fanatical courage, and a limitless capacity for self-sacrifice, but with the most visionary ideas of government and social organization, and with only the faintest trace of what an American would call "hard common-sense." I did not expect to have any more ideas in common with them than I should have in common with an anarchist like Louis Lingg; and although I intended to give their case against the Government a fair hearing, I believed that the result would be a confirmation of the judgment I had already formed. Even after all that Mr. Pavlovski had said to me, I think I more than half expected to find in the drop-curtain artist a long-haired, wild-eyed being, who would pour forth an incoherent recital of wrongs and outrages, denounce all governmental restraint as brutal tyranny, and expect me to approve of the assassination of Alexander II.

The log-house occupied by Mr. Lobonofski as a work-shop was not otherwise tenanted, and we entered it without announcement. As Mr. Pavlovski threw open the door, I saw, standing before a large square sheet of canvas which covered one whole side of the room, a blonde young man, apparently about thirty years of age, dressed from head to foot in a suit of cool brown linen, holding in one hand an artist's brush, and in the other a plate or palette covered with freshly mixed colors. His strongly built figure was erect

and well proportioned; his bearing was that of a cultivated gentleman; and he made upon me, from the first, a pleasant and favorable impression. He seemed, in fact, to be an excellent specimen of the blonde type of Russian young manhood. His eyes were clear and blue; his thick light brown hair was ill cut, and rumpled a little in a boyish way over the high forehead; the full blonde beard gave manliness and dignity to his well-shaped head; and his frank, open, good-tempered face, flushed a little with heat and wet with perspiration, seemed to me to be the face of a warm-hearted and impulsive, but, at the same time, strong and well-balanced man. It was, at any rate, a face strangely out of harmony with all my preconceived ideas of a nihilist.

Mr. Pavlovski introduced me to the young artist as an American traveler, who was interested in Siberian scenery, who had heard of his sketches, and who would like very much to see some of them. Mr. Lobonofski greeted me quietly but cordially, and at once brought out the sketches—apologizing, however, for their imperfections, and asking us to remember that they had been made in prison, on coarse writing-paper, and that the outdoor views were limited to landscapes which could be seen from prison and étape windows. The sketches were evidently the work of an untrained hand, and were mostly representations of prison and étape interiors, portraits of political exiles, and such bits of towns and villages as could be seen from the windows of the various cells that the artist had occupied in the course of his journey to Siberia. They all had, however, a certain rude force and fidelity, and one of them served as material for the sketch illustrating the Tiumen prison-yard in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for June.

My conversation with Mr. Lobonofski at this interview did not touch political questions, and was confined, for the most part, to topics suggested by the sketches. He described his journey to Siberia just as he would have described it if he had made it voluntarily, and but for an occasional reference to a prison or an étape, there was nothing in the recital to remind one that he was a nihilist and an exile. His manner was quiet, modest, and frank; he followed any conversational lead with ready tact, and although I watched him closely, I could not detect the slightest indication of eccentricity or "crankiness." He must have felt conscious that I was secretly regarding him with critical curiosity,—looking at him, in fact, as one looks for the first time at an extraordinary type of criminal,—but

he did not manifest the least awkwardness, embarrassment, or self-consciousness. He was simply a quiet, well-bred, self-possessed gentleman.

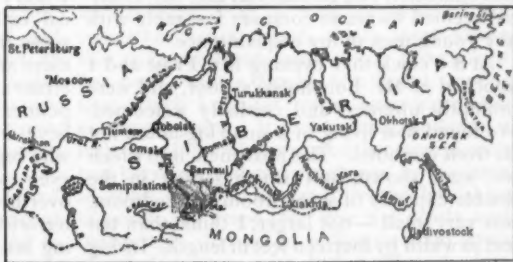
When we took our leave, after half an hour's conversation, Mr. Lobonofski cordially invited me to bring Mr. Frost to see him that evening at his house, and said that he would have a few of his friends there to meet us. I thanked him and promised that we would come.

"Well," said Mr. Pavlovski, as the door closed behind us, "what do you think of the political exile?"

"He makes a very favorable impression upon me," I replied. "Are they all like him?"

"No, not precisely like him; but they are not bad people. There is another interesting political in the city whom you ought to see—a young man named Leontief. He is employed in the office of Mr. Makovetski, a justice of the peace here, and is engaged with the latter in making anthropological researches among the Kirghis. I believe they are now collecting material for a monograph upon Kirghis customary law.* Why should n't you call upon Mr. Makovetski? I have no doubt that he would introduce Mr. Leontief to you, and I am sure that you would find them both to be intelligent and cultivated men."

This seemed to me a good suggestion; and as soon as Mr. Pavlovski had left me I paid a visit to Mr. Makovetski, ostensibly for the purpose of asking permission to sketch some of the Kirghis implements and utensils in the town library, of which he was one of the directors. Mr. Makovetski seemed pleased to learn that I was interested in their little library, granted me permission to sketch the specimens of Kirghis handiwork there exhibited, and finally introduced me to his writ-



MAP OF SIBERIA. SHADED PORTION SHOWS ROUTE TRAVELED IN THIS ARTICLE.

ing-clerk, Mr. Leontief, who, he said, had made a special study of the Kirghis, and

* This monograph has since been published in the "Proceedings of the West Siberian Branch of the Imperial Geographical Society."

could give me any desired information concerning the natives of that tribe.

Mr. Leontief was a good-looking young fellow, apparently about twenty-five years of age, rather below the medium height, with light brown hair and beard, intelligent gray eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and a firm, well-rounded chin. His head and face were suggestive of studious and scientific tastes, and if I had met him in Washington and had been asked to guess his profession from his appearance, I should have said that he was probably a young scientist connected with the United States Geological Survey, the Smithsonian Institution, or the National Museum. He was, as I subsequently learned, the son of an army officer who at one time commanded the Cossack garrison in this same city of Semipalatinsk. As a boy he was enrolled in the corps of imperial pages, and began his education in the large school established by the Government for the training of such pages in the Russian capital. At the age of eighteen or nineteen he entered the St. Petersburg University, and in the fourth year of his student life was arrested and exiled by "administrative process" to western Siberia for five years, upon the charge of having had secret communication with political prisoners in the fortress of Petropavlovsk.

Although Mr. Leontief's bearing was somewhat more formal and reserved than that of Mr. Lobonofski, and his attitude toward me one of cool, observant criticism, rather than of friendly confidence, he impressed me very favorably; and when, after half an hour's conversation, I returned to my hotel, I was forced to admit to myself that if all nihilists were like the two whom I had met in Semipalatinsk, I should have to modify my opinions with regard to them. In point of intelligence and education Mr. Lobonofski and Mr. Leontief seemed to me to compare favorably with any young men of my acquaintance.

At 8 o'clock that evening Mr. Frost and I knocked at Mr. Lobonofski's door, and were promptly admitted and cordially welcomed. We found him living in a small log-house not far from our hotel. The apartment into which we were shown, and which served in the double capacity of sitting-room and bedroom, was very small — not larger, I think, than ten feet in width by fourteen feet in length. Its log walls and board ceiling were covered with dingy whitewash, and its floor of rough unmatched planks was bare. Against a rude unpainted partition to the right of the door stood a small single bedstead of stained wood, covered with neat but rather scanty bed-clothing, and in the corner beyond it was a triangular table, upon which were lying, among other

books, Herbert Spencer's "Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic," and the same author's "Principles of Psychology." The opposite corner of the room was occupied by a what-not, or étagère, of domestic manufacture, upon the shelves of which were a few more books, a well-filled herbarium, of coarse brown wrapping-paper, an opera-glass, and an English New Testament. Between two small deeply set windows opening into the court-yard stood a large unpainted wooden table, without a cloth, upon which was lying, open, the book that Mr. Lobonofski had been reading when we entered — a French translation of Balfour Stewart's "Conservation of Energy." There was no other furniture in the apartment except three or four unpainted wooden chairs. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean; but the room looked like the home of a man too poor to afford anything more than the barest essentials of life.

After Mr. Lobonofski had made a few preliminary inquiries with regard to the object of our journey to Siberia, and had expressed the pleasure which he said it afforded him to meet and welcome Americans in his own house, he turned to me with a smile and said, "I suppose, Mr. Kennan, you have heard terrible stories in America about the Russian nihilists?"

"Yes," I replied; "we seldom hear of them except in connection with a plot to blow up something or to kill somebody, and I must confess that I have had a bad opinion of them. The very word 'nihilist' is understood in America to mean a person who does not believe in anything and who advocates the destruction of all existing institutions."

"'Nihilist' is an old name," he said; "and it is no longer applicable to the Russian revolutionary party, if, indeed, it was ever applicable. I don't think you will find among the political exiles in Siberia any 'nihilists,' in the sense in which you use the word. Of course there are, in what may be called the anti-Government class, people who hold all sorts of political opinions. There are a few who believe in the so-called policy of 'terror' — who regard themselves as justified in resorting even to political assassination as a means of overthrowing the Government; but even the terrorists do not propose to destroy all existing institutions. Every one of them would, I think, lay down his arms, if the Tsar would grant to Russia a constitutional form of government and guarantee free speech, a free press, and freedom from arbitrary arrest, imprisonment, and exile. Have you ever seen the letter sent by the Russian revolutionists to Alexander III. upon his accession to the throne?"



FIRST VIEW OF THE ALTAI MOUNTAINS.

"No," I replied; "I have heard of it, but have never seen it."

"It sets forth," he said, "the aims and objects of the revolutionary party, and contains a distinct promise that if the Tsar will grant freedom of speech and summon a national assembly the revolutionists will abstain from all further violence, and will agree not to oppose any form of government which such assembly may sanction.* You can hardly say that people who express a willingness to enter into such an agreement as this are in favor of the destruction of all existing institutions. I suppose you know," he continued, "that when your President Garfield was assassinated, the columns of 'The Messenger of the Will of the People' [the organ of the Russian revolutionists in Geneva] were bordered with black as a token of grief and sympathy, and that the paper contained an eloquent editorial condemning political assassination as wholly unjustifiable in a country where there are open courts and a free press, and where the officers of the Government are chosen by a free vote of the people?"

"No," I replied; "I was not aware of it."

"It is true," he rejoined. "Of course at that time Garfield's murder was regarded as a political crime, and as such it was condemned in Russia, even by the most extreme terrorists."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of three young men

and a lady, who were introduced to us as Mr. Lobonofski's exile friends. In the appearance of the young men there was nothing particularly striking or noticeable. One of them seemed to be a bright university student, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, and the other two looked like educated peasants or artisans, whose typically Russian faces were rather heavy, impassive, and gloomy, and whose manner was lacking in animation and responsiveness. Life and exile seemed to have gone hard with them, and to have left them depressed and embittered. The lady, whose name was Madame Dicheskula, represented apparently a different social class, and had a more buoyant and sunny disposition. She was about thirty years of age, tall and straight, with a well-proportioned but somewhat spare figure, thick, short brown hair falling in a soft mass about the nape of her neck, and a bright, intelligent, mobile face, which I thought must once have been extremely pretty. It had become, however, a little too thin and worn, and her complexion had been freckled and roughened by exposure to wind and weather and by the hardships of prison and *étape* life. She was neatly and becomingly dressed in a Scotch plaid gown of soft dark serge, with little ruffles of white lace at her throat and wrists; and when her face lighted up in animated conversation, she seemed to me to be a very attractive and interesting woman. In her demeanor there was not a suggestion of the boldness, hardness, and eccentricity which I had expected to find in women exiled to Siberia for

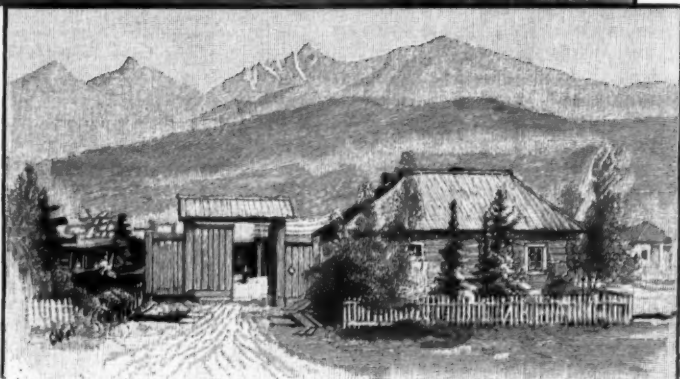
* I now have in my possession a copy of this letter. A part of it may be found translated in Stepiak's "The Russian Storm Cloud," p. 6.

political crime. She talked rapidly and well; laughed merrily at times over reminiscences of her journey to Siberia; apologized for the unwomanly shortness of her hair, which, she said, had all been cut off in prison; and related with a keen sense of humor her adventures while crossing the Kirghis steppe from Akmola to Semipalatinsk. That her natural

About 9 o'clock Mr. Lobonofski brought in a steaming samovar, Madame Dicheskula made tea, and throughout the remainder of the evening we all sat around the big pine table as if we had been acquainted for months instead of hours, talking about the Russian revolutionary movement, the exile system, literature, art, science, and American politics.



buoyancy of disposition was tempered by deep feeling was evident from the way in which she described some of the incidents of her Siberian experience. She seemed greatly touched, for example, by the kindness shown to her party by the peasants of Kamishlova, a village through which they passed on their way from Ekaterineburg to Tiumen. They happened to arrive there on Trinity Sunday, and were surprised to find that the villagers, as a manifestation of sympathy with the political exiles, had thoroughly scoured out and freshened up the old village *étape*, and had decorated its gloomy cells with leafy branches and fresh wild-flowers. It seemed to me that tears came to her eyes as she expressed her deep and grateful appreciation of this act of thoughtfulness and good-will on the part of the Kamishlova peasants.



THE ALTAI STATION AND OUR HOUSE THERE.

The cool, reasonable way in which these exiles discussed public affairs, problems of government, and their personal experience impressed me very favorably. There was none of the bitterness of feeling and extravagance of statement which I had anticipated, and I did not notice in their conversation the least tendency to exaggerate or even to dwell upon their own sufferings as a means of exciting our sympathy. Madame Dicheskula, for instance, had been robbed of most of her clothing and personal effects by the police at the time of

her arrest; had spent more than a year in solitary confinement in the Moscow forwarding prison; had then been banished, without trial, to a dreary settlement in the Siberian province of Akmolinsk; and, finally, had been brought across the great Kirghis steppe in winter to the city of Semipalatinsk. In all this experience there must have been a great deal of intense personal suffering; but she did not lay half as much stress upon it in conversation as she did upon the decoration of the old étape with leafy branches and flowers by the people of Kamishlova, as an expression of sympathy with her and her exiled friends. About 11 o'clock, after a most pleasant and interesting evening, we bade them all good-night and returned to our hotel.

On the following morning Mr. Lobonofski, Madame Dicheskula, Mr. Frost, and I took droshkies and drove down the right bank of the Irtysh a mile or two, to a small grove of poplars and aspens near the water's edge, where six or eight political exiles were spending the summer in camp. A large Kirghis "yourt" of felt, and two or three smaller cotton tents, had been pitched on the grass under the trees, and in them were living two or three young women and four or five young men, who had taken this means of escaping from the heat, glare, and sand of the verdureless city. Two of the women were mere girls, seventeen or eighteen years of age, who looked as if they ought to be pursuing their education in a high school or a female seminary, and why they had been exiled to Siberia I could not imagine. It did not seem to me possible that they could be regarded in any country, or under any circumstances, as a dangerous menace to social order or to the stability of the government. As I shook hands with them and noticed their shy, embarrassed behavior, and the quick flushes of color which came to their cheeks when I spoke to them, I experienced for the first time something like a feeling of contempt for the Russian Government. "If I were the Tsar," I said to Mr. Frost, "and had an army of soldiers and police at my back, and if, nevertheless, I felt so afraid of timid, half-grown school-girls that I could not sleep in peaceful security until I had banished them to Siberia, I think I should abdicate in favor of some stronger and more courageous man." The idea that a powerful government like that of Russia could not protect itself against seminary girls and Sunday-school teachers without tearing them from their families, and isolating them in the middle of a great Asiatic desert, seemed to me not only ludicrous, but absolutely preposterous.

We spent in the pleasant shady camp of these political exiles nearly the whole of

the long, hot summer day. Mr. Frost made sketches of the picturesquely grouped tents, while I talked with the young men, read Irving aloud to one of them who was studying English, answered questions about America, and asked questions in turn about Siberia and Russia. Before the day ended we were upon as cordial and friendly a footing with the whole party as if we had known them for a month.

Late in the afternoon we returned to the city, and in the evening went to the house of Mr. Leontief, where most of the political exiles whom we had not yet seen had been invited to meet us. The room into which we were ushered was much larger and better furnished than that in which Mr. Lobonofski lived; but nothing in it particularly attracted my attention except a portrait of Herbert Spencer, which hung on the wall over Mr. Leontief's desk. There were twelve or fifteen exiles present, including Mr. Lobonofski, Madame Dicheskula, Dr. Bogomolets,—a young surgeon whose wife was in penal servitude at the mines of Kara,—and the two Prisedski sisters, to whom reference was made in my article upon the "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists," in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for December. The general conversation which followed our introduction to the assembled company was bright, animated, and informal. Mr. Leontief, in reply to questions from me, related the history of the Semipalatinsk library, and said that it had not only been a great boon to the political exiles, but had noticeably stimulated the intellectual life of the city. "Even the Kirghis," he said, "occasionally avail themselves of its privileges. I know a learned old Kirghis here, named Ibrahim Konobai, who not only goes to the library, but reads such authors, as Buckle, Mill, and Draper."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed a young university student, "that there is any old Kirghis in Semipalatinsk who actually reads Mill and Draper!"

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Leontief, coolly. "The very first time I met him he astonished me by asking me to explain to him the difference between induction and deduction. Some time afterward I found out that he was really making a study of English philosophy, and had read Russian translations of all the authors that I have named."

"Do you suppose that he understood what he read?" inquired the university student.

"I spent two whole evenings in examining him upon Draper's 'Intellectual Development of Europe,'" replied Mr. Leontief; "and I must say that he seemed to have a very fair comprehension of it."



PICNIC GROUND, VALLEY OF THE BUKHTARMA.

"I notice," I said, "that a large number of books in the library — particularly the works of the English scientists — have been withdrawn from public use, although all of them seem once to have passed the censor. How does it happen that books are at one time allowed and at another time prohibited?"

"Our censorship is very capricious," replied one of the exiles. "How would you explain the fact that such a book as Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' is prohibited, while Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and 'Descent of Man' are allowed? The latter are certainly more dangerous than the former."

"It has been suggested," said another, "that the list of prohibited books was made up by putting together, without examination, the titles of all books found by the police in the quarters of persons arrested for political offenses. The 'Wealth of Nations' happened to be found in some unfortunate revolutionist's house, therefore the 'Wealth of Nations' must be a dangerous book."

"When I was arrested," said Mr. Lobonofski, "the police seized and took away even a French history which I had borrowed from the public library. In looking hastily through it they noticed here and there the word 'revolution,' and that was enough. I tried to make them understand that a French history must, of course, treat of the French Revolution, but it was of no use. They also carried off,

under the impression that it was an infernal machine, a rude imitation of a steam-engine which my little brother had made for amusement out of some bits of wood and metal and the tubes of an old opera-glass." Amidst general laughter, a number of the exiles related humorous anecdotes illustrating the methods of the Russian police, and then the conversation drifted into other channels.

As an evidence of the intelligence and culture of these political exiles, and of the wide range of their interests and sympathies, it seems to me worth while to say that their conversation showed more than a superficial acquaintance with the best English and American literature, as well as a fairly accurate knowledge of American institutions and history. Among the authors referred to, discussed, or quoted by them that evening were Shakspeare, Mill, Spencer, Buckle, Balfour Stewart, Heine, Hegel, Lange, Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Bret Harte, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. They knew the name and something of the record of our newly elected President; discussed intelligently his civil-service reform policy and asked pertinent questions with regard to its working, and manifested generally an acquaintance with American affairs which one does not expect to find anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, and least of all in Siberia.

After a plain but substantial supper, with

delicious overland tea, the exiles sang for us in chorus some of the plaintive popular melodies of Russia, and Mr. Frost and I tried, in turn, to give them an idea of our college songs, our war songs, and the music of the American negroes. It must have been nearly midnight when we reluctantly bade them all good-bye and returned to the Hotel Sibir.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of a single magazine article, to give even the

men and women, with warm affections, quick sympathies, generous impulses, and high standards of honor and duty. They are, as Mr. Pavlovski said to me, "men and women who, under other circumstances, might render valuable services to their country." If, instead of thus serving their country, they are living in exile, it is not because they are lacking in the virtue and the patriotism which are essential to good citizenship, but because the Government,



COSSACK PICKET OF JINGISTAL.

substance of the long conversations concerning the Russian Government and the Russian revolutionary movement which I had with the political exiles in Semipalatinsk. All that I aim to do in the present paper is to describe, as fairly and accurately as possible, the impression which these exiles made upon me. If I may judge others by myself, American readers have had an idea that the people who are called nihilists stand apart from the rest of mankind in a class by themselves, and that there is in their character something fierce, gloomy, abnormal, and, to a sane mind, incomprehensible, which alienates from them, and which should alienate from them, the sympathies of the civilized world. If the political exiles in Semipalatinsk be taken as fair representatives of the class thus judged, the idea seems to me to be a wholly mistaken one. I found them to be bright, intelligent, well-informed

which assumes the right to think and act for the Russian people, is out of harmony with the spirit of the time.

On Saturday, July 18, after having inspected the city prison, obtained as much information as possible concerning the exile system, and made farewell calls upon our friends, we provided ourselves with a new padorozhnaya and left Semipalatinsk with three post-horses for the mountains of the Altai. The wild alpine region which we hoped to explore lies along the frontier of Mongolia, about 350 miles east of Semipalatinsk and nearly 600 miles due south from Tomsk. The German travelers Finsch and Brehm went to the edge of it in 1876, but the high, snowy peaks of the Katunski and Chuiski Alps, east of the Altai Station, had never been seen by a foreigner, and had been visited by very few Russians.

For nearly two hundred versts, after leaving Semipalatinsk, we rode up the right bank of the Irtysh, through a great rolling steppe of dry yellowish grass. Here and there, where this steppe was irrigated by small streams running into the Irtysh, it supported a luxuriant vegetation, the little transverse valleys being filled with wild roses, hollyhocks, golden-rod, wild currant and gooseberry bushes, and splendid spikes, five feet in height, of dark blue aconite;

desert. The thermometer ranged day after day from 90 to 103° in the shade; the atmosphere was suffocating; every leaf and every blade of grass, as far as the eye could reach, had been absolutely burned dead by the fierce sunshine; great whirling columns of sand, 100 to 150 feet in height, swept slowly and majestically across the sun-scorched plain; and we could trace the progress of a single mounted Kirghis five miles away by the cloud of



VILLAGE OF ARUL.

but in most places the great plain was sun-scorched and bare. The Cossack villages through which we passed did not differ materially from those between Semipalatinsk and Omsk, except that their log-houses were newer and in better repair, and their inhabitants seemed to be wealthier and more prosperous. The Russian love of crude color became again apparent in the dresses of the women and girls; and on Sunday, when all of the Cossacks were in holiday attire, the streets of these villages were bright with the red, blue, and yellow costumes of the young men and women, who sat in rows upon benches in the shade of the houses, talking, flirting, and eating melon seeds, or, after the sun had gone down, danced in the streets to the music of fiddles and triangular guitars.

The farther we went up the Irtysh the hotter became the weather and the more barren the steppe, until it was easy to imagine that we were in an Arabian or a north African

dust which his horse's hoofs raised from the steppe. I suffered intensely from heat and thirst, and had to protect myself from the fierce sunshine by swathing my body in four thicknesses of blanket and putting a big down pillow over my legs. I could not hold my hand in that sunshine five minutes without pain, and wrapping my body in four thicknesses of heavy woolen blanketing gave me at once a sensation of coolness. Mine was the southern or sunny side of the tarantas, and I finally became so exhausted with the fierce heat, and had such a strange feeling of faintness, nausea, and suffocation, that I asked Mr. Frost to change sides with me, and give me a brief respite. He wrapped himself up in a blanket, put a pillow over his legs, and managed to endure it until evening. Familiar as I supposed myself to be with Siberia, I little thought, when I crossed the frontier, that I should find in it a north African desert, with whirling sand-columns,

and sunshine from which I should be obliged to protect my limbs with blankets. I laughed at a Russian officer in Omsk who told me that the heat in the valley of the Irtysh was often so intense as to cause nausea and fainting, and who advised me not to travel between 11 o'clock in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, when the day was cloudless and hot. The idea of having a sunstroke in Siberia, and the suggestion not to travel there in the middle of the day, seemed to me so preposterous that I could not restrain a smile of amusement. He assured me, however, that he was talking seriously, and said that he had seen soldiers unconscious for hours after a fit of nausea and fainting, brought on by marching in the sunshine. He did not know sunstroke by name, and seemed to think that the symptoms which he described were peculiar effects of the Irtysh valley heat, but it was evidently sunstroke that he had seen.

At the station of Voroninskaya, in the middle of this parched desert, we were overtaken by a furious hot sand-storm from the southwest, with a temperature of 103° in the shade. The sand and fine hot dust were carried to a height of a hundred feet, and drifted past us in dense, suffocating clouds, hiding everything from sight and making it almost impossible to breathe. Although we were riding with the storm, and not against it, I literally gasped

for breath for more than two hours; and when we arrived at the station of Chermshanka, it would have been hard to tell, from an inspection of our faces, whether we were Kirghis or Americans — black men or white. I drank nearly a quart of cold milk, and even that did not fully assuage my fierce thirst. Mr. Frost, after washing the dust out of his eyes and drinking seven tumblers of milk, revived sufficiently to say, "If anybody thinks that it does n't get hot in Siberia, just refer him to me!"



ASCENT OF MOUNTAIN-TRAIL FROM BEREL.

At the station of Malo Krasnoyarskaya we left the Irtysh to the right and saw it no more. Late that afternoon we reached the first foothills of the great mountain range of the Altai, and began the long, gradual climb to the Altai Station. Before dark on the following day we were riding through cool, elevated alpine meadows, where the fresh green grass was intermingled with bluebells, fragrant spirea, gentians, and delicate fringed pinks, and

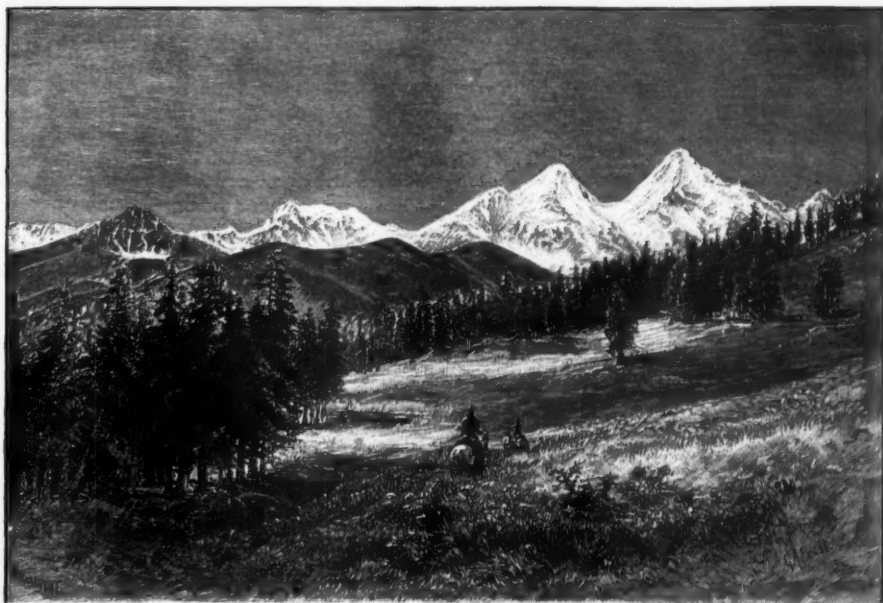
9000 feet in height, crowned with 10000 feet of fresh, brilliantly white snow, and belted with a broad zone of evergreen forest; beneath lay a beautiful, park-like valley, through which ran the road, under the shade of scattered larches, across clear rushing mountain streams which came tumbling down in cascades from the melting snows above, and over grassy meadows sprinkled with wild pansies, gentians, fringed pinks, and ripening strawberries. After



KIRGHIS ENCAMPMENT ON THE SUMMIT.

where the mountain tops over our heads were white, a thousand feet down, with freshly fallen snow. The change from the torrid African desert of the Irtysh to this superb Siberian Switzerland was so sudden and so extraordinary as to be almost bewildering. I could not help asking myself every fifteen minutes, "Did I only dream of that dreary, sun-scorched steppe yesterday, with its sand spouts, its mountains of furnace slag, its fierce heat, and its whitening bones, or is it really possible that I can have come from that to this in twenty-four hours?" To my steppe-weary eyes the scenery, as we approached the Altai Station, was indescribably beautiful. On our left was a range of low mountains, the smooth slopes of which were checkered with purple cloud shadows and tinted here and there by vast areas of flowers; on our right, rising almost from the road, was a splendid chain of bold, grandly sculptured peaks from 7000 to

three thousand miles of almost unbroken plain, or steppe, this scene made upon me a most profound impression. We reached the Altai Station — or, as the Kirghis call it, "Koton Karaghai" — about 6 o'clock in the cool of a beautiful, calm, midsummer afternoon. I shall never forget the enthusiastic delight which I felt as I rode up out of a wooded valley fragrant with wild-flowers, past a picturesque cluster of colored Kirghis tents, across two hundred yards of smooth elevated meadow, and then, stopping at the entrance to the village, turned back and looked at the mountains. Never, I thought, had I seen an alpine picture which could for a moment bear comparison with it. I have seen the most beautiful scenery in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, of Nicaragua, of Kamtchatka, of the Caucasus, and of the Russian Altai, and it is my deliberate opinion that for varied beauty, picturesque, and effectiveness that mountain



DISTANT VIEW OF THE KATUNSKI ALPS.

landscape is absolutely unsurpassed. If there exist a more superbly situated village than the Altai Station, I am ready to cross three oceans to see it.

The station itself is a mere Cossack outpost with seventy or eighty log-houses, with wide, clean streets between them and with a quaint wooden church at one end; but to a traveler just from the hot, arid plains of the Irtysh even this insignificant Cossack hamlet has its peculiar charm. In front of every house in the settlement is a little inclosure, or front yard, filled with young birches, silver-leaved aspens, and flowering shrubs; and through all of these yards, down each side of every street, runs a tinkling, gurgling stream of clear, cold water from the melting snows on the mountains. The whole village, therefore, go where you will, is filled with the murmur of falling water; and how pleasant that sound is, you must travel for a month in the parched, dust-smothered, sun-scorched valley of the Irtysh fully to understand. The little rushing streams seem to bring with them, as they tumble in rapids through the settlement, the fresh, cool atmosphere of the high peaks where they were born two hours before; and although your thermometer may say that the day is hot and the air sultry, its statements are so persistently, so confidently, so hilariously controverted by the joyous voice of the stream under your window with its half-expressed suggestions of

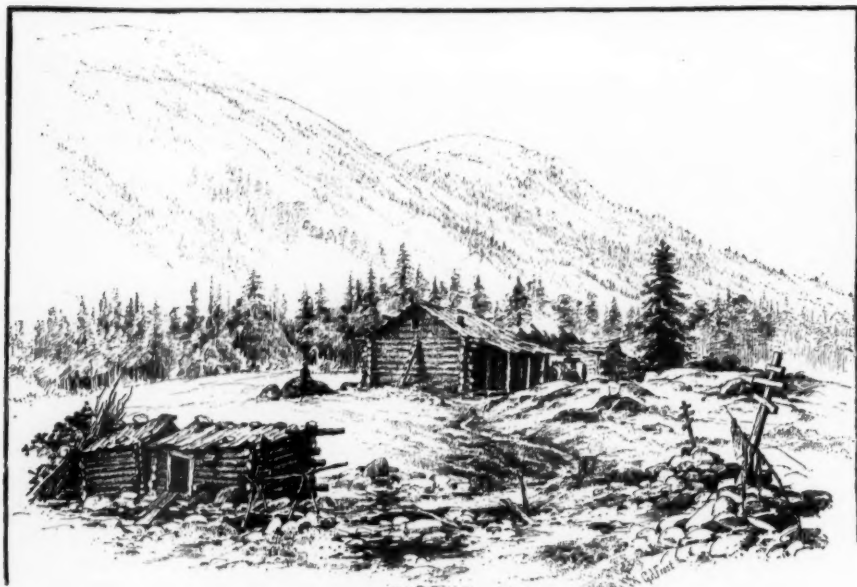
snow and glaciers and cooling spray, that your reason is silenced and your imagination accepts the story of the snow-born brook.

We remained at the Altai Station three or four days, making excursions into the neighboring mountains with the Russian commander of the post and his wife, visiting and photographing the Kirghis who were encamped near the village, and collecting information with regard to the region lying farther to the eastward which we purposed to explore.

On Monday, July 27, we started for a trip of about two hundred versts, on horseback, to the Katunski Alps, or "Beilki," which are said to be the highest and wildest peaks of the Russian Altai. The day of our departure happened to be the namesday of Captain Maiefski, the Russian commander of the post; and in order to celebrate that namesday, and at the same time give us a pleasant "send off," he invited a party of friends to go with us as far as the rapids of the Bukhtarma River, about fifteen versts from the station, and there have a picnic. When we started, therefore, we were accompanied by Captain Maiefski and his wife and daughter, the Cossack ataman and his wife, a political exile named Zavalishin and his wife, and three or four other officers and ladies. The party was escorted by ten or fifteen mounted Kirghis in bright-colored "beshmets," girt about the waist with silver-studded belts; and the cavalcade of uniformed officers,

gayly dressed ladies, and hooded Kirghis presented, at least to our eyes, a most novel and picturesque appearance, as it cantered away across the grassy plateau upon which the station is situated, and descended into the green, flowery valley of the Bukhtarma. Captain Maiefski had sent forward to the rapids

newly built log-houses situated in the shallow, flower-carpeted valley of the Bukhtarma; and on Tuesday we passed through the picturesque village of Arul and reached a Cossack station called Berel, where we expected to leave the Bukhtarma valley and plunge into the mountains.



THE RAKHMANOVSKI HOT SPRINGS.

early in the morning two Kirghis yourts, a quantity of rugs and pillows, and his whole housekeeping outfit; and when we arrived we found the tents pitched in a beautiful spot among the trees beside the Bukhtarma, where camp-fires were already burning, where rugs and pillows were spread for the ladies, and where delicious tea was all ready for our refreshment. After an excellently cooked and served dinner of soup, freshly caught fish, roast lamb, boiled mutton, cold chicken, pilau of rice with raisins, strawberries, and candies, we spent a long, delightful afternoon in botanizing, fishing, rifle-shooting, catching butterflies, telling riddles, and singing songs. It was, I think, the most pleasant and successful picnic that I ever had the good fortune to enjoy; and when, late in the afternoon, Mr. Frost and I bade the party good-bye, I am sure we both secretly wished we could stay there in camp for a week, instead of going to the Katunski Alps.

We spent that night at the little Cossack picket of Jingistai, which consisted of two

Wednesday morning, with two Cossack guides, five Kirghis horses, a tent, and a week's provisions, we forded the milky current of the Berel River, and climbed slowly for two hours in zigzags up a steep Kirghis trail which led to the crest of an enormous mound-shaped foot-hill behind the village. After stopping for a few moments at a Kirghis encampment on the summit, two or three thousand feet above the bottom of the Bukhtarma valley, we tightened our saddle-girths and plunged into the wilderness of mountains, precipices, and wild ravines which lay to the northward.

Late in the afternoon, after an extremely difficult and fatiguing journey of 25 or 30 versts, we rode 2000 or 3000 feet down a steep, slippery, break-neck descent, into the beautiful valley of the Rakhmanovski Hot Springs, where, shut in by high mountains, we found a clear little alpine lake, framed in greenery and flowers, and two untenanted log-houses, in one of which we took up our quarters for the night. When we awoke on the fol-

lowing morning rain was falling heavily, and horseback travel in such a country was evidently out of the question. The storm continued, with an occasional brief intermission, for two days; but on the morning of the third the weather finally cleared up, and without waiting for the mountain slopes to become dry, we saddled our horses and went on.

The last sixty versts of our journey were made with great difficulty and much peril, our route lying across tremendous mountain ridges and deep valleys with almost precipitous sides, into which we descended by following the course of foaming mountain torrents, or clambering down the moraines of extinct glaciers, over great heaped-up masses of loose, broken rocks, through swamps, tangled jungles of laurel bushes and fallen trees, and down slopes so steep that it was almost impossible to throw one's body far enough back to keep one's balance in the saddle. Half the time our horses were sliding on all four feet, and dislodging stones which rolled or bounded for half a mile downward, until they were dashed to pieces over tremendous precipices. I was not wholly inexperienced in mountain travel, having ridden on horseback the whole length of the mountainous peninsula of Kamtchatka and crossed three times the great range of the Caucasus, once at a height of twelve thousand feet; but I must confess that during our descents into the valleys of the Rakhmanofski, the Black Berel, the White Berel, and the Katun my heart was in my mouth for hours at a time. On any other horses than those of the Kirghis such descents would have been utterly impossible. My horse fell with me once, but I was not hurt. The region through which we passed is a primeval wilderness, traversed only by the "Diko-Kammenni Kirghis," or "Kirghis of the Wild Rocks," and abounding in game. We saw "marals," or Siberian elk, wolves, wild sheep, and many fresh trails made by bears in the long grass of the valley bottoms. On horseback we chased wild goats, and might have shot hundreds of partridges, grouse, ducks, geese, eagles, and cranes. The flora of the lower mountain valleys was extremely rich, varied, and luxuriant, comprising beautiful wild pansies of half a dozen varieties and colors, fringed pinks, spirea, two species of gentian, wild hollyhocks, daisies, forget-me-nots, alpine roses, trollius, wild poppies, and



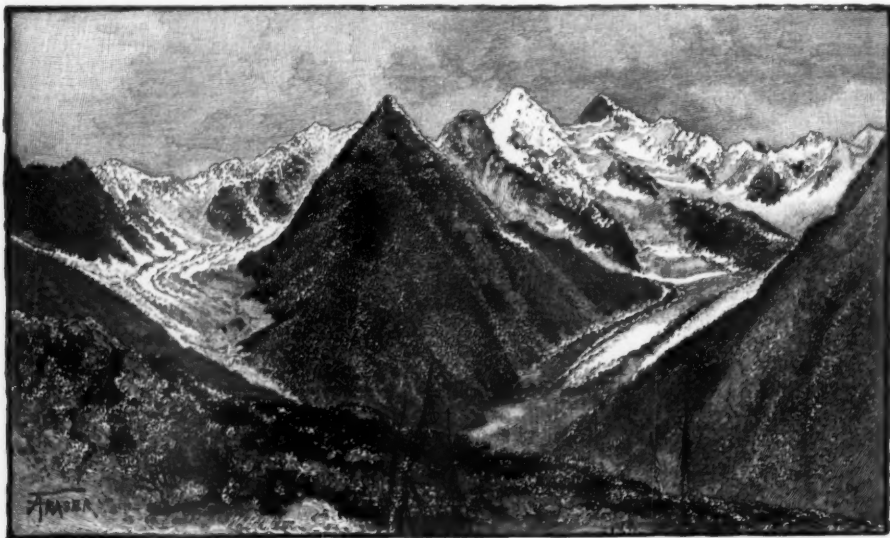
THE DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY OF THE WHITE BEREL.

scores of other flowers that I had never before seen, many of them very large, brilliant, and showy. Among plants and fruits which with us are domesticated, but which in the Altai grow wild, I noticed rhubarb, celery, red currants, black currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, wild cherries, crab-apples, and wild apricots. Most of the berries were ripe, or nearly ripe, and the wild currants were as large and abundant as in an American garden. The scenery was extremely wild and grand, surpassing, at times, anything that I had seen in the Caucasus.

On Saturday, August 1, we reached the foot of the last great ridge, or water-shed, which separated us from the main chain of the Katunski Alps, and camped for the night in a high mountain valley beside the White Berel, a milky stream which runs out from under a great glacier a few miles higher up. The air was clear and frosty, but we built a big camp-fire and managed to get through the night without much discomfort. Sunday morning we

climbed about two thousand feet to the summit of the last ridge, and looked over into the wild valley of the Katun, out of which rise the "Katunski Pillars," the highest peaks of the Russian Altai. I was prepared, to a certain extent, for grandeur of scenery, because I had already caught glimpses of these peaks two or three times, at distances varying from twenty-five to eighty miles; but the near view, from the heights above the Katun, so far surpassed all my anticipations that I was simply overawed. I hardly know how to describe it

from the saddle between the twin summits in a series of ice falls for at least 4000 feet. The glacier on the extreme right had an almost perpendicular ice fall of 1200 or 1500 feet, and the glacier on the extreme left gave birth to a torrent which tumbled about 800 feet, with a hoarse roar, into the deep narrow gorge. The latter glacier was longitudinally divided by three moraines, which looked from our point of view like long, narrow, A-shaped dumps of furnace slag or fine coal dust, but which were



THE "KATUNSKI PILLARS"—SOURCE OF THE KATUN RIVER.

without using language which will seem exaggerated. The word which oftenest rises to my lips when I think of it is "tremendous." It was not beautiful, it was not picturesque; it was tremendous and overwhelming. The narrow valley, or gorge, of the Katun, which lay almost under our feet, was between 2000 and 3000 feet deep. On the other side of it rose, far above our heads, the wild, mighty chain of the Katunski Alps, culminating just opposite us in two tremendous snowy peaks whose height I estimated at 15,000 feet.* They were white from base to summit, except where the snow was broken by great black precipices, or pierced by sharp, rocky spines, or aiguilles. Down the sides of these peaks, from vast fields of névé above, fell seven enor-

in reality composed of black rocks, from the size of one's head to the size of a freight car, and extended 4 or 5 miles, with a width of 300 feet and a height of from 50 to 75 feet above the general level of the glacier. The extreme summits of the two highest peaks were more than half of the time hidden in clouds; but this rather added to than detracted from the wild grandeur of the scene, by giving mystery to the origin of the enormous glaciers, which at such times seemed to the imagination to be tumbling down from unknown heights in the sky through masses of rolling vapor. All the time there came up to us from the depths of the gorge the hoarse roar of the waterfall, and with it blended, now and then, the deeper thunder of the great glaciers, as masses of ice gave way and settled into new positions in the ice falls. This thundering of the glaciers continued for nearly a minute at a time, varying in intensity, and resembling occasionally the sound of a distant but heavy

* Captain Maiefski's estimate of their height was 18,000 feet above the sea level. They have never been climbed nor measured, and I do not even know the height above the sea of the valley bottom from which they rise.

and rapid cannonade. No movement of the ice in the falls was perceptible to the eye from the point at which we stood, but the sullen, rumbling thunder was evidence enough of the mighty force of the agencies which were at work before us.

After looking at the mountains for half an hour, we turned our attention to the valley of the Katun beneath us, with the view to ascertaining whether it would be possible to get down into it and reach the foot of the main glacier, which gave birth to the Katun River. Mr. Frost declared the descent to be utterly impracticable, and almost lost patience with me because I insisted upon the guides trying it. "Anybody can see," he said, "that this slope ends in a big precipice; and even if we get our horses down there, we never can get them up again. It is foolish to think of such a thing." I had seen enough, however, of Kirghis horses to feel great confidence in their climbing abilities; and although the descent did look very dangerous, I was by no means satisfied that it was utterly impracticable. While we were discussing the question, our guide was making a bold and practical attempt to solve it. We could no longer see him from where we stood, but every now and then a stone or small boulder, dislodged by his horse's feet, would leap suddenly into sight 300 or 400 feet below us, and go crashing down the mountain side, clearing 200 feet at every bound, and finally dashing itself to pieces against the rocks at the bottom, with a noise like the distant rattling discharge of musketry. Our guide was evidently making progress. In a few moments he came into sight on a bold, rocky buttress about six hundred feet below us and shouted cheerfully, "Come on! This is nothing! You could get down here with a telega!" Inasmuch as one could hardly look down there without getting dizzy, this was rather a hyperbolic statement of the possibilities of the case; but it had the effect of silencing Mr. Frost, who took his horse by the bridle and followed me down the mountain in cautious zigzags, while I kept as nearly as I could in the track of our leader. At the buttress the guide tightened my forward and after saddle-girths until my horse groaned and grunted an inarticulate protest, and I climbed again into the saddle. It seemed to me safer, on the whole, to ride down than to

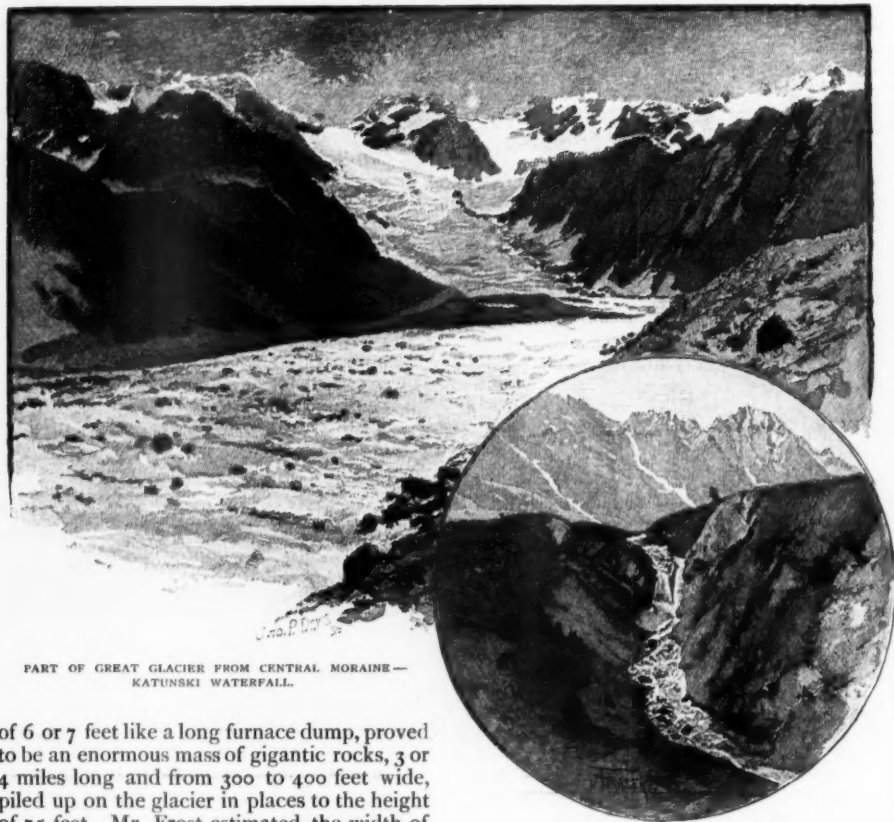


THE DESCENT INTO THE GORGE OF THE KATUN.

try to walk down leading my horse, since in the latter case he was constantly sliding upon me, or dislodging loose stones which threatened to knock my legs from under me and launch me into space like a projectile from a catapult. The first hundred feet of the descent were very bad. It was almost impossible to keep in the saddle on account of the steepness of the incline, and once I just escaped being pitched over my horse's head at the end of one of his short slides. We finally reached a very steep but grassy slope, like the side of a titanic embankment, down which we zigzagged, with much discomfort but without any danger, to the bottom of the Katun valley. As we rode towards the great peaks, and finally, leaving our horses, climbed up on the principal glacier, I saw how greatly we had underestimated distances, heights, and magnitudes from the elevated position which we had previously occupied. The Katun River, which from above had looked like a narrow, dirty white ribbon that a child could step across, proved to be a torrent, thirty or forty feet wide, with a current almost deep and strong enough to sweep away a horse and rider. The main glacier, which I had taken to be about 300 feet wide, proved

to have a width of more than half a mile; and its central moraine, which had looked to me like a strip of black sand piled up to the height

We spent all the remainder of the day in sketching, taking photographs, and climbing about the glacier and the valley, and late in



PART OF GREAT GLACIER FROM CENTRAL MORaine —
KATUNSKI WATERFALL.

of 6 or 7 feet like a long furnace dump, proved to be an enormous mass of gigantic rocks, 3 or 4 miles long and from 300 to 400 feet wide, piled up on the glacier in places to the height of 75 feet. Mr. Frost estimated the width of this glacier at two-thirds of a mile, and the extreme height of the moraine at a hundred feet.

I took the photographic apparatus, and in the course of an hour and a half succeeded in climbing up the central moraine about two miles towards the foot of the great ice fall; but by that time I was tired out and dripping with perspiration. I passed many wide crevasses into which were running streams of water from the surface of the glacier; and judging from the duration of the sound made by stones which I dropped into some of them, they must have had a depth of a hundred feet, perhaps much more. This was only one of eleven glaciers which I counted from the summit of the high ridge which divides the water-shed of the Irtysh from that of the Ob. Seven glaciers descend from the two main peaks alone.

the afternoon returned to our camp in the valley of the White Berel. That night—the 2d of August—was even colder than the preceding one. Ice formed to the thickness of more than a quarter of an inch in our tea-kettle, and my blankets and pillow, when I got up in the morning, were covered with thick white frost.

Monday we made another excursion to the summit of the ridge which overlooks the valley of the Katun, and succeeded in getting a good photograph of the two big peaks, against a background of cloudless sky. Our little instrument, of course, could not take in a quarter of the mighty landscape, and what it did take in it reduced to so small a scale that all of the grandeur and majesty of the mountains was lost; but it was a satisfaction to feel that we could carry away something which would



GORGE OF THE KATUN FROM THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER.

suggest and recall to us in later years the sublimity of that wonderful alpine picture.

for the Rakhmanofski Hot Springs; and on the 5th of August, after an absence of ten days, we returned to the Altai Station.

Monday noon we broke camp and started

George Kennan.

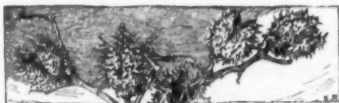
DEATH.

I AM the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place:

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls — Life!

Florence Earle Coates.



[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.



"SAV, TOM, WON'T YOU WAIT FOR ME?" (SEE PAGE 532.)

XXXI.

HIRAM AND BARBARA.



HE cordiality of his welcome was a surprise to Mason; he could hardly tell why. The days had dragged heavily since his separation from Barbara, and his mind had been filled with doubts. The delay imposed upon him by Barbara's circumstances and then by his own was unwholesome; love long restrained from utterance is apt to make the soul sick. During his last week in Moscow he had copied court minutes and other documents into the folio records in an abstracted fashion, while the

conscious part of his intellect was debating his chance of securing Barbara's consent. He fancied that she might hold herself more than ever aloof from him now; that her pride had been too deeply wounded to recover, and that she would never bring herself to accept him.

When he had at length finished all there was for him to do in the clerk's office at Moscow, and Magill had contrived to borrow enough money to pay him his fifty cents a day, Mason was too impatient to wait for some wagon bound for the Timber Creek neighborhood. He started on foot, intending to pass the night under the friendly roof of the Graysons, and to push on homeward in the morning; for he would already be a month late in beginning his college year. His mind was revolving the plan of his campaign against Barbara's pride

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all the way over the great lonely level prairie, the vista of which stretched away to the west until it was interrupted by a column of ominous black smoke, which told of the beginning of the autumnal prairie fires that annually sweep the great grassy plains and keep them free of trees. At length the tantalizing forest, so long in sight, was reached, and he entered the pale fringe of slender poplar-trees—that forlorn hope thrown out by the forest in its perpetual attempt to encroach on the prairie annually fire-swept. But when at last he entered the greater forest itself, now half denuded of its shade, the problem was still before him. He contrived with much travail of mind what seemed to him an ingenious device for overcoming Barbara's fear of his family. He would propose that his mother should write her a letter giving a hearty assent to his proposal of marriage. If that failed, he could not think of any other plan likely to be effective.

Like many conversations planned in absence, this one did not seem so good when he had the chance to test it. The way in which Tom welcomed him at the gate, shaking his hand and taking hold of his arm in an affectionate, informal way, gave him an unexpected pleasure, though nothing could be more natural under the circumstances than Tom's gratitude. And when Tom said, "Barbara 'll be awful glad to see you, an' so 'll Mother," Mason was again surprised. Not that he knew any good reason why Barbara and her mother should not be glad to see him, but he who broods long over his feelings will hatch forebodings. When Hiram looked up from Tom at the gate, he saw Barbara's half-petite figure and piquant face, full as ever of force and aspiration, waiting half-way down the walk. Barbara paused there, half-way to the gate, but she could not wait even there; she came on down farther and met him, and looked in his eyes frankly and told him—with some reserve in her tone, it is true, but with real cordiality—that she was glad to see him. And by the time he reached the porch, Mother Grayson herself—kindly, old-fashioned soul that she was—stood in the door and greeted Mason with tears in her eyes.

After a little rest and friendly talk in the cool, well-kept, home-like sitting-room, Hiram went out with Tom to look about the familiar place. The fruit trees were pretty well stripped of their foliage by a recent wind and the ground was carpeted with brown and red and yellow leaves, while the rich autumn sunlight, which but half warmed the atmosphere, gave one an impression of transientness and of swift-impending change. It was one of those days on which the seasons are for the instant arrested—a little moment of repose and res-

pite before the inevitable catastrophe. The busiest man can hardly resist the influence of such a day; farmers are prone to bask in the slant sunlight at such times and to talk to one another over line-fences or seated on top-rails. The crows fly hither and thither in the still air, and the swallows, gathered in noisy concourse, seem reluctant to set out upon their southward journey. But Mason soon left Tom and entered the kitchen, where he sat himself down upon a bench over against the loom and watched the swift going to and fro of Barbara's nimble shuttle, and listened to the muffled pounding of the loom-comb, presently finding a way to make himself useful by winding bobbins.

The two were left alone at intervals during the afternoon, but Mason could not summon courage to reopen the question so long closed between them. His awkward reserve reacted on Barbara, and conversation between them became difficult, neither being able to account for the mood of the other.

After a while Janet, tired with following Tom the livelong day, came into the kitchen and besought Barbara to sing "that song about Dick, you know"; and though Mason did not know who Dick might be, he thought he would rather hear Barbara sing than to go on trying to keep up a flagging conversation; so he seconded Janet's request. When Barbara had tied a broken string in the "harness" of the loom, she resumed her seat on the bench and sang while she wove.

BARBARA'S WEAVING SONG.

Fly, shuttle, right merrily, merrily,
Carry the swift-running thread;
Keep time to the fancy that eagerly
Weaveth a web in my head.

For Dick he will come again, come again,
Dick he will come again home from afar
With musket and powder-horn,
Musket and powder-horn, home from the war.

Beat up the threads lustily, lustily,
Weave me a web good and strong;
Heart brimful and flowing with joyousness
Ever is bursting with song.

For Dick he will come again, etc.

Warp, hold the woof lovingly, lovingly,
Taking and holding it fast;
Hearts bound together in unity
Love with a love that will last.

For Dick he will come again, come again,
Dick he will come again home from afar
With musket and powder-horn,
Musket and powder-horn, home from the war.

By the time the ditty was ended, Mrs. Grayson was setting the supper-table by the fireplace, doing her best to honor her guest. She took down the long-handled waffle-irons and made a plate of those delicious cakes unknown

since kitchen fire-places went out, and the like of which will perhaps never be known again henceforth. She got out some of the apple-butter, of which half a barrel had been made so toilsomely but the week before, and this she flanked with a dish of her peach preserves, kept sacredly for days of state. The "chaney" cups and saucers were also set out in honor of Hiram, and the almost transparent preserved peaches were eaten with country cream, from saucers thin enough to show an opalescent translucency, and decorated with a gilt band and delicate little flowers. This china, which had survived the long wagon-journey from Maryland, was not often trusted upon the table.

"My! What a nice supper we've got, Aunt Marthy!" said Janet, clapping her hands, as they took their seats at the table.

"It seems to me you're making company out of me," said Mason, in a tone of protest.

"We sha'n't have you again soon, Mason," said Tom, "and we don't often see the like of you."

The words were spontaneous, but Tom ducked his head with a half-ashamed air when he had spoken them. Barbara liked Tom's little speech: it expressed feelings that she could not venture to utter; and it had, besides, a touch of Tom's old gayety of feeling in it.

When supper was well out of the way Hiram proposed a walk with Barbara, but it did no good. They talked mechanically about what they were not thinking about, and by the time they got back to the house Mason was becoming desperate. He must leave in the morning very early, and he had made no progress; he could not bring himself to broach the subject about which Barbara seemed so loath to speak, and concerning which he dreaded a rebuff as he dreaded death.

They entered the old kitchen and found no one there; the embers were flickering in the spacious fire-place and peopling the room with grotesque shadows and dancing lights.

"Let us sit here awhile, Barbara," he said, with a strange note of entreaty in his tone, as he swung the heavy door shut and put down the wooden latch—relic of the pioneer period.

"Just as you please, Mr. Mason," answered Barbara.

"Oh! say Hiram, won't you?" He said this with a touch of impatience.

"Hiram!" said Barbara, laughing.

He led her to the loom-bench.

"Sit there on high, as you did the night you put me into a state of misery from which I have n't escaped yet. There, put your feet

on the chair-rung, as you did that night." He spoke with peremptoriness, as he placed a chair for her feet, so that she might sit with her back to the loom. Then he drew up another shuck-bottomed chair in such a way as to sit beside and yet half facing her, but lower.

"Now," he said doggedly, "we can finish the talk we had then."

"That seems ages ago," said Barbara, dreamily; "so much has happened since."

"So long ago that you don't care to renew the subject?"

"I—" But Barbara stopped short. The feeble blaze in the fire-place suddenly went out.

Hiram did not know where to begin. He got up and took some dry chips from a basket and threw them on the slumbering coals, so as to set the flame a-going again. Then he sat down in his chair and looked up at the now silent Barbara, and tried in vain to guess her mood. But she remained silent and waited for him to take the lead.

"Do you remember what you said then?" he asked.

"No! how can I? It seems so long ago."

"You said a pack of nonsense." As he blurted out this charge Mason turned his head round obliquely, still regarding Barbara.

"Did I? That's just like me," Barbara answered, with a little laugh.

"No, it is n't like you," he replied, almost rudely. "You're the most sensible woman I ever knew, except on one subject."

"What's that?" Barbara was startled by the vehemence and abruptness of his speech, and she asked this in a half-frightened voice.

"Your pride. I looked up to you then, as I do now. You're something above me—I just worship you." To a man of maturity this sort of talk seems extravagant enough. But one must let youth paint itself as it will, with all its follies on its head. You've said sillier things than that in your time, sober reader—you know you have!

"I do just worship you, Barbara Grayson," Hiram went on; "but you talked a parcel of fool stuff that night about the superiority of my family, and about your not being able to bear it that my people should look down on you, and—well, a pack of tomfoolery; that's what it was, Barbara, and there's no use of calling it anything else."

Barbara was silent.

"Now, I'm not going to give you a chance to make any more such speeches. But I want to ask you whether, if I should send you a letter from my mother when I get home, and maybe from my sisters too, after I have told them the whole truth, urging you to accept me and become one of our family—I want to know whether, then, you would be

willing; whether you'd take pity on a poor fellow who can't get along without you. Would that suit you?"

"No, it would n't," said Barbara, looking at the now blazing chips in the fire-place with her head bent forward.

"Well, what on earth *would*, then?" And Mason tilted back his chair in the nervousness of desperation and brought his eyes to a focus on her face, which was strangely illuminated in the flickering foot-lights from the hearth.

"Did I talk that way last summer?"

"Yes, you did."

"It must have hurt you. I can see it hurt you, from the way you speak about it."

"Yes," said Mason; "I've been in a sort of purgatory ever since."

"And I did n't mean to hurt your feelings. I'd rather do anything than to hurt your feelings." Here she paused, unable to proceed at once, but he waited for her to show the way. Presently she went on:

"Now, Mr. Mason,—Hiram, I mean,—I'm going to punish myself for my foolish pride. I must have felt very differently then to what I do now. The more I have seen of you the more I have—admired you." Barbara stopped and took up the hem of her apron and picked at the stitches as though she would ravel them. Then she proceeded, dropping her head lower, "Somehow, I hate to say it,—but I'm going to punish myself,—the more I have seen of you the more I have—*liked* you. It don't matter much to me now whether your mother likes me or not, and I really don't seem to care what your sisters think about your loving a poor girl from the country."

"Hush! Don't talk that way about yourself," said Hiram. But Barbara was so intent on finishing what she had resolved to say that she did not give any heed to him, but only went on pulling and picking at the hem of her apron.

"I only want to know one thing, Mr. Mason, and that is whether you—whether you really and truly want me?" Her face blushed deeply, she caught her breath, her head bowed lower than before, as though trying in vain to escape from Hiram's steadfast gaze.

"God only knows how I do love you, Barbara," said Hiram, speaking softly now and letting his eyes rest on the floor.

"Well," said Barbara, "as good a man as you deserves to have what he wants, you know"; and here she smiled faintly. "I'll put in the dust all the wicked pride that hurts you so." And Barbara made a little gesture. Then after a moment she began again, stammeringly, "If—if you really want me, Hiram Mason,—why—then—I'll face anything rather than miss of being yours. Now will

that do? And will you forgive me for keeping you in purgatory, as you call it, all this time?" There were tears in her eyes as she spoke; partly of penitence, perhaps, but more than half of happiness.

When she had finished, Mason got up and pushed his chair away and came and sat down on the loom-bench beside her, Barbara making room for him, as for the first time she lifted her eyes timidly to his.

"I've been a goose, Barbara, not to understand you before. What a woman you are!"

XXXII.

THE NEXT MORNING.

WHEN Tom waked up the next morning in the gray daybreak, he found that Mason, who should have shared his room, had not come to bed at all. And when Tom came down to uncover the live coals and build up the kitchen fire, he found that the embers had not been covered under the ashes as usual; there were instead smoking sticks of wood that had nearly burned in two, the ends having canted over backward outside of the andirons. The table stood in the floor set with plates and cups and saucers for two, and there were the remains of an early breakfast. There was still heat in the coffee-pot when Tom touched it, and from these signs he read the story of Barbara's betrothal to Mason; he conjectured that this interview, which was to precede a separation of many months, had been unintentionally protracted until it was near the time for Mason's departure. The debris of the farewell love-feast, eaten in the silent hour before daybreak, seemed to have associations of sentiment. Tom regarded these things and was touched and pleased, but he was also amused. This sitting the night out seemed an odd freak for a couple so tremendously serious and proper as the little sister and the schoolmaster.

An hour later, when Tom, having finished his chores, came in for his breakfast, Barbara had reappeared below stairs with an expression of countenance so demure—so entirely innocent and unconscious—that Tom could not long keep his gravity; before he had fairly begun to eat he broke into a merry, boyish laugh.

"What *are* you laughing about?" demanded Barbara, looking a little foolish and manifesting a rising irritation, that showed how well she knew the cause of his amusement.

"Oh! nothing; but why don't you eat your breakfast, Barb? You seem to have lost your appetite."

"Don't tease Barb'ry now," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I'm not teasing," said Tom; "but I declare, Barb, it must have seemed just like

going to housekeeping when you two sat down to eat breakfast by yourselves this morning."

"O Tom!" broke in Janet, who could n't quite catch the drift of the conversation, "Barbara went to bed with her clothes on last night. When I waked up this morning she was lying on the bed by me with her dress on."

Tom now laughed in his old unrestrained fashion.

"Say, Barbara," Janet went on, "are you going to marry that Mr. Mason that was here yesterday?"

Knowing that she could not get rid of Janet's inquiries except by answering, Barbara said: "Oh, I suppose so," as she got up to set the pot of coffee back on the trivet and hide a vexation that she knew to be foolish.

"Don't you *know* whether you're going to marry him or not?" put in Janet. "I sh'd think you'd know. And I sh'd think he'd be a real nice husband." Then after a few moments of silence, Janet turned on Tom. "Tom, who's *your* sweetheart?"

"Have n't got any," said Tom.

"Is n't that purty girl that was here yesterday your sweetheart?"

"No!"

"Are n't you *ever* going to get married?"

"Maybe, some day. Not right off, though."

"I wish you would find a good wife, Tom," said Barbara, without looking from her plate. "It would cheer you up." Barbara felt a little guilty at the thought of leaving the brother who had always seemed her chief responsibility.

"Say, Tom, won't you wait for me?" said Janet, solemnly.

"Yes, that's just what I'll do," said Tom, looking at her. "I had n't thought of it before; but that's just exactly what I'll do, Janet. I'll wait for you, now you mention it."

"Will you, indeed, and double deed?"

"Yes, indeed, and deed and double deed, I'll wait for you, Janet."

"That'll be nice," said Janet, continuing her breakfast with meditative seriousness. "Now I'm your sweetheart, ain't I?"

XXXIII.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

It was in the last days of October, a few weeks after the proper close of the story which I have just related, when Henry Miller—the most matter-of-fact and unsensational of young men—threw his family into a state of excitement and supplied the gossip of the neighborhood with a fresh topic by announcing at home and abroad that he was going to leave the country, either for the

Iowa country to the west of the Mississippi, or for the fertile bottom-lands up north on the "Wisconse" River, as it was called. He was the only son of his father, and had inherited the steady, plodding industry and frugality so characteristic of a "Pennsylvania Dutch" race. Until he was of age he was bound, not only by law, but by the custom of the country, to serve his father much as a bondman or an apprentice might have served, for an able-bodied son was distinctly recognized as an available and productive possession in that day. When he became of age his close-fisted father made no new arrangement with him, offered him no start, paid him no wages, and gave him no share in the produce of the fields. It was enough, in the father's estimation, that Henry would succeed to a large part of the property at his death. But Henry, on mature reflection, had made up his mind that emigration would be better than a reversionary interest that must be postponed to the death of so robust a man as his father, who was yet in middle-life and who came of a stock remarkable for longevity. Was not his grandfather yet alive in Pennsylvania, while his great-grandfather had not been dead many years? It was after calculating the "expectation of life" in the Miller family that Henry notified his father of his intention to go where land was cheap and open a large farm for himself. In vain the father urged that he could not get on without him, and that there would be no one to look after things if the father should die. Henry persisted that he must do something for himself and that his father would have to hire a man, for he should surely leave as soon as the crops were gathered, so as to get land enough open in some frontier country to afford him a small crop of corn the first year.

Henry's mother and sisters were even more opposed to his going than his father was, and they did not hesitate to blame the senior Miller with great severity for not having "done something" for Henry. Henry's father had never before known how unpleasant a man's home may come to be. He was reminded that Henry had not an acre, nor even a colt, that he could call his own, and that other farmers had done better than that. This state of siege became presently quite intolerable, and the elder Miller resolved not only "to do something" for Henry, but to do it in such a way that his son would begin life very well provided for. He wanted to silence the clamor of the house and the neighborhood once for all, and prove to his critics how much they were mistaken.

It was about a week after Henry's first resolution was taken that he and his father were

finishing the corn-gathering. They were throwing the unshucked ears into a great wagon of the Pennsylvania pattern—a wagon painted blue, the “bed” of which rose in a great sweep at each end as though some reminiscence of the antique forms of marine architecture had affected its construction. When all the corn within easy throwing distance had been gathered, Henry, who was on the near side, would slip the reins from the standard over the fore wheel and drive forward the horses, which even in moving bit off the ends of corn ears or nibbled at the greenest-looking blades within their reach.

“Let’s put on the sideboards,” said the elder, “and we can finish the field this load.” Though Miller’s ancestors had come to this country with the Palatine immigration, away back in 1710, there was a little bit of German in his accent; he said something like “gorn” for corn. The sideboards were put up, and these were so adjusted that when they were on the wagon the inclosing sides were rendered level at the top and capable of holding nearly double the load contained without the boards.

“Henry,” said the father, when the two were picking near together and throwing corn over the tail-gate of the wagon, “if you give up goin’ away an’ git married right off, an’ settle toun here, I’m a-mine to teed you that east eighty an’ a forty of timber. Eh?”

“That’s purty good,” said Henry; “but if your deed waits till I find a wife, it may be a good while coming.”

“That eighty lays ’longside of Albaugh’s medder an’ lower gorn-field,” said the father, significantly.

“You mean if I was to marry Rache, Albaugh might give us another slice.”

“Of gourse he would; an’ I’d help you put up a house, an’ maybe I’d let you hav’ the roan golt. You’d hav’ the red heifer anyhow.”

“But I never took a shine to Rache; and if I did, I could n’t noways come in. They’s too many knocking at that door.”

“But Rachel ain’t no vool,” said the elder. “She knows a good piece of lant w’en she sees it, an’ maybe she’s got enough of voolin’ rount.”

All that afternoon Henry revolved this proposition in his mind, and he even did what he had never done before in his life—he lay awake at night. The next day, after the midday dinner, he said to himself: “I might as well resk it. Albaugh’s got an all-fired good place, and all out of debt. And that’s a tremendous nice eighty father’s offered to give me.”

So he went upstairs and put on a new suit of blue jeans fresh from his mother’s loom. Then he walked over to Albaugh’s, to find Rachel sewing on the front porch.

Rachel had been “kindah dauncey like,” as her mother expressed it, ever since her visit to Barbara. She had received as many attentions as usual, but they seemed flat and unrelishable to her now. She began seriously to reflect that a girl past twenty-three was growing old in the estimation of the country, and yet she was further than ever from being able to make a choice between the lovers that paid her court, more or less seriously.

When she looked up and saw Henry Miller coming in at the gate she felt a strange surprise. She had never before seen him in Sunday clothes or visiting on a week-day.

“Hello, Henry! Looking for Ike?” she asked, with neighborly friendliness.

“No, not as I know of. I’ve come to talk to you, Rache.”

“To me? Well, you’re the last one I’d look for to come to talk to me; and in day-time, and corn-shucking not begun yet.” There was an air of excited curiosity in her manner. It was plain to be seen that she was inwardly asking, “What *can* Henry Miller be up to, anyhow?” but to him she said, “Come in, Henry, an’ take a cheer.”

“No, I’ll sed down here,” he answered, taking a seat on the edge of the porch, like the outdoor man that he was, approaching a house with half reluctance.

The relations between Henry and Rachel were unconstrained. They had played “hide and whoop” together in childhood, and times innumerable they had gone on blackberrying and other excursions together; he had swung her on long grape-vine swings on the hill-side; they had trudged to and from school in each other’s company, exchanging sweet-cakes from their lunch-baskets, and yet they had never been lovers.

“Rache,” he said, locking his broad, brown hands over his knee, “father says he’ll give me that east-eighty whenever I get married, if I won’t go off West.”

“You’ll be a good while getting married, Henry. You never was a hand to go after the girls.”

“No, but I might chance to get married shortly, for all that. The boys that do a good deal of sparking and the girls that have a lot of beaux don’t always get married first. You’d ought to know that, Rache, by your own experience.”

Rachel laughed good-naturedly, and waited with curiosity to discover what all this was leading up to.

“What I’m thinking,” said Henry, with the

air of a man approaching a horse-trade cautiously, lest he should make a false step, "is this: that eighty of our'n jines onto your medder and west corn-field."

"Do you want to sell it?" said Rachel. "You might see father; he'd like to have it, I expect."

"Can't you guess what it is that I'm coming at?"

"No, I *can't*," said Rachel; "not to save my life."

"Looky here, Rache," and Henry gave his shoulders a twitch, "the two farms jine; now, what if you and me was to jine?"

"Well, Henry Miller, if you don't beat the Dutch! I never heard the like of that in all my born days!" Rachel had heard many propositions of marriage, but this sort of love-making, with eighty acres of prairie land for a buffer, was a novelty to her.

"Looky here, Rache," he said, in a tone of protest, "I've knew you ever since you was knee-high to a grasshopper. Now, what's the use of fooling and nonsense betwixt you and me? You know what I am—a good, stiddy-going, hard-working farmer, shore to get my sheer of what's to be had in the world without scrouging anybody else. And I know just exactly what you air. We've always got along mighty well together, and if I have n't ever made a fool of myself about your face, w'y, so much the better for me. Now, whaddy yeh say? Let's make it a bargain."

"W'y, Henry Miller, what a way oftalking!"

"Rache, come, go along with me and see where'bouts I'm going to put up a house. Father's promised to help me. It's down by the spring, just beyand your medder fence. Will you go along down?"

"Well, I don't care if I do go down with you, Henry. But it's awful funny to come to such a subject in that way."

Rachel put on her sun-bonnet, and they went through the orchard together.

"We could put up a nice house there. Father's willing to throw in a forty of timber too—the forty that joins this eighty over yander. We'd be well fixed up to begin, no matter what your father done or did n't do for us. Whaddy you think of the plan?"

"You—you have n't said you loved me, or anything," said Rachel, piqued at having her charms quite left out of the account. But she could not hide from herself that Henry's proposition had substantial advantages. She only added, "What a curious man you are!"

"Don't you believe I'd make a good husband?"

"Yes, of course you would."

"And a good provider?"

"Yes, I'm shore of that."

"Well, now, I'm not going to pretend I'm soft on you. If you say 'No,' well and good; there's an end. I sha'n't worry myself into consumption. You've got a right to do as you please. I'm not going to have folks say that I'm another of the fools that's broke their hearts over Rache Albaugh. Once you're mine, I'll set my heart on you fast enough. But I never set my heart on anything I might n't be able to get."

Rachel did not say anything to this bit of philosophy. She had in the last two weeks recognized the advisability of her getting married as soon as she could settle herself. But on taking an inventory of her present stock of beaux, she had mentally rejected them all. They were prospectively an unprosperous lot, and Rachel was too mature to marry adversity for the sake of sentiment. She found herself able to listen to Henry Miller's cool-blooded proposition with rather more tolerance than she felt when hearing the kind of love-talk she had been used to. Why not get her father to do as well by her as the Millers would by Henry, or to do better, seeing he was the richer and had but two children? Then they might begin life with plenty of acres and a good stock of butter cows.

Henry showed her where they could put their house, where the barn would be placed, and where they would have a garden. Rachel felt a certain pleasure in fancying herself the mistress of such a place. But it was contrary to all the precedents laid down in the few romances she had read for a woman to marry a man who was not her "slave": that was the word the old romancers took delight in. She tried to coquet with Henry, in order to draw from him some sort of professions of love. A flirtation with a lay figure would have been quite as successful. He was plain prose, and she presently saw that if she accepted him it must be done in prose. She could n't help liking his very prose; she was a little tired of slaves; it seemed, on the whole, better to have a man at least capable of being master of himself.

In much the same tone—the tone of a man buying, or selling, or proposing a co-partnership for business purposes—Henry Miller carried on the conversation all the way back until they reached the corn-crib, where he came to a stand-still.

"Whaddy yeh say, Rachel? Is it a bargain?"

"Well, Henry, it's sudden like. I want to take time to think it over."

"Then I'll take back the offer and put out for the loway country. I'm not a-going to have my skelp a-hanging to your belt for days and days, like the rest of them. What's

the use of thinking? You don't want to take Magill, do you?"

"He 's too old, and his nose is rather red," laughed Rachel.

"Nor Tom Grayson, I suppose?" Henry mentioned Tom as the second because he was the one about whom he had misgivings.

"I give him the sack before the shooting, and I 'm not going to go back to him now."

Rachel faltered a little in this reply, but she spoke with that resolute insincerity for which women hold an indulgence in advance when their hearts are being searched.

"Well," said Henry, "if you think you can do better by waiting, I 'm off. If you think I 'm about as good a man as you 're likely to pick up, here 's your chance. It 's going, going, gone with me. Either I marry you and take father's offer, or I put out for the Iowa country. I don't ask you to think I 'm perfection, but just to take a sober, common-sense look at things."

Rachel saw that it was of no use to expect

Henry to court her, and she could not help liking him the better for his honest straightforwardness. She looked down a minute, in the hope that he would say something that might make it easier for her to answer, but he kept his silence.

"Henry," she said at length, rolling a corn-cob over and over under the toe of her shoe, "I 've got a good mind to say 'Yes.' You don't make me sick, like the rest of them. Father 'll be struck when he hears of it. He 's always said I 'd marry some good-for-nothing town-fellow."

"Is it a bargain, good and fast?" said Henry, holding out his hand, as he would have done to clinch the buying of a piece of timber land or a sorrel horse.

"Yes," said Rachel, laughing at the oddness of it and the suddenness of it, "I 'm tired of fooling. It 's a bargain, Henry."

"Good fer you, Rache! Now I begin to like you better than ever."

THE END.

Edward Eggleston.

A MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, AUTHOR OF THE IVORY BLACK STORIES.

IN THREE PARTS. PART I.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE TROOPS.



MR. PEMBERTON LOGAN

SMITH was a member of the Philadelphia Sketch Club; and by his associates in that eminently democratic organization it generally was conceded that if he had not been handicapped by the first two-thirds of his name, and if he had not been born constitutionally lazy, he probably would have made rather a shining light of himself as a landscape painter.

When this opinion was advanced in his presence, as it very frequently was, Pem usually laughed in his easy-going way and said that quite possibly it possessed some of the elements of truth. For Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith knew very well that he was constitutionally lazy, and he as frankly gloried in his double-barreled Philadelphia name as he did in the fact that he was a Philadelphian to the backbone.

"You see, old man," he once explained to his New York friend, the eminent young

figure-painter Vandyke Brown, "you New York people have n't much notion of birth, and family connection, and that sort of thing, anyway. There are, I believe," said Pem, airily, "a few good families in New York, but most of your so-called best people have n't the least notion in the world who their grandfathers were; or else—and this amounts to the same thing—they know so much about them that they want to keep them as dark as possible. All you care for over here is money. Now that is n't our way at all. Of course we don't object to a man's having money; but the first thing we want him to have is birth. If he can show that his people came over with Penn,—or before Penn, as mine did,—and if he belongs to the Assembly, and is certain of his invitation to the Charity Ball, and a few things of that sort, we take him in; but if he has n't this sort of a record—well, we think about it. Of course, now and then a fellow who has only money works his way into good society, provided he knows how to give a really good dinner and does n't stint the terrapin. But these are the exceptions; the rule is the other way."

But while Brown and some of the Sketch Club men regretted that Pem did not buckle down to painting and accomplish some of the good work that he undoubtedly was capable of, Pem himself took the matter very easily. He had succeeded in developing enough energy to paint two or three pictures which deserved the praise that they received, and with this much accomplished he seemed to be quite contented to let his case rest.

In the Social Art Club, where the artistic element was infinitesimal, and where Pem's social high qualifications were accepted at their proper high value, he was regarded as an artistic genius of considerable magnitude. But this was only natural, for he really knew something about pictures — instead of only partly knowing how to talk about them.

And in both of his clubs, and pretty generally by his somewhat extensive personal acquaintance, Pem was set down — quite apart from his qualifications as an artist — as a thoroughly good fellow. As a rule a popular verdict of this nature may be critically examined without being reversed. In certain quarters the fact was recognized that he had been a little narrowed by the circumstances of his birth and environment; but even in these quarters it was admitted that there was something very pleasant about him — when he was not shying cocoa-nuts from the heights of his Philadelphia family tree. And finally the three or four people who really knew him well, among whom was his friend Brown, believed that there was an underlying strength and earnestness in his character which would be aroused, and so fully as to become the governing force of his life should any great joy or great calamity overtake him that would stir his nature to its depths.

A good-looking young fellow of five or six and twenty, with pleasant manners, plenty of money, a faculty for taking odd and amusing views of life, and having at least a spark of genius in his composition — a young fellow of this sort, I say, is not to be met with on every street corner; and when he is encountered, commonplace humanity, without precisely knowing why, rejoices in him; and uncommonplace humanity, knowing precisely why, rejoices in him too.

On the whole, therefore, it was very natural, when the Browns were casting about them for an eligible man to whom to offer the tenth section in the car that they had chartered for their Mexican expedition, that Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith should have been accorded the suffrages of the Mexican expeditioners with a flattering unanimity. Quite as naturally, when this offer to join what promised to be an exceptionally pleasant party in an exceptionally

pleasant undertaking was made known to him, Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith promptly accepted it. And he was the more disposed to Mexican adventure because he had acquired a very satisfactory command of Spanish in the course of a recently passed delightful year in Spain.

The projector of the Mexican campaign was Mr. Mangan Brown. Through his leather connection in Boston, Mr. Brown had been induced to invest a considerable sum of money in what his Boston friends had described to him, at the time when the investment was made, as the highly philanthropic and very lucrative work of aiding in the railway development of Mexico. A fabulously rich country was waiting, they told him, to be aroused into active commercial life by the provision of adequate means of internal transportation; a sister Republic, they added, was pining to be bound to the great nation of the north by bonds of steel. Honor awaited the men who would accomplish this magnificent international work, while the substantial return for their philanthropy would be unlimited dividends in hard cash. It was a picturesque way of presenting a commercial enterprise, and Mr. Brown was moved by it. Pleased with the prospect of figuring to future generations in the guise of a continental benefactor, and not averse to receiving unlimited dividends, which would be all the more acceptable because they were so honorably earned, he listened to the voice of the Boston charmers — and drew his check in his customary liberal way.

His desire to go to Mexico, in part at least, grew out of his not altogether unnatural wish to find out why some of the promised generous dividends had not been declared. But aside from his financial interest in the sister republic, the erratic visitation of Miss Violet Carmine — now Mrs. Rowney Mauve — had inspired him with a strong curiosity to visit a country that was capable of producing so extraordinary a type of womanhood. And point had been given to this curiosity by the frequent warm invitations extended to him by his remote kinsman, Violet's father, to come to Mexico for a visit of indefinite length, accompanied by his family and a working majority of his friends. Hospitality of so boundless a type, Mr. Brown considered, in itself was a phase of sociology the study of which very well was worth a journey of three thousand miles.

And finally, with an eye to business, Mr. Brown believed that a visit to Mexico might be made to redound very materially to his interest in the matter of the direct importation of Mexican hides.

"The leather business is not what it used

to be, Van," he remarked somewhat gloomily to his nephew, when this feature of the expedition was touched upon. "When I was a young man, serving my time with the late Mr. Orpiment's father, there were chances in leather that nowadays nobody would even dream of. I remember, in '46, our firm brought in two shiploads of hides from Buenos Ayres, which were worth almost their weight in gold. They were made right up into shoes for Scott's army, you see. It always has rested a little heavily on my conscience, Van, that those hides were made up green that way. The shoes that they made of them must have worn out, I should say, in rather less than a week. But I was n't really responsible for it, for I was only a boy in the counting-room; and even Mr. Orpiment was n't responsible for what was done with the hides after they were sold. And our firm certainly made a pot of money out of the transaction. Of course, I can't hope now for anything as good as that was, no matter what I find in Mexico; but I am sure, all the same, that the Mexican leather market is worth looking into — and if all the Mexicans are like our cousin Carmine, they must be worth looking into also.

"By the way, I had a letter from Carmine to-day — he writes extraordinary English — in answer to mine telling him when we are likely to get there; and instead of being horrified at the prospect of having such a lot of us bowling down on him, as I should be, I know, he says that his only regret is that there are not more of us coming. You'd think that being called upon this way to entertain twelve people, with only one in the whole party that he ever has laid eyes on, and, besides Violet, only four — you and I, Verona and your aunt Caledonia — that have the smallest claim of blood relationship, would upset even a Mexican's extended notions of hospitality. But it does n't a bit. He writes in the friendliest way that he is looking forward with delight to having us all with him for three or four months anyway, and urges us to hurry down as quickly as possible.

"I confess, Van," Mr. Brown went on self-reproachfully, "that this whole-souled sort of welcome makes me feel a little mean about the half-hearted way in which we welcomed Violet. And I really am ashamed to remember how thankful I was when she ran off with your friend Rowney Mauve and got married. To be sure, Violet would n't have been such a — such an abnormity, if it had n't been for that confounded parrot. Thank Heaven, she has consented to leave the parrot at home this time. I don't think that I could have gone myself if Violet had insisted, as at first she seemed disposed to, upon taking along that

detestable bird. Parrots — parrots are awful things, Van!" And Mr. Brown obviously permitted his thoughts to wander back ruefully into a parrot-stricken past.

As to the party at large, it may be said — with the exception of Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith — to have organized itself. Van and Rose, Verona and young Orpiment, Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, were so closely bound by blood, marriage, and friendship to each other and to Mr. Mangan Brown that they were as much a part of his plan as he was himself. Rowney Mauve and Violet, the son-in-law and the daughter of their prospective host in Mexico, naturally could not be left out. That Jaune d'Antimoine and his wife Rose (*née* Carthame) should come along was taken for granted by everybody. Indeed, these young French people were very close to the hearts of their American friends, and leaving them out of any plan as pleasant as this Mexican plan promised to be was not to be thought of.

Jaune, by the way, had made a great success in art since that day when Mr. Badger Brush had given him his first order. To be sure, as an animal-painter he could not hope to do work that would rank with Van's figure-painting; but he considered himself, and his wife considered him, as ranking far above young Orpiment. In this opinion, very naturally, neither young Orpiment nor Verona concurred. As to Verona, she entertained the profound conviction that landscape-painting was the very crown and glory of all forms of artistic expression; and she not less firmly believed that her husband was the highest exponent of that highest form of art. There was a little "Evening on the Hills" that young Orpiment had painted, while they were on their wedding journey in the Catskills, that Verona never permitted him to sell, and that she was accustomed to compare — to her husband's advantage — with the finer work of Claude. It will be observed that some years of married life had not in the least degree diminished — it could not well have augmented — the strength of Verona's wifely affection.

The party thus constituted comfortably filled, with one section to spare, the Pullman car that Mr. Mangan Brown, who cared a great deal for comfort and very little for expense, had chartered for the expedition. Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, out of respect to their superior age, and because of the need for superior privacy involved in the commercial peculiarity of Mrs. Gamboge's back hair, were accorded the cranny that the Pullman people dignify with the name of a "drawing-room"; and each of the other members of the party had a section apiece.

There was some little debate as to what

should be done with the spare section; for they all were agreed that another nice person would be welcome; and equally agreed that it would be a pity, in the interest of nice persons abstractly, to leave vacant a place that so many people very gladly would fill. The suggestion made by Rose to Van, somewhat timidly, it must be confessed, that old Madder should be invited, never came before the house at all. It was voted down promptly in committee. Van had a great deal of theoretical devotion to his father-in-law, but he did not see his way clear to this form of its practical expression. With a wise diplomacy, however, he refrained from making the matter personal. After Rose was married old Madder had taken a little apartment, and his sister kept house for him. It was here that little Madder and Caledonia were to remain while Rose and Van were in Mexico. What would become of the children, Brown asked, if their grandfather went away? And this, of course, settled it.

A similar suggestion, similarly made in private by his wife to Jaune d'Antimoine, in regard to Madame Carthame, similarly received a firm though less skillful negative.

Old Madder probably never knew that his name had been mentioned in connection with the Mexican expedition at all; and the diplomatic Madame d'Antimoine certainly did not permit her severe maternal relative to imagine for a moment that she had been weighed in her son-in-law's balance and found wanting. But after the party had started, old Madder certainly did say to Cremnitz White and Robert Lake, and one or two more of his especial cronies, that nothing under heaven could have induced him to accompany to Mexico, or to any other part of the world, a gang of painters that had n't a single artist among them. And Madame Carthame likewise remarked, addressing her first-floor lodger, that she would not under any circumstances have permitted herself to associate with these her daughter's friends among the *nouveaux riches*.

It really looked as though the odd section in the Pullman would remain vacant—or that it would be utilized only, as Rose suggested, as a cattery. Rose was very fond of cats, and to her mind the suggestion seemed to be a very reasonable one; for she wanted greatly to take her Persian cat, Beaux-yeux, along.

However, the feline member was not added to the party, for at this stage of proceedings Van put a large spoke in the wheel of his Philadelphia friend's fate by suggesting Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith as an eminently fit person to fill the vacancy. And so the organization of the friendly army of invasion was made complete.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT THE FRONTIER.

MRS. GAMBOGE approached the Mexican border with a heavy heart.

"Are the—the custom-house examinations very strict?" she asked of Mr. Gamboge, as they waited at the station in El Paso for the train that was to back across from the Mexican side of the river and hook on their car.

There was something in the tone of the lady's voice that caused her husband to look at her sharply, and to observe with some asperity, "You're not trying to smuggle anything, I hope?"

"N—no," responded Mrs. Gamboge, with a manifest hesitation. "But it—it's so horrid to have one's things all pulled to pieces, you know."

"You've got to make the best of it. You'd have done better if you'd taken my advice and not brought along such a lot of things to pull," replied Mr. Gamboge, unfeelingly. "What possible use you can have for two big trunks on a trip of this sort I'm sure I can't imagine."

Mrs. Gamboge did not respond to this unkind remark. She retired at first into a pained and dignified silence, and then into the privacy of the so-called drawing-room. A few minutes later, when Mr. Gamboge—who was a most amiable little round man—followed her to this their joint apartment to make amends for his mild severity, he found the door locked; nor would Mrs. Gamboge for some moments suffer him to enter. When she emerged from her retreat there was an expression of anxiety upon her usually placid face; and until the custom-house examination was ended—which was in a very few minutes, for the customs officials were refreshingly perfunctory in their methods—it was evident that there was a weight upon her mind.

As the train moved away southward from Paso del Norte, Mr. Gamboge went into the "drawing-room" for his cigar-case, and was startled as he entered the apartment by a little shriek of alarm.

"Oh! I thought I'd locked the door," said Mrs. Gamboge, speaking with some confusion, and at the same time hastily throwing a shawl over a cage-like structure that was lying on the seat. "Do go out, dear. You can come back in a moment."

"Caledonia," said Mr. Gamboge, seriously, "I hope that you have not really been smuggling. Let me see what you have under that shawl."

"I have n't been smuggling. Indeed I have n't—at least nothing that I have n't a perfect right to. Do go away—only for a moment, but do go away."

All this was so out of keeping with the character of his wife—who, excepting in regard to the purely conventional secret of the commercial genesis of her back hair, never had made even an approach towards having a secret from him—that Mr. Gamboge was seriously discomposed.

"Indeed, my dear, you must let me see what you are hiding," he said, at the same time making a step forward and extending his hand towards the shawl.

"Oh, don't! don't, I beg you!" Mrs. Gamboge implored, fairly wringing her plump little white hands. "It's—it's only my—my bustle. I've been taking it off."

"A bustle!" replied Mr. Gamboge with both scorn and indignation. "Bustles are absurdities and monstrosities, and you very well may be ashamed of having anything to do with them. But as you have to my certain knowledge abandoned yourself to this species of deformity for several years past, and never have even remotely hinted that you wanted to make a mystery of your folly, I am at a loss to understand why you want to make a mystery of it now. Come, my dear, you must let me see what you have hidden here. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Caledonia, but indeed I must look." And speaking this firmly, Mr. Gamboge gently disengaged himself from his wife's restraining arms and lifted the shawl.

"It is a bustle, sure enough," he said with some confusion. "But what's this inside of it?" he added in a different tone, as he perceived in the interior of the structure a carefully tied up little package of some apparently soft substance. Mrs. Gamboge made no reply. She was seated upon the sofa, gently sobbing.

"Why, Caledonia," cried Mr. Gamboge in astonishment, as he unwrapped the parcel, "it's your back hair! And yet you have your hair on, just as usual. I—I am very sorry, Caledonia," he went on humbly, being overcome by the conviction that he had contrived at one and the same time to make a fool and a brute of himself. "Indeed, indeed, dear, I had n't the least notion in the world what it was; I had n't, upon my word. Will you—will you forgive me, Caledonia?" Mr. Gamboge seated himself on the little sofa, placed his arm about his wife's plump waist, and gently drew her towards him. He was very contrite.

Mrs. Gamboge, however, resisted his advances. "Go away," she said between her sobs. "Go away! After all these years that you have been so good to me I never thought that you would do a thing like this. Now go and smoke your cigar. Of course, after a while, I shall get over it, but you had better leave me now."

Mr. Gamboge, however, being truly peni-

tent, was not to be thus repulsed. "I have been very rude," he said, "and, without meaning to be, very unkind. But I beg of you, Caledonia, to forgive me. You know how I love you, and you know that I would love you just as much if you were absolutely bald—which you are not, nor anything like it," Mr. Gamboge hastened to add, perceiving that the expression of his affection in these terms was unfortunate. "Your front hair is quite thick, positively thick, and that is the important place to have hair, after all." He spoke with more assurance, feeling that he was getting upon firmer ground. "So won't you try to forgive me, Caledonia; won't you try, dear?"

"Will you solemnly, solemnly promise," asked Mrs. Gamboge, still sobbing gently, but nestling her head a little closer on his shoulder as she spoke, "never to say a word about what has happened? I know that you won't speak about it to anybody else; but will you promise, on your sacred word of honor, never to speak about it again to me?"

Mr. Gamboge gave the desired pledge, and so peace was restored.

"I was so—so afraid that the custom-house man might find it, you see," Mrs. Gamboge explained a little later, as she still sat, with her husband's arm around her, on the sofa. "I would n't perhaps have minded the custom man," she continued, "nor even Verona, and not much Rose; but I could n't bear the thought that that French young woman, Mrs. d'Antimoine, you know, should see it, for I know how Violet and she would have laughed."

And then she added, "It's—it's my spare hair, you know. Don't you think that I did right to bring my spare hair along, dear?"

Mr. Gamboge kissed her, and said that he thought she did.

THE PARLEY UNDER FALSE COLORS.

THAT Mrs. Gamboge was a trifle melancholy during the day following her entry into Mexico cannot be denied; but her gloom was of a gentle, unobtrusive sort, and by no means affected the general high spirits of the party at large.

Violet Mauve, to be sure, was disposed to consider herself personally injured by her arrival at El Paso without having had the opportunity to enjoy the enlivening experience of a train robbery in Texas. Her earnest desire had been to come down to Vera Cruz in Rowney's yacht and join the expedition in the City of Mexico; for she was convinced that Lafitte still sailed the Gulf, and it was the highest ambition of her life to be captured by a real pirate. Rowney's diplomatic suggestion

that their train was pretty certain to be held up and robbed by Texan desperadoes alone had reconciled her to making the journey by rail; and as this pleasant possibility had not been realized she felt herself to be a person whose rights, as a lover of spirited adventure, had been trampled upon.

"Don't you think that Rowney has treated me very badly, Mr. Smith?" she asked with a good deal of indignation, when the safe arrival of the party in El Paso had made further chances for encounters with desperadoes impossible. "He as good as promised me that we should have a train robbery,—and I always have so wanted to be in one,—and for all that we have had in the way of adventure, excepting the horrible risks of our lives at the railway restaurants, we might as well have been spending our time in riding backward and forward between Philadelphia and New York. Oh, how I wish now I'd insisted upon coming down in the yacht! Meeting a pirate in a long black schooner, with a black flag and a skull and crossbones and a desperately wicked crew, would have been so delightful! Don't you think so? And don't you think that I have been very badly used indeed?"

"Well, in the matter of train-robbers and pirates, Mrs. Mauve, I can't say that I have had enough personal experience to justify me in venturing on a very positive opinion, though I've no doubt they are great fun, just as you say. But as a Philadelphian I do know about eating,"—Pem spoke with much feeling,—*"and I must say that on that score I think that you and all the rest of us have been treated abominably. It is not so much that the food is so wretched at these railway places, you know—for at some of them it really was n't; but it's this horrible fashion the railway people have of treating their passengers as though they were locomotives—things that food and drink can be shoveled into and pumped into at the end of a section with a rush. But even a locomotive, I fancy,"* said Pem, gloomily, *"would resent having all the coal and water that is to keep it going for the next six hours poked under and into its boiler in twenty minutes; and that's just what happens to the passengers, you know. I assure you, Mrs. Mauve, I have n't had the faintest approach to a comfortable meal since we left the Missouri River; and I know that I have made a long start towards ruining my digestion for the rest of my life."*

"Of course the railway officials themselves must feed in this shocking way when they're traveling on their own trains. Now I wonder," continued Pem, meditatively, *"I wonder what a railway official is like? Do you suppose, Mrs. Mauve, that he has an inside, you know,*

like ordinary people; or that he is some form of highly specialized life from which environment, and selection, and that sort of thing has eliminated the digestive function altogether? I wish Darwin was n't dead; I'd write and ask him."

Violet, whose knowledge of the doctrine of evolution was somewhat limited, was rather mystified by the turn that Pem had given to the conversation; but she accepted his suggestions in good part, and, seeing her way clear to answering a portion, at least, of his utterance, asked him, with a very fair show of sympathy, if his friend had been dead long.

Violet did not always quite understand what Pem was talking about; but she recognized the fact that he was a good deal of a piece, in his lazy, easy-going, queer ways, with her own husband, and she liked him accordingly. Indeed, the disposition of the entire party towards its Philadelphia member was of the friendliest sort. In speaking of his great-great-uncle, a distinguished Philadelphian of the past century, he had pleased and interested Mr. Mangan Brown by stating that this gentleman had been extensively engaged in the leather business. He had won the heart of Mrs. Gamboge by telling her—shortly after Mr. Gamboge had been giving one of his rather frequent funny little exhibitions of extreme vacillation of purpose—that he greatly admired her husband because of his firmness of character. He commended himself to Mr. Gamboge by the thorough soundness of his rather old-fashioned views upon dinners. The young women of the party liked him because he had the knack of doing and saying just the right things at the right time; of never being in the way, and of always being amusing. And the young men liked him because he could talk shop with them intelligently, and took a lively interest—since the work was to be done by somebody else—in their several artistic projects. In short, Pem found himself, as he was in the habit of finding himself, a general favorite.

"What a pity it is, Van," Rose observed to her husband in the privacy of their chamber in the little Hotel Central in Aguas Calientes, *"that your friend Mr. Smith does not get married. I'm sure that he has the making of a very good husband. Of course he would n't be a husband like you, dear, and his wife could n't expect to be as happy as I am with you. But for just the ordinary sort of husband I'm sure that he'd be much better than the average."*

"He'd be obliged to you if he heard that somewhat qualified expression of approval."

"Yes, I suppose he would," Rose answered in good faith. *"But I think that he quite de-*

serves it, for I believe that he would make a very good husband indeed. And do you know, Van," she continued presently, "I think that there are a great many happy marriages in the world. I mean," she added, by way of making the matter quite clear, "marriages which are happy when they seem as if they certainly must n't be."

Van looked a little puzzled.

"Now you know those people we have noticed sitting opposite to us in the restaurant: the nice little Mexican woman, you know, and the German-looking man in black with the big nose?"

"The man like an underdone undertaker, who drinks beer, and who never opens his mouth except to give an order to the waiter? You don't mean to say that that is a happy marriage, do you, Rose?"

"Indeed I do, and it was because I was thinking about those people that I said that a great many marriages which did n't seem happy really were. She is a dear little woman, Van, and her life has been a regular romance. She has had such heavy sorrows; and now everything has come right, and she is as happy as the day is long."

"Why, what do you know about her, child? Has she been telling you her life's history?"

"That's just what I'm coming to. It is so interesting—just like a heroine in an old-fashioned novel. This morning—while you were gone to look at those horrid dead, dried-up monks, you know—I wanted Luciano to bring me some drinking-water. I never shall get used to having chambermen instead of chambermaids, Van: I quite agree with Aunt Caledonia—I think it's horrid. Well, I went out into the gallery and clapped my hands, and when Luciano came I said *agua*, and then I pointed to my mouth. And he said something in Spanish, and pointed to the full water-bottle on the wash-stand. 'But I want fresh water, cool water,' I said. And Luciano did not understand at all, and only grinned at me. And just then that dear little Mrs. Heintzbach came out of her room and said in such nice English—she's lived part of her life in California, she told me—that I needed a little help. And then she made Luciano understand what I wanted. So, of course, we got into talk then, and I invited her into our room, and she came, and she was so ladylike and so sweet that we got to be friends almost immediately."

"What! you made friends with that woman in that off-hand way!" Van seemed to be a good deal horrified, and he also seemed to be inclined to burst out laughing.

"I must say that I don't see what there was very remarkable about it," Rose responded,

with some dignity. "She is a very charming woman, and not a 'that woman' sort of person at all. She belongs to very nice people, I'm sure."

"Yes, I'm sure she does too—on her husband's side, especially," Van answered, with a chuckle. "Go on, Rosey; I'm immensely interested."

"It's about her husband that I was going to tell you. For all his silent, grave way, he is a delightful man, Van; as good and as kind as he can be. You see, when Mrs. Heintzbach was a young girl, a mere child of sixteen, her father and mother made her marry a horrid, rich Mexican, a friend of theirs, old enough to be her grandfather. He led her a perfectly shocking life. His jealousy was terrible! Why, he would n't even let her look out of a window on the street. He had all the front windows of their house bricked up, and never let her stir outside of the front door unless he went along with her. She told me, with tears in her eyes, that she knew that it was very wicked, but she could n't help being so glad when he died that she wanted to dance! It was pretty horrible, when you come to think of it, to want to dance because your husband is dead; but, really, considering what sort of husband he was, I don't know that I can blame her."

"And then she married the gam—Mr. Heintzbach, I mean?"

"Yes—at least in a little while. She met him soon after her husband's death. And she had a chance to get to know him then because she was a widow and it was all right for her to see him alone and talk with him comfortably. I never shall get used to the way women are treated here, Van; young girls kept perfect prisoners, and only married women and widows and very old maids given the least bit of freedom. It's shocking."

"Well, she saw a good deal of him, and she liked him from the first; and of course he liked her. And so, as soon as he decently could, he told her that he loved her; and the end of it was that in less than a year they were married. And he has made her such a good husband, Van! He is so loving and trustful and affectionate, so unlike her first husband, she says."

Brown was chuckling softly. "Did she say anything about her husband's business?" he asked.

"No, not directly. She spoke about his going every evening to the bank, I remember. But it can't be managed like our banks," Rose added reflectively; "for our banks are not open in the evening, are they?"

Brown continued to chuckle. "Some of them are," he answered.

"And she spoke about his being kept out very late—till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. That is n't like our banks, I'm sure. And they are traveling almost constantly. She says that there is not a large city in Mexico that she has not visited with her husband. Her own home is in Guanajuato, and she has promised to give us letters of introduction to her people there; they must be very important people, from the way she spoke about them. Won't it be nice, Van, to have letters to the best people in Guanajuato? I thanked her ever so much; and I asked her to come and see us when she is in New York, and she said she certainly would. And early to-morrow morning, after she comes back from church,—she is a very religious woman, and goes to church every morning, she says,—we are to take a walk together in the little San Márcos park. She is very lonely in the early morning, she says, for her husband never gets up till 10 o'clock. Aren't you pleased, Van, that all by myself I have made such a pleasant friend?"

Brown was silent for a moment or two, and then startled his wife by exclaiming: "Well, by Jove! Rosey, you have excelled yourself! You've picked up some queer friends at one time and another, but I never thought you'd ring in this way with the wife of a Dutch gambler!"

Rose sprang up with a little gasp. "Van! What do you mean?" she cried.

But her husband, instead of answering her, burst into such fits of laughter that he fairly held his sides. "Oh, what a commentary on all the tracts of the Tract Society," he said at last, speaking with difficulty. "Upon my word, I'll write a tract myself and call it, 'The Mexican Gambler's Wife; or, The Happy Home'—the gambler a model of all the domestic virtues, you know, and his wife a shining example of simple, unostentatious piety! O Rosey! Rosey! what a treasure-house of unexpected delights you are!" And Brown threw himself on one of the little beds and laughed until the tears rolled from his eyes.

"When you are *quite* done laughing, Van," said Rose with severity, but at the same time with a decidedly frightened look, "will you please tell me just what you mean? I know, of course, that this good Mr. Heintzbach is not a gambler; but he may be something—something perhaps a little queer. Oh, have I done anything *very* silly, Van?" And Rose manifested symptoms of collapse, which were intensified as her husband enfolded her in his arms.

"It is as true as gospel, Rose," said Van, still laughing gently. "Your friend's husband is

a gambler, and no mistake. His visits to the principal cities of Mexico are strictly professional. He has come to Aguas Calientes for the fair, and just at present he is the dealer at the table here in the hotel; that's the 'bank' he goes to every evening and stays at until 3 o'clock the next morning. And I don't doubt that every word his wife said about his domestic virtues was the literal truth. In his way Mr. Heintzbach is a person of the utmost respectability; but—but perhaps when you see your friend again you might say something about our return to New York being a little uncertain; and I don't think I'd say anything more about their visiting us, if I were you. If Mr. Heintzbach were on Wall street, now, it would be all right; but as his game is n't in stocks, it might be as well—yes, I'm sure, quite as well—for us to fight a little shy of him. But oh, Rose, my angel, what a delightful thing this is that you have done! And what a perfect howl there will be to-morrow when I tell how you and the gambler's wife have become sworn friends!"

"Van!" cried Rose, springing away from him and facing him with every sign of energy and determination, "if you ever breathe so much as the first syllable of this to anybody I'll—I'll drown myself!"

"No, don't drown yourself, Rose. Think how dragged you'd look. Do it, if you really think you must do it, in some way that will be becoming. Why, my poor little girl!"—Rose was beginning to sob,— "it's wicked to laugh at you," and Brown succeeded by an heroic effort in mastering another outburst. "After all, it was a natural enough sort of thing to do; and nothing will come of it to bother you, child, for we shall leave here day after to-morrow, and of course you'll never lay eyes on the gambler's wife again; and I'll neverspeak about it to a soul, I give you my word. But—but don't you think there is something just a *little* funny in it all, Rose?"

It was one of the small trials of Vandyke Brown's life that his wife never saw the amusing side of this adventure. As for Mrs. Heintzbach, she set down to the general queeriness of Americans the peculiarity of Mrs. Brown's manner when, next day, she presented to that lady the promised letters to her Guanajuato relatives. For while Rose strove hard to maintain a tone of friendly cordiality, the underlying consciousness that she did not really want to be cordial and friendly rather marred the general result. Nor was Mrs. Heintzbach ever able to formulate a satisfactory hypothesis that would account for the fact that while the American party certainly visited Guanajuato, the letters of introduction as certainly remained unused.

THE SKIRMISH AT BUENA VISTA.

MR. MANGAN BROWN and Mr. Gamboge investigated the tanneries of Leon with much interest. In regard to the quality of the raw-hides, they expressed entire approval; but their strictures upon the tanning process, and upon the product in dressed leather, were severe.

"I am glad that the late Mr. Orpiment is not with us, Brown," Mr. Gamboge remarked, with some feeling. "The mere sight of such sole-leather as we have been looking at this morning would have given him an attack of bilious dyspepsia; it would, upon my word! I regard tanning like this," he added slowly and impressively, "as positively immoral. I am not at all surprised, Brown,—not the least bit in the world surprised,—that a nation that accords its tacit approval to tanning of this sort is incapable of achieving a stable government. I may add that I am sure that Mexico will lag behind all other nations in the march of progress until its leather business has been radically remodeled and reformed." And in this possibly extreme opinion Mr. Mangan Brown, who also was deeply moved by what he had seen, entirely concurred.

But the rest of the party, being blissfully ignorant of the tanning iniquities of Leon, were disposed to think the bustling little city altogether charming. Rowney Mauve described it happily as a mixture of the Bowery and the Middle Ages; young Orpiment delightedly made the studies for his well-known picture, "A Mexican Calzada"—the picture that made such a sensation when it subsequently was exhibited in New York; and while Brown was disappointed by his failure to discover so much as a single good picture in any of the churches, his heart was gladdened by finding all around him a rich abundance of material out of which good pictures might be made.

On the whole the verdict of the party already was strongly in favor of Mexico; and after its several members had enjoyed the perfect picturesqueness of Guanajuato—where the noble paintings by Vallejo in the parish church, and the still finer work by Cabrera in the *Compañía*, suddenly opened the eyes of the artists to the greatness of Mexican art—this pleasing sentiment expanded into and thereafter remained (with the exceptions noted below) one of unmixed approval.

Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith avowedly pined for the flesh-pots of Philadelphia. "I am not at all particular about my food, you know, Mauve," he said, plaintively; "but hang it, you know, I do like a solid meal now and then; and except at that queer little place at

Lagos, where things certainly were capital, I'll be shot if I've had a solid, well-cooked meal since I came into Mexico."

"Have n't you though?" Mauve asked, with a slight air of skepticism. "Now, I was under the impression that I had seen you several times doing some tolerably serious pecking. Anyhow, you stowed away enough at Lagos to last till you get home again."

"Yes," Pem answered, "I did have some satisfactory feeding there. Jove! what a heaven-born genius in the cooking line that jolly old Gascon is! And don't I just wish that I knew where I could get as good a claret for as little money in Philadelphia or New York!" And Pem smacked his lips feelingly as he remembered Don Pedro's inspiring food and drink. But even sustained by this cheering memory, it was not until he was come to the City of Mexico and reposed, as it were, in the culinary bosom of Father Gatillon at the *Café Anglais* that Pem really was comforted.

The other exception in the matter of entire approval of Mexico was Mrs. Gamboge; and the point of issue in her case was a delicate one. To state it plainly, it was the bare legs of the agricultural laborers. In confidence she confessed to Verona that had she been informed of the custom of excessively rolling up their cotton trousers prevalent among the lower classes of male Mexicans, she certainly would have remained at home. What with this and the equally objectionable custom prevalent among the female Mexicans of the lower classes of insufficiently covering the upper portions of their bodies, Mrs. Gamboge declared that the average of dress among the lower classes of Mexico was reduced to a point considerably below that at which inadequacy of apparel became personally shocking and morally reprehensible. And all the way from Silao to the City of Mexico—which journey, from point to point, was made by the day train—Mrs. Gamboge sat retired within her prison-like "drawing-room," her face resolutely turned away from the windows, and both the blinds close-drawn. Not even the beautiful cañon south of Querétaro, not even the extraordinary loveliness of the Tula Valley, could tempt her forth from the rigid propriety of her retreat.

"Either the railroad company should take the necessary legal measures to compel these men to wear trousers as they are intended to be worn," Mrs. Gamboge declared, "or else it should build a high board fence on each side of the track." And neither from this decided opinion nor from her self-imposed seclusion could she be stirred.

It was with a feeling of some slight relief, therefore, that Mrs. Gamboge found herself,

at the end of the long run from Querétaro, delivered from the prominent presence as a feature of the landscape of unduly bare-legged laborers by the arrival of the train at the Buena Vista station in the City of Mexico. She thought it highly probable that other shocks might here await her; but she had at least the sustaining conviction that the male members of the Mexican lower classes dwelling in cities as a rule kept their trousers rolled down.

As the party moved away from their car towards the gates, at the farther end of the station, they passed the night express train that in a few minutes would start for the north. A little group stood by the steps of the Pullman car, and the central feature of this group was a young woman whose traveling-dress betokened the fact that she was about to depart on the train. "See what stunning eyes she's got, Rose," Vandyke Brown said in a discreetly low tone, "and look how well she carries herself. I'd like to paint her. She'd make no end of an exhibition portrait."

Just at this moment Violet, who was a few steps ahead of them, gave a little shriek; and then the strange young woman gave a little shriek, and then they rushed into each other's arms. Rowney, from whom Violet had broken away to engage in this rather pronounced exhibition of affection, stood by placidly until it should come to an end. He was accustomed to Violet's rather energetic methods, and in the present instance his only regret was that he was not in the running himself. But even Rowney's placidity was a little disturbed when Violet, having detached herself from the young woman, proceeded with a similar vehemence to cast herself first into the arms of an elderly lady, then into those of an elderly gentleman, then into those of a middle-aged gentleman, and finally into the arms of two quite young gentlemen, all of whom embraced her with what Rowney considered, especially upon the part of the young men, most unnecessary fervor, the while patting her vigorously upon the back.

If Rowney had contemplated lodging a remonstrance in regard to this, from a New York standpoint, abnormal exhibition of friendship, he had no opportunity to do so. Before he could open his mouth Violet seized upon him and dragged him into the midst of the little group, where his demoralization for the time being was made complete by finding himself passed rapidly from one pair of arms to another and embraced by these friendly strangers with quite as much enthusiasm as they had manifested in embracing his wife. During this confusing experience he was conscious that for a moment he was clasped in the soft

arms of the handsome young woman, and realized, as he remembered his wish of but a moment before, that the fulfillment of human desires is not necessarily attended with perfect happiness.

"O Rowney!" cried Violet, "do be glad to see them; don't look so scandalized and horrified. They are ever so glad to see you. Don't you understand? This is my very dearest, dearest friend, Carmen Espinosa, and this is her uncle, Señor Antonio Ochoa, and this is his younger brother, Señor Manuel Ochoa, and this is her aunt, Doña Catalina,—Don Antonio's wife, you know,—and these are her cousins, Rafael and Rodolfo. Oh! is n't it perfectly delightful! And to think if our train had n't come in exactly on time we should have missed them; for Carmen and all of them are going to Guanajuato to-night!" And Violet once more threw herself into her friend Carmen's arms.

Meanwhile the American party had halted and had gazed at Violet's demonstrative proceedings with a very lively astonishment, that became a less serious emotion as they contemplated the ill grace with which Rowney suffered himself to be inducted into the amicable customs of Mexico.

"Upon my soul, Gamboge," said Mr. Brown in some alarm, "we'd better get out of this, or Violet will be turning her friends loose at hugging us too. I hope that I should get through with the performance, with the pretty girl, anyway, better than young Mauve did, but there's no telling; and, I must say, I don't want to try." That Violet would have introduced her friends is quite certain, but just as she was about to begin this ceremony, and while Rowney was endeavoring to atone for his want of animation during the period of the embraces by making such civil speeches as were possible with the limited stock of Spanish at his command, the starting-bell sounded, and the Pullman conductor summoned the party with a firm civility to enter the train. This time, greatly to his relief, Rowney found that nothing more than an ordinary shaking of hands was expected of him; and as he knew in a general way the proper speeches to make on such an occasion, he got through with the business of leaving-taking in fairly creditable form.

"Only you ought n't to have said 'Adios,' Rowney," said Violet, correctingly. "That is the same thing as the French *adieu*, you know. You should have said 'Hasta luego,' for that means *au revoir*, and they had just told you that they would be back in the city in a week. It is dreadfully stupid the way in English you say just as much of a 'good-bye' to a person you are going to see again in two hours as you say to a person who is just starting on a journey

around the world. But is n't it lovely that we met them? And don't you think, Rowney, that Cármen is the dearest dear that ever was? It's the Cármen I've told you of a thousand times, Rowney; the one who was in the Sisters' school with me. If I were good at letter-writing I should have written to her every week; but I'm not very good that way, you know, and I don't believe she is either, and so we've never heard a single word about each other in two years. She did n't even know I was married; and when I said I was married to 'that handsome man, there'—yes, I did say that, and you ought to be very much obliged to me, Rowney—and pointed to where you all were standing, she actually thought I meant Mr. Smith! Was n't that a funny mistake? Mr. Smith certainly is a nice-looking man; but he is not so nice-looking as you are, Rowney, even if I do say it myself and puff you all up with conceit. And now do let us hurry to the hotel. I know that we'll get something good, and I'm so hungry that I could eat trunk-straps and top-boots, like the people who are wrecked and spend forty-seven days in an open boat at sea."

And as Violet's condition of incipient starvation was that of the whole party,—for they had breakfasted at 1 o'clock in the afternoon at San Juan del Rio, and it now was after 8 o'clock in the evening,—the move towards the Café Anglais and dinner was made with the least possible delay.

Pem sat next to Violet at dinner, and before she had swallowed her soup he began to ask rather pointed questions about her charming Mexican friend.

"Now I tell you frankly, Mr. Smith," Violet declared with much positiveness, "that until I have had something to eat I shall not say a single word. I have a perfectly clear conscience, and that means, of course, that I've got a good appetite; and I have. If you've got a bad conscience, and consequently a bad appetite, that's no fault of mine; and I don't intend to suffer for your sins. So, there!"

But even when Violet, having satisfied the cravings of hunger, was disposed to be communicative concerning her friend, her communication was eulogistic rather than informing. Beyond the fact that Cármen Espinosa belonged to very nice people whose home was an hacienda up in the Bajío, she had very little to tell. They had been together in the school of the Sagrado Corazon for two years. Then Violet had gone back to her father's hacienda, and a year later had gone on her expedition to New York, that had ended in keeping her there as the wife of Rowney Mauve. A letter or two during the first six

months after their separation had been their only attempt at correspondence. Of her friend's life during the past two and a half years she knew nothing. But she was the best and sweetest and dearest girl that ever lived—and so on, and so on.

Pem was rather silent as he smoked his cigar with the other men over their coffee, after the ladies had retired to their rooms. There was some talk among the artists about the work that they intended doing; and presently Pem roused up and said:

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to Guanajuato to paint that view of the Bufo from up by the highest of the *presas*. It's the finest thing I've seen in Mexico, and I mean to get it. I'm going to-morrow."

There was a stir of astonishment at this outburst of vigor on the part of Mr. Smith, and his announcement was met, not unnaturally, with comment tending towards skeptical criticism.

"I did think that you was resolvéd, Mr. Smeeth, not to touch one brush while in these land," said Jaune d'Antimoine, seriously.

"And so did I," added Brown. "What's got into you, old man, to break down your virtuous resolution to be lazier than usual?"

"Look here, my dear fellow," Rowney Mauve put in, "I'd like to know what's to become of me if you take to working? Don't you see that I rely on you for moral support? But you don't mean it, I'm sure."

"I do mean it, and I tell you I'm going to-morrow. I've always meant to take home one picture from Mexico; at least, I've always rather thought I would. And the more I think about that view of the Bufo, the more I'm determined that that shall be what I'll paint."

Pem had been known to make resolutions of this sort before without any very startling practical results ensuing, and not much faith was placed by anybody in his stout assertion. But faith was compelled, early the next evening, when he stated that he was about to have an early dinner in order to catch the north-bound train, and then bade everybody good-bye. And off he went, with the parting shot from Brown that Saul among the prophets was n't a touch to him.

In the privacy of their respective chambers that night Brown and Mauve expressed to their respective wives their astonishment at this extraordinary manifestation of energy on the part of their Philadelphia friend.

Rose smiled in a superior way and said: "Really, Van, I sometimes think that you are about as stupid as even a man can be! Why, don't you see that Mr. Smith has gone after that pretty Mexican girl?"

And Violet, in response to very similar utterances on the part of Rowney Mauve, very similarly replied: "You are a great goose, Rowney. Mr. Smith has gone after Carmen, of course. I knew what he was up to at once, and I thought I'd help him a little, and so I

— I asked him if it would be too much trouble, since he was going to Guanajuato anyway, to take a letter from me to my friend. And you just ought to have seen how very grateful the poor fellow was! But you must n't tell, Rowney; that would n't be the square thing."

(To be continued.)

Thomas A. Janvier.



THE CRYING BOG.

A LEGEND OF NARRAGANSETT.

THE sun sinks slowly to the west,
The night comes veiled in fleecy mist
It rolls across the ocean's breast,
Each swelling wave is lightly kissed,
It pauses at the sunlit land,
Then softly covers sea and strand.

Beside the Petaquamscutt shore,
Beneath the shadow of the hill,
A traveler passes, and once more
Looks toward the mist so white and still.
With hurried steps his way he makes
Among the rushes and the brakes.

His foot is on the oozy marsh,
He backward starts in wild affright,
Above his head he hears the harsh,
Strange cry of hawks: down comes the night,
The whispering rushes bode of ill;
Down comes the night, soft, pale, and chill.

Sudden he hears from out the dark
A baby's cry. Poor little child,
What does it here? Again, and hark,
The cry is clear, and strong, and wild;
Some frightened child is surely near,
A child who cries a cry of fear.

He plunges onward through the reeds,
Relief and succor fain would bring—
The fog is thick, but some one needs,
He strives to find the suffering thing.
Though beast or bird, his manly breast
Would give it shelter, warmth, and rest.

Lo, on the bare and humid ground
A woman crouches, dark of face,
An Indian woman: all unbound,
Her black hair falls in maiden grace;
Her ghastly looks are wan and wild,
Beside her lies a newborn child.

The baby cries its plaintive cry,
The mother answers with a groan;
Recoils in terror, then draws nigh,
And lifts the child with sobbing moan.
She drags her wearied limbs with pain,
The baby cries its cry again.

She feebly hastens toward the shore,
With horror scans her baby's face.
Then hastens faster than before—
The child is of an alien race.
They reach the marsh, the water's nigh,
The baby cries its plaintive cry.

The traveler shudders, strives to run,
His spell-bound feet his will refuse.
This dreadful deed must not be done,
His muscles tense he cannot use.
He strives to give a warning cry—
He utters it, a voiceless sigh.

Alone he sees the dreadful deed:
Far in the marsh the child is thrown;
Caught in strange spell, he cannot plead.
And now the mother stands alone
In solitude, despair, and shame,
In wretchedness without a name.

Men call the place the Crying Bog,
And hasten by its tangled reeds;
When night comes veiled in fleecy fog
The ghostly child for pity pleads—
The child whose voice can never die,
Whose only life is in its cry.

Caroline Hazard.

THE EXPERIMENTS OF MISS SALLY CASH.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.



THE front gate of Mr. Singleton Hooks opened almost immediately upon the public road. Several large white-oaks stood just outside the yard, each with its couple of horse-shoes, for the accommodation both of visitors and of those who came on business. For one of his negro men constantly worked in the blacksmith's shop at the intersection with the main thoroughfare of a neighborhood road that, coursing alongside the garden and front yard, crossed and continued on in a southeasterly direction towards the county-seat.

Half a mile farther west, equally near to the road, but on the south side of it, dwelt Mr. Matthew Tuggle. Claiming to be only a farmer, yet, by trading in horses and by other speculations, he kept himself about even with his next neighbor in prosperity, and it would not have been easy to say which of the two owned the more valuable property.

Different as they were, good friends they had been always. They ought to have been indeed; for their wives were cousins, and fond to affection of each other, as were their daughters, Emeline Hooks and Susan Ann Tuggle. The difference between the heads of these families may have served as a foil to unite them more closely. Mr. Hooks, tall, slender, whose long iron-gray hair and solemn port made him look above though he was somewhat under forty-five; a justice of the peace; a sometimes reader of books judicial, medical, and theological; a deacon, even an occasional exhorter—imagined that he would have more loved and respected his kinsman by marriage but for his worldliness. On the other hand, Mr. Tuggle, stubby, but active as a cat, without a single white streak in his fair bushy hair, professed in every company affection, admiration, even reverence for his Unk Swingle, as, in spite of some not very urgent remonstrances, he always called him.

The most besetting of Mr. Tuggle's sins was dancing. Mourning, as Mr. Hooks often did, the prevalence of this amusement, even among many leading families, yet he neither would nor could deny that, even after he had become a married man, he had liked both the cotillon and the reel, and sometimes indulged even in the jig. Mortifying as it was to confess,

down to this very time the sound of the fiddle was so pleasing to his ears that he had to keep himself beyond its reach. Yet he was truly thankful that before it was everlastingly too late he had seen himself a sinner in the broad road, and betaken himself to the strait and narrow way. Often in his affectionate solicitude for Mr. Tuggle, he would say about thus:

"Now there's Matthy Tuggle: as everybody that know Matthy is ablegged to acknowledge, he's a toler'ble, passable, good-hearted creeter, ef he could jes ric'lect that his young days is over, and a man 'ith a family of his age ought to set a' egzample by good rights to the risin' generations of his own and other people, 'stid of prancin' his legs, short as they might be, to the fiddle, and no great shakes at dancin' at that which, because he 'll tell you hisself that, in them times when I followed the practice, he never much as hilt a light to the foot I slung in a quintillion when my dander were up, the fiddle chuned accordin' to the scale, and my pard'nter ekal to her business. But, the defunce betwix' me and Matthy, I see they were a jumpin'-off place to sech as that, and I had the jedgment to git out o' the way o' the wrath to come; but Matthy let *his* legs, duck-legs ef they might be, keep on a-runnin' off 'ith him; and which exceptin' o' that, Matthy Tuggle might be'n one o' the pillars o' the church; because he not a bad man in his heart, and Brer Roberts give his opinions he 'll git converted from his ways; but ef so, seem to me like high time; and, tell the truth, a body can't help prayin' for him, ef it do look like flingin' away powder and shot. As for him a-callin' me his Unk Swingle, everybody know Matthy will have his jokes, spite o' his knowin' they ain't more 'n a munt in me and his age. Yit I can't help lovin' Matthy, spite o' his young, childless ways. When a man want advices in his business he know how to give it; and when a body need sech a thing, they ain't nobody got a better back-bone to prize him out o' de-ficulties. That 's Matthy Tuggle, and ef he jes had grace, they—positively, they ain't no tellin'."

Mr. Tuggle, far less loquacious, yet indulged in an occasional antiphon.

"Unk Swingle is a good man, a' excellent good man. Fact, Unk Swingle Hooks what I call righteous man, well as bein' o' a smart man. I got nothin', course, ag'in his right-

eousness, but yit I cannot foller him in makin' out dancin' sech a devilish, oudacious piece o' business all of a suddent, and special when I ain't forgot before he were converted, and his ekal on the floor I have yit to see; but yit he were then jest as honest as he is now; and, natchel supple as them legs o' his'n is, I would n't swear he 'd never spread 'em ag'in to the fiddle, provided he 's overtook sometime and he can do it ruther onbeknownst. He ain't the old man he make out like, not nigh."

Each of the young ladies had inherited her father's most striking characteristics, physical and moral. Miss Hooks, serious, tall, although religious, was rather more charitable than her father towards the worldly-minded. Miss Tuggle, petite and gay, was fond of the dance and other sports that she believed to be innocent. Both were handsome and nearing to twenty years of age. It had come to be understood that whoever was to marry either would have to bring other things besides good looks, good habits, and good social standing. Nobody could have foreseen that the confidence and affection between these young ladies, so fine, so closely knit in sentiment and in kin, would give place to coldness, suspicion, and jealousy. Indeed nobody, however wise and prudent, can foretell upon any sort of persons, to say nothing of young ladies in special, the effect of domestic afflictions on the one hand, and on the other, the settlement in the neighborhood of a new marriageable man, giving promise of a successful career in an interesting business.

II.

THE plantations, each comprising several hundreds of acres, lay on both sides of the road, and were adjoined, east of Mr. Tuggle, south-east of Mr. Hooks, by that of Miss Sally Cash, near by whose residence led the neighborhood way aforementioned and another, beginning at a point on the main thoroughfare a mile east from Mr. Hooks. Here a country store had been set up lately.

Professing to be as independent a woman as ever drew the breath of life, yet Miss Cash, partly for company's sake, partly for convenience, usually had with her one or another of the young sons of her cousin, Mr. Abram Grice. Left, when a young child, an orphan and poor, with the work of her hands she had paid fully for the care bestowed by her kinsfolk during her minority, and afterwards, by industry, economy, and judicious investments, become owner of a good plantation and about a dozen slaves, all paid for. For some years last past upon her countenance and in her deportment

had been visible the air of conscious prosperity.

A tall woman was she, somewhat thin, blue-eyed, reddish-haired. It was only lately that had appeared on her cheek the blush that through her earlier years had delayed. This advent was due, she claimed, to release from her most arduous work, but perhaps mainly to the fact of her never having had a man about the house to delve and work for, and try to please, and be hectored over, and so-forths of various sorts. Hitherto she had not been supposed to be or wish herself on the matrimonial carpet. For men in the abstract I don't remember that she ever had been heard to express either earnest hostility or contempt, because, as often in conversation she frankly admitted, her own father before his death had been a man; not only so, but her own blessed, dear brother, if she had ever had one, must have belonged to the same sex. But when the question came to taking one of these creatures into her house, and giving up to him not only her name, but the property for which so long and laboriously she had toiled, that, to use one of her favorite metaphors, was a gray horse of entirely another color.

Of late, however, contemporaneously with the new sheen upon her face, the tone of her remarks touching the male sex had begun to show some change. Sometimes, after remarks sounding of sarcasm, she would moderate their sharpness, and say about as follows:

"And yit," smiling in the careless manner so common and so secure in ladies of property, "don't you know, thes here lately I be'n a-studyin', and I be'n a-runnin' over in my mind, that ef—that 's that I did n't know but what—good opechunity, you mind—I might make a expeermunt, ef thes only to see what they is in it that make so many women go through what they go through with, ruther than they 'll run the resk of being called old maids, and exact' the same of widders when their husbands has died off and left 'em. Now, fur as the being of dead in love with any man person as ever trod the ground, like warous women that I have knew, and that no matter how much trouble and sickness, and hives and measles, and whoopin'-cough, and the ackuil dyin' o' their offsprings and childern, and husbands in the bargain, and then afterwards gittin' of another, which of course my expeunce have nothin' to do 'ith all nor none of sech; and, as fur my a-sendin' roses and pinks, and bubbly-blossoms, and even makin' pincushions and knittin' money-pusses for their beaux, as some girls does these days, of course sech as that and them is not to be expected of me, a not'ith-standin' they are a plenty o' women older than what I call for, and them not married at that;

but it would not suit my idees of dilicate, sech as that and them. And — yit — well, thes here lately, a thes a-settin' by myself, I be'n, er ruther my mind be'n, a-consatin' what sech might be if it was to happen onexpected like. Because, don't you know, when a person of my time o' life, and special when she 's a female person, and which I 've freckwent thought, though of course I know that were not the fault of my parrents, although it look right hard *some-where*s, that a orphin child 'ith no more prop'ty than she have, nother father ner mother, ner brother ner sister, she were left in the female kinditions I be'n every sence I knewed myself, and have to scuffle and baffle my own way along and up to my present occkepation o' life, which, a not'itstandin' I am thankful that not a dollar nor a cent do I owe for this plantation and niggers, hous'le and kitchen furnichurs, stock ner utenchul. But — and ah! there come' in the question — to who? And my meaning is: 'ith a female person in my kinditions, who shall the said prop'ty of sech warous kind go to, when, as the Scriptur' say, the thief knocketh at the door when he ain't be'n a-expectin'; because prop'ty cannot foller a body in the ground, and it would n't be no use ner enjoyment ef it could. So you see fur yourself, that they is more than thes one views to take of thes one loned female, ef indeed she may try to keep herself perfect cool, spite of iduil thoughts occasional. I try to be thankful to the good Lord ef I 've be'n a person that had to work hard, I 've be'n a person as had appetites for my victuals and a plenty o' them. But it go to show what warous thoughts a female person like me their mind will run on sometimes, that she live by her lone self, a not countin' Abom Grice's Tony, and special thes long nights, that it 's too soon to go to bed, and she git through the reelin' of broaches and windin' of balls, and she got more stockin's now than she have any use fur, and then to thes set and study in their mind till they git sleepy, which I 'm honest thankful that don't take more 'n 9 o'clock never; and when my head do once touch the pillar, then 'Farewell, world,' tell the chickens crow next mornin'."

Talks like thes, new to Miss Cash, but becoming more and more oft repeated, led in time to the suspicion that her mind, however resistant theretofore to love's influences, was approaching a reasonable degree of receptivity thereto. But I advance no opinion on the possible connection between the late diversion in her views touching her own possible change of condition and the unexpected demise of Mrs. Tuggle.

For a time the loss of so dear a companion depressed Mr. Tuggle to a degree that hopes were indulged by Mr. Hooks that his afflic-

tion might prove a blessing in disguise, and lead him to knock at the door of the church. Much of his time was spent with the Hooks family, from whom, particularly the ladies, he sought the consolation that his daughter had not the heart to offer. 'These occasions, and others whereat he may have been present, Mr. Hooks essayed to improve by such counsel and warnings as seemed needful and apposite. By degrees, however, it appeared likely that the mourner would look for his most satisfactory relief in substituting, if one every way suited could be found and obtained, another woman in the place of her who had departed from him. Not that Mr. Tuggle made any great change in his dress, or indulged in unseemly gayeties. It was mostly that, when in the company of marriageable ladies, or when being only among gentlemen the subject of marriageable ladies was under discussion, his face evinced an attentiveness that was believed to indicate that his mind was not only interested but decently alert.

Mr. Hooks was sorry to have to admit that he was disappointed.

"It do look like," he said one day to his wife and daughter, "that Matthy, 'stid of takin' of warnin' from his affliction and lookin' forrards to his own latter end, is a-makin' of prp'rations for another lease o' his life, which he ought to know he can't count on no great lenks; but it only go to show when a worldly man like him git to be widowers, what they 'll be fur up and doin' before grace can git a holt on 'em. Now, I 'm not a-denyin' that him and Sally Cash jinds plantations, as both o' 'em jinds along 'ith me; and ef it 's their desires to fling both into one, that 's their business. And, tell the truth, Sally a good, industrious woman that have a good prop'ty, and I 'm not a-findin' fau't 'ith her for sprucin' up so fine lately and carryin' about 'ith her so much red o' one kind and another. For Matthy Tuggle a man worth all her whiles. But it do seem to me, ef I was in Matthy's place, I should ask the question, and I should ask it on my knees —"

"Pshaw, Mr. Hooks!" interrupted his wife. "It 's easy enough asking questions. The thing is answerin' 'em. As for widowers getting married again, they 'll all do it, and them generally does it the quickest that 's the surest they won't in their mind when their wives is a-living. As for Cousin Matthy, I think he behave very decent, considering, and Emeline think the same. He have told us both that if it may n't be impossible for him to look out for another companion, he have made up his mind to be keerful; and a better husband no woman ever had than poor Cousin Betsy. But Mr. Hooks, I wish you would n't be supposening you was in Matthy's place."

"I was only a-sayin', my dear wife, how in sech a case it would be grace, and nothin' but grace would let me stand it; and ef I could only make you more keerful about your l—"

"Do, pray, Mr. Hooks, don't begin on that everlasting subject."

Then she rose and left the room.

"Pa," said Emeline, "if I was in your place, I would n't talk to Ma so much about her bad health, and specially what she says you are always bringing up about her liver."

"Emeline, my darlin'," he said with mournful remonstrance, "you know what your ma is to me and you too, and that what make me so anxious, and try to make her take better keer of herself. You think your ma hain't acknowledged to me, time and time ag'in, that not untwell she were married to me and I told her, that folks *had* livers, when it's the very importantest, and delicatest, and danjousest cons'tution o' people? My advices to you is to try to convince her of the needcessity of whut she eat, and how she eat. Her appetites is not large, but they *is* resky."

III.

THE changes in the tone of conversation and other deportment of Miss Cash were followed by another that was particularly gratifying to Mr. Abner Hines, a young man anywhere between thirty and forty, who not long before had come into the community and set up the store aforementioned. The merchant was polite, courteous, social, obliging, reasonably easy to be intreated about his prices, and it soon appeared that in time he would do better than had been expected. In the case of Miss Cash, who from the first had regarded the enterprise with considerable interest, her purchases, careful, even stinted at first, lately had been growing notably more generous. Mr. Hines had an ambition to get as much as possible of her ready specie, consistently of course with the rendering of just equivalent, and he began to believe that he had cause to congratulate himself.

"Not," he would say confidentially to several customers, one at a time,—"it's not that Miss Sally don't yit beat you down in the price, like she always have. But here lately she go for a finer article, and a article that's fashionabler than what she used to be willin' to put up with. She want the best, she say; and knowin' I got to fall, I generally raises on her in the askin' price, so as to leave room for not droppin' too fur not to make a livin' profit."

Mr. Tuggle was one of those who had commented, though always without any sarcasm, on some of the lady's peculiarities. Yet now he spoke of her invariably in terms not only of

much respect but of admiration. Respecting his daughter's feelings and neighborhood opinions of decency, he did not yet go to Miss Cash's house; but whenever he saw her riding-nag standing at a neighbor's gate or at the store he would alight, and deport himself now as if recently he had been studying manners with special reference to her. Outsiders believed that they could see in both a tendency towards each other that understood itself enough not to be in special haste. Mr. Tuggle, although improved in his dress, behaved with more decency than is common with widowers. The seriousness that he took on at the beginning of his bereavement continued, and it was gratifying to all the Hookses; for the ladies of the family, like their head, if coming short of his outward degree, were religious. For a man that had not studied the art of music specially, he was a good singer; and often, on Sunday evenings, when perhaps Mr. Hines (who was fond of visiting, particularly at these two houses) may have called on Susan Ann, and their conversation was not very interesting to one in his lonely condition, he strolled to his next neighbor's, and he and Emeline, joined by her mother, when well enough, would spend quite a time in the singing of hymns. Mr. Hooks liked these exercises, mainly for the hope, feeble as it had become, that before his serious season had fully passed, Mr. Tuggle might see the need of diverging from the broad road along which he had been traveling for, lo! those so many years.

"Ef Matthy," he said one evening after Mr. Tuggle had left—"ef he only had the sperrit ekeal to his voices, they'd be some hopes of his convictions and conversions, in course under grace; for everybody that have studied Scriptur know that 'thout grace 't ain't worth while for a sinner to try to move one blessed peg. But I do think the idee a man at his time o' life a-wishin' and a-wantin' and a actuil' a-desirin' to git married ag'in—"

"Need n't talk to me about widowers," abruptly put in Mrs. Hooks. "They're as certain to marry again as the days is long. The thing is for 'em to try to marry suitable."

"Well, ef it's to be Matthy and Sally, the question 'll be how she and Susan Ann is to congeal together; because they've both of 'em got a temper o' their own, that nary one of 'em is willin' to be runned over, jes dry so."

"My opinions is," said Mrs. Hooks, "that right there 'll be the difficulty, and I have told Matthy so in them words."

"What Matthy say?"

"He said nothing; but he look like he were pestered and jubous in his mind."

"Umph, humph! Well, I'm thankful it ain't me; and I should never expect it to be

me of my adwices would be took for the rig'lations—"

But he again, though reluctantly, suspended when approaching a subject painful to his wife to hear discussed.

Many such conversations were had between this loving husband and his wife, always interspersed with affectionate salutary admonitions. Mr. Hooks used to say—that is, before he had become a church-member—that really he had his doubts which he was most cut out for, a lawyer or a doctor; but since that momentous epoch, he was confident in his mind that his proper sphere, had he only known it in time, would have been that the center whereof was the pulpit; and he used almost to intimate what he might do therein even now but for his justice bench, his blacksmith's shop, and his large gin house, in which a considerable portion of the public had interests coördinate with his own.

During all this while Susan Ann Tuggle had grown more and more anxious at the thought of the marriage of her father, especially with Miss Cash. Confidence between parent and child had been checked by the former's prompt rebuke of some sharp words spoken by the latter touching the lady in question, and afterwards they had gotten into the habit of carrying their burdens separately to their relations down the road.

"O Emeline! Emeline! If Pa brings another woman to our house to hector over me, and special' old Miss Sally, I leave for the—for the first place I can find a home at with respectable people."

"Be calm, Susan Ann, and don't be scared and go to fretting before the time comes. I think Cousin Matthy have behaved right well so far, considering. I never heard a parrent talk more affectionate of their daughter than he have been talking about you here lately."

"Oh, these widowers can be affectionate enough, but the more affectionate they are, the more they go on the idea that they must have a mother for their orphan children; but I want nobody in Ma's place, and special' old Miss Sally. Yet I mean to try to hope for the best; but I tell you now, Emeline, that if it come to the worst, I shall take the first chance that comes that 's decent, and get married myself."

More serious, far more pious, than her cousin, Miss Hooks was accustomed to employ Scriptural phrases for her own and others' comfort. With calm earnestness she counseled Susan Ann to possess her soul in patience, and endeavor to remember in all circumstances that afflictions, though they seem severe, are oft in mercy sent.

"And which, Susan Ann," she said in con-

clusion, "no longer than last Sunday evening, when me and Cousin Matthy were singing for Ma, who was n't well enough to join in with us, and we were a-singing that veriest hymn, and I happen to look at Cousin Matthy, I think I see his eyes water, and I know I see his mouth trimble."

IV.

PROFOUND as was the sense of loss in the breast of Mr. Hooks, when, a few weeks after the events last herein told, his wife followed her cousin on the old-fashioned, unavoidable way, there was no telling to what deeper depths it might have descended but for the merciful fact that he was thoroughly cognizant of the cause to which mainly her departure was attributable. Her pious resignation, he hoped, was credited for all that it had contributed to the comfort that he was enabled to take. But that which seemed the controlling element in that behalf was the recollection of having made an unerring diagnosis of the malady which had torn her from his arms.

"The de-ficulty 'ith my poor, dear Malviny," with calm melancholy he said often during the season of mourning, "were her liver, that kyard her off from this spears of action like the thief of a night when no man can work, but people 's asleep and a not a-lookin' for no sech. I have saw, and I have freckwent noticed, and that more than a munt before she taken down; and it were her complexions and weak stomach she have for her victuals, because her appetites, ever sence I have knowed her, and special' lately, they has not been large, but they has been resky; and I has told her so time and time again, in course in a affectionate way; and when the doctor have to besent fur, I told *him*, plain as I could speak, no matter what he give, 'ithout they'd rig'lute her liver they would n't fetch her back to her wanted healths. And I give him the credic, he done his lev'lest best; not only bleedin', but calomel and jalap. In course, I 'm not a-denyin' that my poor, dear wife had to go when her time come; but yit, I can't but be thankful I knewd the de-ficulty, and I left down no gaps in the tryin' to powide ag'inst it."

The consolations from this benignant source supported Mr. Hooks to a degree that made him extremely thankful. Recognizing that duties to the living could not be paid fully by a man (especially with his various vast responsibilities) who went about mourning all his days, he turned, after a brief while, his back upon the graveyard, and tried to present, first a resigned, soon a cheerful, face to the world outside of it. It began to be remarked that his conversation, general carriage, even

his person, were brighter than for years. For now he dressed and brushed himself with much care; and before long, instead of bestowing monitory looks and words upon jests and other frivolities of the young and the gay, he not only smiled forgivingly, but occasionally with his own mouth put forth a harmless anecdote at which he laughed as cordially as he knew how, and seemed gratified when others enjoyed it.

Singular as was the contrast, the seriousness in the whole being of Mr. Tuggle seemed to deepen after the affliction that had fallen upon the Hooks family.

"The fack is, Emeline," he said one Sunday evening, "sorry as I'm obleeged to be fur myself, I can't help symp'thizin' 'ith you, a-knowin' what your ma were to you, and how you miss her. Now Susan Ann, poor girl, she look to me like she think less about her ma than about her who 's to take her place."

"Cousin Matthy," answered Emeline, "if anybody ever stood in need of symp'thy in this wide and sorrowful world, it 's me. Law, Cousin Matthy, you think Pa mean anything by his jokes and getting so many Sunday clothes?"

"Less said about 'em, Emeline,—that is, by me,—soonest mended."

After reflecting a while, she said, "I think Miss Sally a fine woman, don't you?"

"Remockable, remockable; and so do your pa."

"O Cousin Matthy! Do, pray, please, Cousin Matthy, don't let Pa go to courting—at least before poor Ma have been in her grave a decent time, and special' that—oh me! What is a poor orphan girl to do like me!"

"What to do, Emeline? Why, wait and see. Your pa not an old man, by no manner o' means, and it's natchel he may not be willin' to pass for one before the time come. But wait and see, and be cool and keerful. Any advices I can give, you know I'll do it."

Much of other like conversation was had after they had been singing together for some time. For a while Mr. Hooks, while sitting or promenading on his piazza, had listened with more or less interest, until by some chance the selections began to grow extremely sorrowful; when, taking his new hat and his new cane, he walked up the road.

"Evenin', Susan Ann. I left your pa and Emeline a-singin' of hymes. I listened to 'em tell they got on them solemn and solemncholy ones, that somehow don't congeal along 'ith me in the troubles be'n on my mind, and I come up here to see ef you could n't stir up somethin' to help out a feller's feelings. What's all the liveliest times 'ith you, Susan Ann?"

"Glad to see you, Cousin Sing'ton," Susan

Ann said cordially. "Well, now, let me see. Ay, I 've got it! Did n't Miss Sally look nice and young to-day at church with her new red frock, and her new green calash, and her new pink parasol, and her new white crane-tail fan, and her new striped ribbons, and her cheeks that just blazed like a peach, did n't she?"

"That she did! that she did! Miss Sally begin to look these days nigh same as a young girl, special' sence they have got to be more marryin' men, ah ha! I notice her startin' to spruce up soon arter your—howbe'ever, a man ought n't to express hisself undilicate to them that 's interested in the case, ahem!"

Her tone changed instantly.

"Cousin Sing'ton, you don't mean Pa? I'm sure—that is, I think—Miss Sally is setting her cap for you, and seem to me she 'd suit; she certain' have been more dressy and pink in the face since—since you come on the carpet."

"Well, it only go to show the defunce they is in people. Now Emeline say she shore in her mind Miss Sally, ef she had to choose betwix' us, she 'd lay ch'ice on your pa."

"Did Emeline say that, Cousin Sing'ton?" she asked with darkling brow.

"Now, Susan Ann," with prudent tone, "I don't say them was her wery langwidge, and I don't know as I were ad-zactly in order to name to you them words o' Emeline, because it would seem like a pity fur you and her not to keep on o' bein' the affection't' couples you 've always be'n."

"If Emeline Hooks is trying to marry off Pa to that—the fact of the business, it is n't fair all around, nowhere, Cousin Sing'ton."

"As for suitin' all parties, fur your pa and Sally to jind in banes, Susan Ann, I might have my doubts—that is, in my own minds, and not a-expressin' 'em. Thar, right thar, they is a defunce, and I should n't wish by no manner o' means for even these few primary remarks to be named, either to Emeline or your pa."

Susan Ann was silent for a while, then said, "Don't you think Mr. Hines wants to court Emeline, Cousin Sing'ton?"

"Well, now, Susan Ann," he answered, in the manner of one desirous to avoid full disclosures of family secrets, "ef Mr. Hines do, him ner Emeline have named sech to me. I would n' be thunderstruck surprised ef he might desires sech a thing ef he had the prop'ty to put it through. They both know, I supposen, that a man that have the prop'ty I pay taxes on, and it a-increasin' every constant in warous way, I should expect a son-in-law to fetch, ef he can't fetch land, fur him, besides of what goods he have wisible in his stow, to fetch along a reason'ble, size'ble pile



"EVENIN', SUSAN ANN."

o' niggers. These would be my advices to Emeline and to all young wimming. I don't know how freckwent the times I've 'membered what my father used to say freckwent when he was a-livin', about people a not allays bein' keerful enough who they got married to, and that is that people ought to be allays keerful not only to look whar they leap, but whar they lope. As for me, that is, my own self, a not'ithstandin' I feel a'most a right young man jes grown, sech is my healths, and my strength, and my sperrit, yit my intentions is to look same as a hawk whar I 'm a-leapin' and whar I 'm a-lopin' both; and as I can't talk 'ith any satisfaction along 'ith Emeline, I shall 'casional' consult your advices, which, my opinions is, you have a stronger judgment than her on them important subjects."

The words of Mr. Hooks during this and much other conversation were interpreted by Susan Ann as intimating his wish for her in-

fluence in his behalf with Miss Cash, counting upon her exerting it freely after learning that Emeline was rendering like service to Mr. Tuggle.

V.

FRIEND as well as neighbor Miss Cash had been to both the ladies lately deceased. A famous nurse in sickness, she had tended their decline with assiduous, tender care, and the tears shed by her at their departure were as hearty as they were copious. Yet, while observing proper decorum whenever in the company of the bereaved, she grew constantly more lively in gait and conversation, more addicted to visiting, and far more expensive and pronounced in apparel.

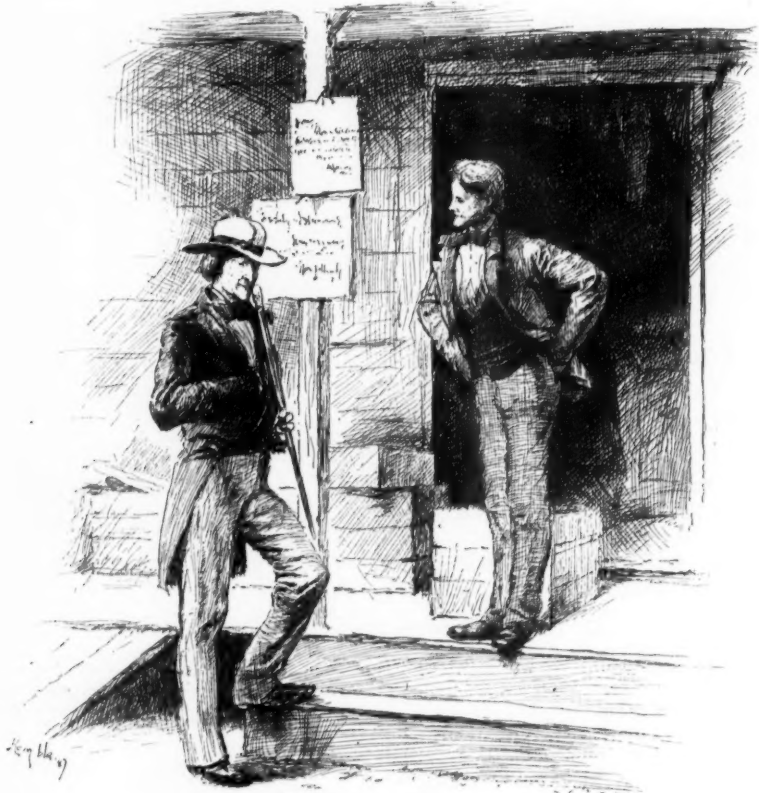
"It ruther astonish," Mr. Hines one day said to Mr. Hooks, after selling to him the materials for yet another suit, "and it put me up to get things fine enough for Miss Sally."

"Right, Mr. Hines, she's right. A' excellent, a fine, a what I call a superfine woman, and I would n't object anybody a-tellin' her I made them remarks. And how young she look! and her jaws red same as a rose. My, my! what a wife and kimpanion, 'ith them looks, and them ways, and them niggers, and warous prop'ty, she would make! Think she have a notion or idees that way, Mr. Hines?"

"That question oversize my information,

she won't hizitate. A superfine female! No man, sir,—I say it bold and above-bode,—no man that's either too old or wo' out ought to, dares n't to offer hisself to be a party o' the second part in Miss Sally Cash expeermunts, or whatsomeever she mind to name 'em."

Interesting to all the neighbors, most especially to Mr. Hines, became movements made by the two widowers, their daughters, and Miss Cash. For Mr. Hines, as was believed, hoped to



"THAT QUESTION OVERSIZE MY INFORMATION, SIR."

sir; but I have heard her say that her mind been running on a expeermunt, as she call it, and she don't know what she might do if the right man was to come, and he did n't prove to be too old and wore out."

"Umph, humph! I suppose not, of course; young female, like her. Yaas. I'm told she drap in your stow right freckwent these days. When she come next time, Mr. Hines, you may 'member my respects, and tell her anything I can help her in any her business of all kind, my requestes is, and also is my desires,

be able to win for himself that one of the young ladies whose father Miss Cash would accept eventually. The coolness and reserve that had risen between the cousins neither Miss Cash nor the gentlemen objected to. Indeed, there was no doubt that every one of the six felt that the hand that he or she held had to be played with utmost discretion. Miss Cash manifested great respect for the late serious conversations of Mr. Tuggle, and she laughed consumedly at the new jokes of Mr. Hooks. Nobody doubted that she could choose be-

tween the two; and each of these, conscious that the other was his equal, or nearly so, advanced with slowness and caution. As for the young ladies, each convinced that the other was working against her wishes and interests in the case of Miss Cash, and perhaps remotely in that of Mr. Hines, they became reserved to the degree that, not visiting each other at all, whenever they happened to meet they spoke, but nothing more. With entire coolness Miss Cash seemed to contemplate their cross-firing, and not infrequently she indulged in partly confidential chat about it with Mr. Hines at the store, or at her house, to which, in answer to her kind invitations, he sometimes went.

"Yes," Miss Cash said one day, "ef you have ever heard two girls praise up fathers that 's not their 'n, it 's them. Look like they don't count their own fathers no shakes at all hardly, but it 's they of the other. I agrees with both what they say; because both their parrents is excellent good men, and them fine, good girls."

"People say, Miss Sally," here Mr. Hines ventured to remark, "that in all prob'ility the Cash plantation will jind in either with the Hooks or the Tuggle."

"They all three jinds now already, Mr. Hines; but I know what your meanin' is in your mischievous. It take more than one consents for sech as that, Mr. Hines; which a young lady like me, that have no expeunce, even ef she do think sometimes in a iduill hour of makin' sech a expeermunt, yit she can't but have her doubts, I may even say she can't but be jubous, and in fact downright hizitate on sech a dilicate, and I might actuil' say skeary kinclusion she might have on the subjects of our present remarks. But, Mr. Hines,"—and now she smiled distantly and pleasantly,— "a person might have more than thes one expeermunt in her mind-eye, as the preacher say, and when the time come, you 'll see ef Sairey Cash, which people in gener'l call her Sally, but you 'll see ef she 's the young lady she took herself, ef she understan' herself, and she think she do. For, somehow, I talk with you freer than I talk with some. But I actuil' do want to see them girls do well, and for whoever gets 'em to not have to wait for prop'ty as I am now thankful that I ain't hendered from the havin' of comforts, and even luguries when I want 'em."

Noticing his interest in the conversation, she continued to talk at much length, saying, among other things:

"I 'm older than them girls, Mr. Hines,—that is, I 'm some older; and I know their fathers better than they do, and I know them better than their fathers do. Both them girls



MR. MATTHEW TUGGLE.

think they know me perfic', and their fathers has their sispicions about me, which their sispicions is pine blank defernt. It would all be ruther funny if my mind *were* made up, which it ain't, and it look hard a loned female person have nobody to go to for adwices. But ef you name those few remarks to any or every body, Mr. Hines, I shall never forgive you while the breath is in my body, as in the good healths I always enjoys, I should hope would be for many a years yit to come."

The neighbors at last were growing impatient at the delay of a consummation the more eagerly looked for because of its uncertainty.

"It look like nip and tuck betwix' Sing'ton and Matthy," said old Mr. Pate several times, "and ut 'pear to me like they both of 'em a-expectin' and a-countin' on officiatin' Sally, so to speak. Sing'ton—well, I don't 'member as I ever see a yearlin' boy livelier and jokier. I tell him sometimes don't look out they 'll fetch him up in the church about his world'y ways. But sher! that jes only make him go on yit more livelier. As for Matthy, he ain't



OLD MR. FETE.

peart and gaily as he used to wus; but he look solid and studdy as a jedge that have the case done made up in his head, and he ain't a- pesterin' hisself about how much them lawyers palavvers, and jaws, and jowers 'ith one 'nother and the jury. I jokes Sally too some- times, and ask her which she goin' take; but she smile, and say them that astes the fewest queschins gits told the fewest lies. But — and you may take my words for it — people ain't a-goin' to be kept waitin' much longer, to my opinions. Sing'ton and Matthy, both of 'em, is men that when they means business they bound to bring it to a head, and see if there any profic in it or not. You mind what I tell you."

VI.

MISS CASH gave a party.

By candlelight the guests arrived. The host-ess shone in a white frock whose flounces, furbelows, and gathers — if these be their names — I feel it to be vain at my time of life to undertake to describe. Her hair, I admit, was red; but her cheeks — well, she would have contended, if necessary, that their color was her business; and certain it is, that for every stick of cinnamon that may have been used by her for any purpose under the sun the hard cash had been paid down on Mr. Hines's counter and no grumbling.

Whoever had supposed that Mr. Hooks

would have declined an invitation to a party at that house, even when it was understood that there was to be dancing, knew not the man. That very evening he had ridden down to the store and purchased not only the shiniest pair of silk stockings that could be found in the whole store, and the sleekest pair of pumps, but the longest, widest, stripedest silk cravat; and the latter he had Mr. Hines to tie around his neck, enjoining him to come as nigh the Augusta knot as was possible in a provincial region so remote from that great metropolis.

"Them feet and them legs," contemplating these interesting objects, he remarked at the party to several ladies and gentlemen, as if imparting a pleasant secret—"them legs and them feet 'pear like they forgot tell here lately what they made fur; but my intenchuins is, before they git much older, to conwince 'em o' their ric'lection."

He sat by Susan Ann, and Mr. Tuggle by Emeline; and it was evident that each of these young ladies was intent upon exhibiting before Miss Cash her own especial knight to the best possible advantage.

To one who loves the sound of the fiddle, there is something in its voice that imparts an exhilaration seldom coming from any other music. In the breast of Mr. Hooks on the present occasion that emotion was perhaps the more pronounced because of several years' suppression. When Morris, a negro man belonging to the rich Mr. Parkinson, was called in, even while putting his instrument in tune, the eyes of Mr. Hooks were lit up into fiery brilliancy; his face quivered with almost angry smiles; and he had to breathe, and that hotly, through his nostrils alone; while his elevated mouth was puckered in every possible approach to a point, in order to hold within its accumulating waters.

It was pleasant to everybody to notice how well Mr. Hines looked and behaved. On the whole he was better dressed—that is, more stylishly and perhaps expensively—than any other gentleman present. But of course he had been to Augusta far more often than anybody else there; and besides, being his own buyer as well as seller, he could afford to dress as he pleased. Having confessed to Miss Cash that his early education in dancing had been neglected, she, with kind thoughtfulness for the embarrassment that he must feel otherwise, deputed him to assist in the entertainment of her guests, in which office he deported himself with a satisfaction that hardly could have been greater if it had been his own house.

"Choose pardners!" at length cried Morris in the commanding, menacing tone that only negro-fiddlers ever knew fully how to employ.

Instantly rose Mr. Hooks, and, violently seizing the hand of Susan Ann, led her forth. Mr. Tuggle glanced at Emeline, then lowered his head far down, as if to be more able thus to control his feelings. Emeline did the same.

The surprise manifested by the whole company at the prompt rise of Mr. Hooks and his march to the head of the cotillon was feeble compared with that experienced when they witnessed what he could do in that line. At first, as the figures were called, he moved with measured dignity, his long arms with deliberate exactitude describing immense, majestic arcs, both in the preliminaries of rotary movements and in their consummation. Susan Ann was a noted dancer, and the sight of her agility and grace, together with her appreciative words, inspired her partner to repetition of the noblest exploits of his youth.

"You are the best partner I ever danced with," she whispered.

"Laws, girl!" he answered, indifferent, "wait tell I git warm, and come down 'ith a few o' my double dimmersimmerquibbers."

"Give them some," she replied, looking at Miss Cash, whom she saw already running over with admiration.

"Sashay W' all!"

When came the turn of Mr. Hooks to obey the command, if ever a pair of human legs exhibited suppleness, sprightliness, precision of calculation, the faculty to intertwine and outertwine, to wrap themselves around each other when high lifted from the floor, unwrap themselves at the instant of return, and afterwards to reverse these apparently reckless spires, then surely was the time. There were moments when all, including Susan Ann, evinced apprehension that in one of these audacious exaltations a man so tall and slender, so long disused to such exercise, might lose his balance and fall bodily, perchance head-foremost, in the arena. But no! The arm of the daring vaulter, sometimes both, sometimes alternately extended, sometimes pointing to the zenith, sometimes to the horizon, sometimes at various angles intermediate to horizon and zenith, kept him true as any gyroscope. His countenance the while wore a serious, even threatening, aspect. When Morris, panting and dripping with sweat, gave the last shrieking note and called, "Honors to pardners," the hero descended heavily on one foot, and, extending the other, rested its toes easily on their extreme points, and while one hand hung in the direction towards these, the other's forefinger, far above all heads, pointed to the heavens. Amidst the applause that rose irresistibly, after conducting Susan Ann to her seat, not taking that by her side, he promenaded around the room for some minutes suffering

himself to be admired. Then, pausing in front of his rival, he said :

"Matthy, ain't you goin' to j'in in the eg-zitin' spote Miss Sally have powided so liber'l' fur the enj'yments and 'ospital'ties of us all?"

"Now that," on his way home said Mr. Pate, "it did n't look like quite fa'r in Sing'ton, him a-knowin' Matthy, 'ith his duck-legs, were onpossible to foller him in them climbin's, the oudaciousest I ever 'spected to live to see. Yit

Hooks and Mr. Tuggle, who nodded respectfully. As the party was breaking up, Mr. Pate, apparently reluctant to leave, in view of the briefness of human life, especially the fewness of occasions similar to the present that were likely to occur during his own briefer remnant, full of good wishes as of things good to eat and to drink, felt that he ought not to go away without a few valedictory words.

"Sally," he said, with moistened eyes, "a better party, and a more liber'l' powided, I never should hope to put on my Sunday close and go too; no, never endurin' what little balance o' time they is left me to be 'ith you all, which I hope the good Lord, ef he spar' my life, he 'll find he hain't so very many better friends than what I 've tried to be. And I 'll say for Sing'ton Hooks and Matthy Tuggle, I 've knewed 'em from babies, and their ekals for a marry'n' female person to make their ch'ice betwix', other people may know, I don't. And, tell the truth, I don't 'member as ever I have wish', before here lately, they was more 'n one Sally Cash to diwvide betwix' 'em — boys, as I call 'em, compar'd to me. And my advices is for you not to be forever and dertenal a-hiz-itat'in' about a marter which it ain't possible no way to make any big mistakes. Because them boys is, both of 'em, business boys, and natchel' speakin' they don't want to be al'ays hilt betwix' hawk and buzzard in this kind o' style. Good-bye; good-bye. Good-bye, Sing'ton; I did not know you was ekal to sech awful performance. Good-bye, Matthy; you done right not follerin' Sing'ton on that line; but a dignifieder behavior than you I would never wish to go to nobody's party. And it's a pleasure to see how honer'ble you and Sing'ton has been in the whole case. And my ricommends to both you boys, is to keep on standin' squar' up to the rack tell the fodder fall; and when she do, let him that 's disapp'inted, ef he can't be satisfied, let him least-ways try to git riconciled, and then gether up his fishin'-pole, his hook and line, and his bait-gourd, and move to some other hole in the mill-pond; because you both got sense enough to know that the good Lord ain't one that make jes' one lone fish by itself. Good-bye, Sing'ton; good-bye, Matthy; good-bye, all."

When all had departed except the Hookses and the Tuggles, who were requested to remain for a few minutes, the gentlemen were asked to take seats on one side of the room and Emeline and Susan Ann on the opposite, while Miss Cash took her position, from which she could command, in flank, the view of all.

After several modest, significant coughs, she began :

"I ast you all to stay behind because I



MISS SALLY CASH.

Matthy not a man people can skeer. He look like he know what he were about, and he smile and answer calm, he have made up his minds to quit dancin'."

VII.

DURING the last wane of the evening, somewhat of abstraction, not wholly unattended by embarrassment, began to be noticeable in the carriage of Miss Cash. She was observed to whisper several times alternately with Mr.

wanted to make these few, feeble, and interesting remarks about me and you all. You are all my neighbors, and I've tried to be you-all's friends, and none of you has knew the extents. I ain't a-blamin' none of you; because I never yit has told you, nary one. And I never told not even myself, not untell here lately, because not untell here lately did I know the ewents and how they would all turns out; and I has never be'n so much conwinced in my own minds that the good Lord know more about me than I do about myself than I be'n thes here lately. Howbe'ever, let me and them keep behind for the present time a-bein'.

"Mr. Hooks, you and Susan Ann has be'n a-thinkin' that me and Mr. Tuggle was a-goin' to nunate in the banes of mattermony. And then again, Mr. Tuggle, you and Emeline has be'n a-countin' on the same 'ith me and Mr. Hooks, which I needs not say you has all be'n mistakened, but in a deffer'nt and warous way. In nary case have I let on ef it was to be, or not so: one reason, because a lady owe it to herself not to be kickin' before she have be'n spurred, and not to say yea nor nay tell she 's ast; which both of you all may n't be surprised hain't never be'n done by none of them gent'men here on the present occasion in this very same room. And I am thankful they did n't. Because I am a person that have my own p'int's o' views and my own ch'ices o' kimpanions like other people, and, not ef I know myself, would it be my desires to pass for the mothers of childern which is not my ownd; ner not their step-mothers even, ef some has be'n a-sispicionin' to the kin-traries."

Looks of surprise went around at the close of this paragraph. Slightly shifting her position, the speaker resumed:

"And yit, both you men has be'n a-co'tin' close and heavy, a'most amejiant when their wife deparched from the famblies in their charges, and, not to save my life, could I turn my backs when both o' you ast me to help you out; and it 's because, I sometimes be'n a-supposenin', they is or they may be somethin' in the a'r that, in sech times, make sech things interestin' and ketchin', even to a moduest female like me."

During the bashful pause ensuing here, the gentlemen looked at each other inquiringly, and the young ladies, moving their chairs some space farther apart, turned and faced alternately the opposite walls.

"Yes, sirs, and yes, ma'ams, you girls; you knewed yourselves, but you knewed not t' other couple; and nary one, nor nary couple betwix' you, has knewed Sally Cash, what little time may be left she may call, or t' other people may call, her by them fambliar names. Yit, before I come as fur downd as myself,

I want to settle up the expeermunts I be'n a-makin' a clean a outside o' Sally Cash; and which I 'll begin by askin' of you, Mr. Hooks, a certing queschin, and that is, is you willin' or is you not, to give Emeline to Mr. Tuggle?"

Here Susan Ann turned and stared at Emeline as if she were a ghost, while Emeline kept her eyes upon the wall, studying it curiously, as if it were covered all over with frescoes from the most ancient masters.

"Well; now, Sally," began Mr. Hooks in much calmness, considering the situation, "the queschin—it ketch me by surprises, and—I may say—"

"That you 'll have to hear," Miss Cash interrupted, "what Mr. Tuggle 'll say to the queschin I 'm a-goin' to put to him in the amejiant spurs o' the awful an' interestin' minutes; and which, that is, Mr. Tuggle, will you let Mr. Hooks have Susan Ann? There 's the whole case betwix' you all."

"Jes so; perpendic'lar; the same as a gatepost," said Mr. Hooks, with deliberate yet utmost emphasis.

Then Emeline, turning, sought the face of Susan Ann, which by this time had become absorbed in the contemplation of the masterpieces on *her* wall. In another moment they were weeping, hugged in each other's arms.

"Come, come; set down, set down," said Miss Cash, "and let me git through 'ith the rest o' my tale. It won't be so very much to you, but it 's everything to me."

Then the native blood rose even through the cinnamon, and a something much like beauty overspread her face.

"When I first begun to talk about makin' a' expeermunt of the gittin' of married myself, it were mostly iduil talk. But somehow, or somehow else, I don't know as I may never know how sech things comes about, yit I got to ruther love to let my mind runned on the interestin' subjects. And then, it come to me, and I begin to think, mayby,—who knows?—ef it were the will of the good Lord, that him, a-knowin' how I have always be'n a orphin and had to work hard to help take keer of myself, and that a'most every sence I were a baby—that, I say, mayby it were His will for me not to git old thes by myself, and never have any pleasant siety, like other people, o' them to keer anything about, exceptin' o' them might natchil' expects to git whut prop'ty I got, and then a possible a-wantin' me out o' the way before my time come to deparch, like poor Betsy Tuggle, and poor Malviny Hooks, good friends as they wus to me, and me to them. And not that Abom Grice never even hint sech a thing, but he have freckwelt told me that it were my very first juty to look out



"AFTER A DECENT MOMENT STEPPED FORTH MR. ABNER HINES."

for myself. Yit, I know, because I have saw what it is for women to git old thes by their-selves, 'ith no husband, and no childern, and no nobody ð' the kinds; and even when their kinfolks may n't want 'em to die, they sispicions 'em of it. And so I thought mayby it were the will o' the good Lord to hender sech as that to me, him a-knowin' how I 've had to scuffle and baffle every sence I were a little bit of a orphin child, and ef anybody ever loved me thes for myself, the good Lord know I don't know who it was—*untell now*. And—O Mr. Hooks, don't ask me yit, not quite yit! I 'll acknowledge everything, and then tell you what I want you to do, when I can git a little more compoged in my mind."

Rising, she went to a table whereon were tumblers and a pitcher of water. As she lifted the latter with tottering hand, Mr. Hooks went briskly and took it just as it would have dropped. He poured a glass that with difficulty she drank; then, reseating herself, continued:

"When I see you two men a-courtin' of them girls, it got to be that interestin' to me, that I got so I could n't go to sleep o' nights, tell away yonder a'most midnight; a thes a-layin' and a-thinkin' ef you two men, that have be'n young and happy before, can be young and happy ag'in, why not me, thes one time, that have al'ays be'n a loned female by myself."

She paused, and the tears streamed from her eyes. Emeline and Susan Ann wept in genuine sympathy, and the eyes of Mr. Tugle were very moist. Mr. Hooks looked down at his pumps and silk stockings, and, perhaps because he recognized the incongruity between what they had been doing so lately and any degree of sadness which he might express, simply rose from his chair.

"Set down, Mr. Hooks; set down. I 'm a'most thoo. But, and, I tell you now, all of you, I 'd of died before I 'd of even peached sech a thing to ary man person that ever pre-ambulated on top o' the ground, first. And

when one o' that same seck of people name to me the very subjects I be'n a-thinkin' and a actuil' a-dreamin' about, ef it did n't 'pears like to me the good Lord sent him a-purpose."

With hand yet trembling, she took from her bosom a marriage-license, and, handing it to Mr. Hooks, said:

"There 's a paper for you, Mr. Hooks, which people is now ready and a-waitin' for you to 'tend to it."

Turning her face towards the dining-room, she called aloud:

"Mimy, you may come in, and the balance of 'em."

The door opened, Mimy and the other negroes, having on every item of Sunday clothes that that plantation had on hand, filed in and took position near the walls. After a decent

moment, a-tiptoe, his arm already curved to receive that of his bride, stepped forth Mr. Abner Hines.

"And I do believe, on my soul," Mr. Hooks said some time afterwards, "that after I have jinded them two together, hard and fast, a'cordin' to law and gospul, that it were in me to make prob'ble the biggest, everlastin'est speech I ever spread myself before a augence; but the fact were, everybody got to laughin' and cryin' so they drowned my voices. Ah, well! it were a ruther egzitin' time all thoo. But everything have swaged down peaceable. The breth'en they forgive me for dancin', when Susan Ann give in the pootty expeunce she told, and it were give' out I would n't do so no more."

R. M. Johnston.

THE KNIGHT IN SILVER MAIL.

SHE left the needle in the rose
And put her broidery by,
And leaning from her casement tall
She heard the owlets cry.
The purple sky was thick with stars,
And in the moonlight pale
She saw come riding from the wood
A knight in silver mail.

His plume was like the snowy foam
That wreathes the roaring tide,
The glory of his golden locks
His helmet could not hide.
She took the lily from her breast
(Like hers, its beauty frail),
And dropped it as he rode beneath —
The knight in silver mail.

About her gown of crimson silk
She drew a mantle dark.
She saw the stately castle-towers
Uprising from the park,
And on the lake the mated swans,
Asleep in shadow, sail,
But left it all to follow him,
The knight in silver mail.

At dawn her father's men-at-arms
Went searching everywhere,
And found her with the churchyard dews
A-sparkle in her hair.
And lo! a sight to make the best
And bravest of them quail,
Beside her in the tangled grass,
A skeleton in mail.

"Oh, I would see thy face, my love,
Oh, I would see thy face!
Why dost thou keep thy visor down?
It is a lonely place."
His voice was like the hollow reeds
That rustle in the gale:
"T is lonelier in my castle," said
The knight in silver mail.

He let his steed go riderless,
He took her by the hand
And led her over brake and brier
Into a lonesome land.
"Oh, are they headstones all a-row
'That glimmer in the vale?"
"My castle-walls are white," replied
The knight in silver mail.

"So close unto thy castle-doors
Why buryest thou the dead?"
"For ten long years I 've slept with them:
Ah, welcome home!" he said.
He clasped her dainty waist around,
And in the moonlight pale
Upraised his visor, and she saw
The knight in silver mail.

Minna Irving.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

HALLECK.



IN sending General Hunter to relieve Frémont, the President did not intend that he should remain in charge of the Department of the West. Out of its vast extent the Department of Kansas was created a few days afterward, embracing the State of Kansas, the Indian Territory, and the Territories of Nebraska, Colorado, and Dakota, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, and Hunter was transferred to its command. General Halleck was assigned to the Department of the Missouri, embracing the States of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River.

Henry Wager Halleck was born in Oneida County, New York, January 15, 1815. Educated at Union College, he entered the military academy at West Point, where he graduated third in a class of thirty-one, and was made second lieutenant of engineers July 1, 1839. While yet a cadet he was employed at the academy as assistant professor of engineering. From the first he devoted himself with constant industry to the more serious studies of his profession. He had attained a first lieutenancy when the Mexican war broke out, and was sent to the Pacific coast. Valuable services in the military and naval operations prosecuted there secured him the brevet of captain from May 1, 1847. On the conquest of California by the United States forces, he took part in the political organization of the new State, first as Secretary of State under the military governors, and afterward as leading member of the convention which framed the constitution under which California was admitted to the Union.

He remained in the army and in charge of various engineering duties on the Pacific coast until August 1, 1854, having been meanwhile promoted captain of engineers. At that date he resigned his commission to engage in civil pursuits. He became a member of a law firm, and was also interested in mines and railroads,

when the outbreak of the rebellion called him again into the military service of the Government. He was not only practically accomplished in his profession as a soldier, but also distinguished as a writer on military art and science. Halleck's high qualifications were well understood and appreciated by General Scott, at whose suggestion he was appointed a major-general in the regular army to date from August 19, 1861, with orders to report himself at army headquarters in Washington. A phrase in one of Scott's letters, setting forth McClellan's disregard for his authority, creates the inference that the old general intended that Halleck should succeed him in chief command. But when the latter reached Washington, the confusion and disasters in the Department of the West were at their culmination, and urgent necessity required him to be sent thither to succeed Frémont.

General Halleck arrived at St. Louis on November 18, 1861, and assumed command on the 19th. His written instructions stated forcibly the reforms he was expected to bring about, and his earlier reports indicate that his difficulties had not been overstated—irregularities in contracts, great confusion in organization, everywhere a want of arms and supplies, absence of routine and discipline. Added to this was reported danger from the enemy. He telegraphs under date of November 29:

I am satisfied that the enemy is operating in and against this State with a much larger force than was supposed when I left Washington, and also that a general insurrection is organizing in the counties near the Missouri River, between Boonville and Saint Joseph. A desperate effort will be made to supply and winter their troops in this State, so as to spare their own resources for a summer campaign.

An invasion was indeed in contemplation, but rumor had magnified its available strength. General Price had, since the battle of Lexington, lingered in south-western Missouri, and was once more preparing for a northward march. His method of campaigning was peculiar, and needed only the minimum of organization and preparation. His troops were made up mainly of young, reckless, hardy Missourians, to whom a campaign was

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an adventure of pastime and excitement, and who brought, each man, his own horse, gun, and indispensable equipments and clothing. The usual burdens of an army commissariat and transportation were of little moment to these partisans, who started up as if by magic from every farm and thicket, and gathered their supplies wherever they went. To quote the language of one of the Missouri rebel leaders: "Our forces, to combat or cut them off, would require only a haversack to where the enemy would require a wagon." The evil of the system was, that such forces vanished quite as rapidly as they appeared. The enthusiastic squads with which Price had won his victory at Lexington were scattered among their homes and haunts. The first step of a campaign, therefore, involved the gathering of a new army, and this proved not so easy in the opening storms of winter as it had in the fine midsummer weather. On the 26th of November, 1861, Price issued a call for 50,000 men. The language of his proclamation, however, breathed more of despair than of confidence. He reminded his adherents that only one in forty had answered to the former call, and that "Boys and small property-holders have in main fought the battles for the protection of your property." He repeated many times, with emphasis, "I must have 50,000 men." His prospects were far from encouraging. McCulloch, in a mood of stubborn disagreement, was withdrawing his army to Arkansas, where he went into winter quarters. Later on, when Price formally requested his coöperation, McCulloch as formally refused. For the moment the Confederate cause in south-western Missouri was languishing. Governor Jackson made a show of keeping it alive by calling the fugitive remnant of his rebel legislature together at Neosho, and with the help of his sole official relic — the purloined State seal — enacting the well-worn farce of passing a secession ordinance, and making a military league with the Confederate States.

The Confederate Congress at Richmond responded to the sham with an act to admit Missouri to the Confederacy. An act of more promise at least, appropriating a million dollars to aid the Confederate cause in that State, had been passed in the preceding August. Such small installment of this fund, however, as was transmitted failed even to pay the soldiers, who for their long service had not as yet received a penny. In return the Richmond authorities asked the transfer of Missouri troops to the Confederate service; but with this request the rebel Missouri leaders

were unable immediately to comply. When, under date of December 30, 1861, Governor Jackson complained of neglect and once more urged that Price be made commander in Missouri, Jefferson Davis responded sarcastically that not a regiment had been tendered, and that he could not appoint a general before he had troops for him.† From all these causes Price's projected winter campaign failed, and he attributed the failure to McCulloch's refusal to help him.‡

The second part of the rebel programme in Missouri, that of raising an insurrection north of the Missouri River, proved more effective. Halleck was scarcely in command when the stir and agitation of depredations and the burning of bridges, by small squads of secessionists in disguise, were reported from various counties of northern Missouri. Federal detachments went promptly in pursuit, and the perpetrators as usual disappeared, only however to break out with fresh outrages when quiet and safety had apparently been restored. It was soon evident that this was not merely a manifestation of neighborhood disloyalty, but that it was part of a deliberate system instigated by the principal rebel leaders. "Do you intend to regard men," wrote Price to Halleck, January 12, 1862, "whom I have specially dispatched to destroy roads, burn bridges, tear up culverts, etc., as amenable to an enemy's court-martial, or will you have them to be tried as usual, by the proper authorities, according to the statutes of the State?" § Halleck, who had placed the State under martial law, to enable him to deal more effectually with this class of offenders, stated his authority and his determination, with distinct emphasis, in his reply of January 22, 1862:

You must be aware, general, that no orders of yours can save from punishment spies, marauders, robbers, incendiaries, guerrilla bands, etc., who violate the laws of war. You cannot give immunity to crime. But let us fully understand each other on this point. If you send armed forces, wearing the garb of soldiers and duly organized and enrolled as legitimate belligerents, to destroy railroads, bridges, etc., as a military act, we shall kill them, if possible, in open warfare; or, if we capture them, we shall treat them as prisoners of war. But it is well understood that you have sent numbers of your adherents, in the garb of peaceful citizens and under false pretenses, through our lines into northern Missouri, to rob and destroy the property of Union men and to burn and destroy railroad bridges, thus endangering the lives of thousands, and this, too, without any military necessity or possible military advantage. Moreover, peaceful citizens of Missouri, quietly working on their farms, have been instigated by your emissaries to take up arms as insurgents, and to rob and plunder, and to commit arson and murder. They do not even act under the garb of soldiers, but under false pretenses and in the

* War Records.

† Davis to Jackson, Jan. 8, 1862. Ibid.

‡ Price to Polk, Dec. 23, 1861. Ibid.

§ Price to Halleck. Ibid.

guise of peaceful citizens. You certainly will not pretend that men guilty of such crimes, although "specially appointed and instructed by you," are entitled to the rights and immunities of ordinary prisoners of war.

One important effect which Price hoped to produce by the guerrilla rising he was instigating was to fill his army with recruits. "The most populous and truest counties of the State," he wrote, "lie upon or north of the Missouri River. . . . I sent a detachment of 1100 men to Lexington, which after remaining only a part of one day gathered together about 2500 recruits, and escorted them in safety to me at Osceola." His statement was partly correct, but other causes contributed both to this partial success and the partial defeat that immediately followed. Just at the time this expedition went to Lexington, the various Federal detachments north of the Missouri River were engaged in driving a number of secession guerrilla bands southward across that stream. Halleck was directing the joint movements of the Union troops, and had stationed detachments of Pope's forces south of the Missouri River, with the design of intercepting and capturing the fugitive bands. A slight failure of some of the reports to reach him disconcerted and partly frustrated his design. The earliest guerrilla parties which crossed at and near Lexington escaped and made their way to Price, but the later ones were intercepted and captured as Halleck had planned. Pope reports, September 19:

Colonel Davis came upon the enemy near Milford late this afternoon, and having driven in his pickets assaulted him in force. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy, finding himself surrounded and cut off, surrendered at discretion. One thousand three hundred prisoners, including 3 colonels and 17 captains, 1000 stand of arms, 1000 horses, 65 wagons, tents, baggage, and supplies have fallen into our hands. Our loss is 2 killed and 8 wounded.*

On the next day he found his capture was still larger, as he telegraphs: "Just arrived here. Troops much embarrassed with nearly 2000 prisoners and great quantity of captured property."

In anticipation of the capture or dispersion of these north-western detachments of rebels, Halleck had directed the collection of an army at and about Rolla, with the view to move in force against Price. General Samuel R. Curtis was, on December 25, assigned to the command of the Union troops to operate in the south-western district of Missouri. Some 10,000 men were gathered to form his column; and had he known Price's actual condition, the possibility of a short and successful campaign was before him. But the situation

was also one of difficulty. The railroad ended at Rolla; Springfield, the supposed location of Price's camp, was a hundred and twenty miles to the south-west, with bad roads, through a mountainous country. Rebel sentiment and sympathy were strong throughout the whole region, and the favoring surroundings enabled Price to conceal his designs and magnify his numbers. Rumors came that he intended to fight at Springfield, and the estimates of his strength varied from 20,000 to 40,000. The greatest obstacle to a pursuit was the severity of the winter weather; nevertheless the Union soldiers bore their privations with admirable patience and fortitude, and Halleck urged a continuance of the movement through every hindrance and discouragement. He writes to McClellan, January 14, 1862:

I have ordered General Curtis to move forward, with all his infantry and artillery. His force will not be less than 12,000. The enemy is reported to have between 35 and 40 guns. General Curtis has only 24; but I send him 6 pieces to-morrow, and will send 6 more in a few days. I also propose placing a strong reserve at Rolla, which can be sent forward if necessary. The weather is intensely cold, and the troops, supplied as they are with very inferior clothing, blankets, and tents, must suffer greatly in a winter campaign, and yet I see no way of avoiding it. Unless Price is driven from the State, insurrections will continually occur in all the central and northern counties, so as to prevent the withdrawal of our troops.

A few days later (January 18) Halleck wrote to Curtis that he was about to reënforce him with an entire division from Pope's army, increasing his strength to fifteen thousand; that he would send him mittens for his soldiers:

Get as many hand-mills as you can for grinding corn. . . . Take the bull by the horns. I will back you in such forced requisitions when they become necessary for supplying the forces. We must have no failure in this movement against Price. It must be the last.

And once more, on January 27, he repeated his urgent admonition:

There is a strong pressure on us for troops, and all that are not absolutely necessary here must go elsewhere. Pope's command is entirely broken up; 4000 in Davis's reserve and 6000 ordered to Cairo. Push on as rapidly as possible and end the matter with Price.

This trying winter campaign led by General Curtis, though successful in the end, did not terminate so quickly as General Halleck had hoped. Leaving the heroic Western soldiers camping and scouting in the snows and cutting winds of the bleak Missouri hills and prairies, attention must be called to other incidents in the Department of the Missouri. While Halleck was gratifying the Government and the Northern public with the ability and

* Pope to Halleck. War Records.

vigor of his measures, one point of his administration had excited a wide-spread dissatisfaction and vehement criticism. His military instincts and methods were so thorough that they caused him to treat too lightly the political aspects of the great conflict in which he was directing so large a share. Frémont's treatment of the slavery question had been too radical; Halleck's now became too conservative. It is not probable that this grew out of his mere wish to avoid the error of his predecessor, but out of his own personal conviction that the issue must be entirely eliminated from the military problem. He had noted the difficulties and discussions growing out of the dealings of the army with fugitive slaves, and hoping to rid himself of a perpetual dilemma, one of his first acts after assuming command was to issue his famous General Order No. 3 (November 20, 1861), the first paragraph of which ran as follows:

It has been represented that important information respecting the numbers and condition of our forces is conveyed to the enemy by means of fugitive slaves who are admitted within our lines. In order to remedy this evil, it is directed that no such persons be hereafter permitted to enter the lines of any camp or of any forces on the march, and that any now within such lines be immediately excluded therefrom.*

This language brought upon him the indignant protest of the combined antislavery sentiment of the North. He was berated in newspapers and denounced in Congress, and the violence of public condemnation threatened seriously to impair his military usefulness. He had indeed gone too far. The country felt, and the army knew, that so far from being generally true that negroes carried valuable information to the enemy, the very reverse was the rule, and that the "contrabands" in reality constituted one of the most important and reliable sources of knowledge to the Union commanders in the various fields, which later in the war came to be jocosely designated as the "grape-vine telegraph." Halleck soon found himself put on the defensive, and wrote an explanatory letter to the newspapers. A little later he took occasion officially to define his intention:

The object of these orders is to prevent any person in the army from acting in the capacity of negro-catcher or negro-stealer. The relation between the slave and his master, or pretended master, is not a matter to be determined by military officers, except in the single case provided for by Congress. This matter in all other cases must be decided by the civil authorities. One object in keeping fugitive slaves out of our camp is to keep clear of all such questions. . . . Orders No. 3 do not apply to the authorized private servants of officers nor the negroes employed by proper author-

ity in the camps. It applies only to fugitive slaves. The prohibition to admit them within our lines does not prevent the exercise of all proper offices of humanity in giving them food and clothing outside where such offices are necessary to prevent suffering.†

It will be remembered that the Missouri State Convention in the month of July appointed and inaugurated a provisional State government. This action was merely designed to supply a temporary executive authority until the people could elect new loyal State officers, which election was ordered to be held on the first Monday in November. The convention also, when it finished the work of its summer session, adjourned to meet on the third Monday in December, 1861, but political and military affairs remained in so unsettled a condition during the whole autumn that anything like effective popular action was impracticable. The convention was therefore called together in a third session at an earlier date (October 11, 1861), when it wisely adopted an ordinance postponing the State election for the period of one year, and for continuing the provisional government in office until their successors should be duly appointed.

With his tenure of power thus prolonged, Governor Gamble, also by direction of the convention, proposed to the President to raise a special force of Missouri State militia for service within the State during the war there, but to act with the United States troops in military operations within the State or when necessary to its defense. President Lincoln accepted the plan upon the condition that whatever United States officer might be in command of the Department of the West should also be commissioned by the governor to command the Missouri State militia; and that if the President changed the former, the governor should make the corresponding change, in order that any conflict of authority or of military plans might be avoided. This agreement was entered into between President Lincoln and Governor Gamble on November 6, and on November 27 General Schofield received orders from Halleck to raise, organize, and command this special militia corps. The plan was attended with reasonable success, and by the 15th of April, 1862, General Schofield reports, "an active efficient force of 13,800 men was placed in the field," nearly all of cavalry.

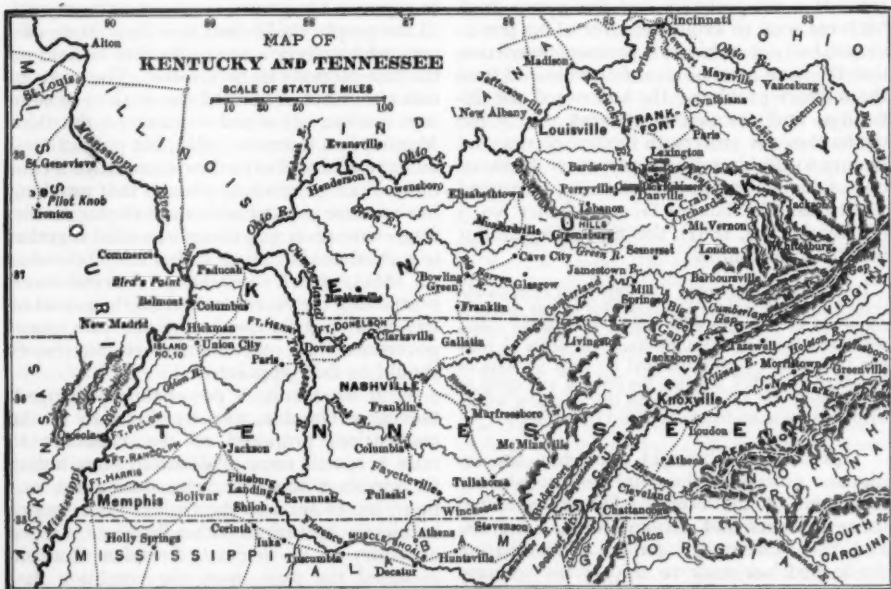
The raising and organizing of this force, during the winter and spring of 1861-62, produced a certain degree of local military activity just at the season when the partisan and guerrilla operations of rebel sympathizers were necessarily impeded or wholly suspended by severe weather; and this, joined with the vigorous administration of General Hal-

* War Records.

† Halleck to Asboth, Dec. 26, 1861. *Ibid.*

leck, and the fact that Curtis was chasing the army of Price out of south-western Missouri, gave a delusive appearance of quiet and order throughout the State. We shall see how this security was rudely disturbed during the summer of 1862 by local efforts and uprisings, though the rebels were not able to bring about any formidable campaign of invasion, and Mis-

tion became, in the public estimation, rather a sign of suspicion than an assurance of honesty and good faith. It grew into one of the standing jests of the camps that when a Union soldier found a rattlesnake, his comrades would instantly propose with mock gravity, "Administer the oath to him, boys, and let him go."



souri as a whole remained immovable in her military and political adherence to the Union.

With the view still further to facilitate the restoration of public peace, the State convention at the same October (1861) session, extended amnesty to repentant rebels in an ordinance which provided that any person who would make and file a written oath to support the Federal and State governments, declaring that he would not take up arms against the United States, or the provisional government of Missouri, nor give aid and comfort to their enemies during the present civil war, should be exempt from arrest and punishment for previous rebellion.

Many persons doubtless took this oath and kept it with sincere faith. But it seems no less certain that many others who also took it so persistently violated both its spirit and letter as to render it practically of no service as an external test of allegiance to the Union. In the years of local hatred and strife which ensued, oaths were so recklessly taken and so willfully violated that the ceremony of adjura-

THE TENNESSEE LINE.

In the State of Kentucky the long game of political intrigue came to an end as the autumn of 1861 approached. By a change almost as sudden as a stage transformation-scene, the beginning of September brought a general military activity and a state of qualified civil war. This change grew naturally out of the military condition, which was no longer compatible with the uncertain and expectant attitude the State had hitherto maintained. The notes of preparation for Frémont's campaign down the Mississippi could not be ignored. Cairo had become a great military post, giving the Federal forces who held it a strategical advantage both for defense and offense against which the Confederates had no corresponding foothold on the great river. The first defensive work was Fort Pillow, 215 miles below, armed with only twelve 32-pounders. To oppose a more formidable resistance to Frémont's descent was of vital importance, which General

Polk's West Point education enabled him to realize.

But the Mississippi, with its generally level banks, afforded relatively few points capable of effective defense. The one most favorable to the Confederate needs was at Columbus, in the State of Kentucky, eighteen miles below Cairo, on a high bluff commanding the river for about five miles. Both the Union and Confederate commanders coveted this situation, for its natural advantages were such that when fully fortified it became familiarly known as the "Gibraltar of the West." So far, through the neutrality policy of Kentucky, it had remained unappropriated by either side. On the first day of September, the rebel General Polk, commanding at Memphis, sent a messenger to Governor Magoffin to obtain confidential information about the "future plans and policy of the Southern party in Kentucky," explaining his desire to "be ahead of the enemy in occupying Columbus and Paducah." Buckner at the same time was in Richmond, proposing to the Confederate authorities certain military movements in Kentucky, "in advance of the action of her governor." On September 3 they promised him, as definitely as they could, countenance and assistance in his scheme; and a week after, he accepted a brigadier-general's commission from Jefferson Davis. While Buckner was negotiating, General Polk initiated the rebel invasion of Kentucky. Whether upon information from Governor Magoffin or elsewhere, he ordered Pillow with his detachment of six thousand men to move up the river from New Madrid and occupy the town of Columbus.

The Confederate movement created a general flurry in neutrality circles. Numerous protests went to both Polk and the Richmond authorities, and Governor Harris hastened to assure Governor Magoffin that he was in entire ignorance of it, and had appealed to Jefferson Davis to order the troops withdrawn. Even the rebel Secretary of War was mystified by the report, and directed Polk to order the troops withdrawn from Kentucky. Jefferson Davis however, either with prior knowledge or with truer instinct, telegraphed to Polk: "The necessity justifies the action." In his letter to Davis, the general strongly argued the propriety of his course: "I believe, if we could have found a respectable pretext, it would have been better to have seized this place some months ago, as I am convinced we had more friends then in Kentucky than we have had since, and every hour's delay made against us. Kentucky was fast

melting away under the influence of the Lincoln Government." He had little need to urge this view. Jefferson Davis had already written him, "We cannot permit the indeterminate quantities, the political elements, to control our action in cases of military necessity";† and to Governor Harris, "Security to Tennessee and other parts of the Confederacy is the primary object. To this all else must give way."‡

To strengthen further and consolidate the important military enterprises thus begun, Jefferson Davis now adopted a recommendation of Polk that

They should be combined from west to east across the Mississippi Valley, and placed under the direction of one head, and that head should have large discretionary powers. Such a position is one of very great responsibility, involving and requiring large experience and extensive military knowledge, and I know of no one so well equal to that task as our friend General Albert S. Johnston.

Johnston, with the rank of general, was duly assigned, on September 10, to the command of Department No. 2, covering in general the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, part of Mississippi, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. Proceeding at once to Nashville and conferring with the local authorities, he wrote back to Richmond, under date of September 16:

So far from yielding to the demand for the withdrawal of our troops, I have determined to occupy Bowling Green at once. . . . I design to-morrow (which is the earliest practicable moment) to take possession of Bowling Green with five thousand troops, and prepare to support the movement with such force as circumstances may indicate and the means at my command may allow.

The movement was promptly carried out. Buckner was put in command of the expedition; and seizing several railroad trains, he moved forward to Bowling Green on the morning of the 18th, having sent ahead five hundred men to occupy Munfordville, and issuing the usual proclamation, that his invasion was a measure of defense. Meanwhile the third column of invaders entered eastern Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. Brigadier-General Zollicoffer had eight or ten thousand men under his command in eastern Tennessee, but, as elsewhere, much scattered, and badly armed and supplied. Under his active supervision, during the month of August he somewhat improved the organization of his forces and acquainted himself with the intricate topography of the mountain region he was in. Prompted probably from Kentucky, he was ready early in September to join in the combined movement into that State. About the 10th he advanced with six regiments through

* Davis to Polk, Sept. 4, 1861. War Records.

† Davis to Polk, Sept. 15, 1861. Ibid.

‡ Davis to Harris, Sept. 13, 1861. Ibid.

Cumberland Gap to Cumberland Ford, and began planning further aggressive movements against the small Union force, principally Home Guards, which had been collected and organized at Camp Dick Robinson.

The strong Union legislature which Kentucky elected in August met in Frankfort, the capital, on the 2d of September. Polk, having securely established himself at Columbus, notified the governor of his presence, and offered as his only excuse the alleged intention of the Federal troops to occupy it. The legislature, not deeming the excuse sufficient, passed a joint resolution instructing the governor "to inform those concerned that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally."* The governor vetoed the resolution, on the ground that it did not also embrace the Union troops; the legislature passed it over his veto. Governor Magoffin now issued his proclamation, as directed. Polk and Jefferson Davis replied that the Confederate army would withdraw if the Union army would do the same. To this the legislature responded with another joint resolution, that the conditions prescribed were an insult to the dignity of the State, "to which Kentucky cannot listen without dishonor," and "that the invaders must be expelled." The resolution further required General Robert Anderson to take instant command, with authority to call out a volunteer force, in all of which the governor was required to lend his aid. Kentucky was thus officially taken out of her false attitude of neutrality, and placed in active coöperation with the Federal Government to maintain the Union. Every day increased the strength and zeal of her assistance. A little later in the session a law was enacted declaring enlistments under the Confederate flag a misdemeanor and the invasion of Kentucky by Confederate soldiers a felony, and prescribing heavy penalties for both. Finally, the legislature authorized the enlistment of forty thousand volunteers to "repel invasion," providing also that they should be mustered into the service of the United States and coöperate with the armies of the Union. This was a complete revolution from the anti-coercion resolutions that the previous legislature had passed in January.

Hitherto there were no Federal forces in Kentucky except the brigade which Lieutenant Nelson had organized at Camp Dick Robinson; the Home Guards in various counties, though supplied with arms by the Federal Government, were acting under State militia laws. General Robert Anderson, commanding the military department which embraced Kentucky, still kept his headquarters

* War Records.

at Cincinnati, and Rousseau, a prominent Kentuckian, engaged in organizing a brigade of Kentuckians, had purposely made his camp on the Indiana side of the Ohio River. Nevertheless President Lincoln, the governors of Ohio and Indiana, and the various military commanders had for months been ready to go to the assistance of the Kentucky Unionists whenever the emergency should arise. Even if the neutral attitude of Kentucky had not been brought to an end by the advance of the Confederate forces, it would have been by that of the Federals. A point had been reached where further inaction was impossible. Three days before General Pillow occupied Hickman, Frémont sent General Grant to south-eastern Missouri, to concentrate the several Federal detachments, drive out the enemy, and destroy a rumored rebel battery at Belmont. His order says finally, "It is intended, in connection with all these movements, to occupy Columbus, Kentucky, as soon as possible." It was in executing a part of this order that the gun-boats sent to Belmont extended their reconnaissance down the river, and discovered the advance of the Confederates on the Kentucky shore. An unexpected delay in the movement of one of Grant's detachments occurred at the same time; and that commander, with the military intuition which afterward rendered him famous, postponed the continuance of the local operations in Missouri, and instead immediately prepared an expedition into Kentucky, which became the initial step of his brilliant and fruitful campaign in that direction a few months later. He saw that Columbus, his primary objective point, was lost for the present; but he also perceived that another, of perhaps equal strategical value, yet lay within his grasp, though clearly there was no time to be wasted in seizing it. The gun-boat reconnaissance on the Mississippi River, which revealed the rebel occupation of Kentucky, was begun on September 4. On the following day General Grant, having telegraphed the information to Frémont and to the Kentucky legislature, hurriedly organized an expedition of 2 gun-boats, 1800 men, 16 cannon for batteries, and a supply of provisions and ammunition on transports. Taking personal command, he started with the expedition from Cairo at midnight of the 5th, and proceeded up the Ohio River to the town of Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, where he arrived on the morning of the 6th. A contraband trade with the rebels, by means of small steamboats plying on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, had called special attention to the easy communication between this point and central Tennessee. He landed without opposition and took possession, making

arrangements to fortify and permanently hold the place; having done which, he himself returned to Cairo the same afternoon, to report his advance and forward reinforcements. The importance of the seizure was appreciated by the rebels, for, on the 13th of September, Buckner wrote to Richmond, "Our possession of Columbus is already neutralized by that of Paducah."

The culmination of affairs in Kentucky had been carefully watched by the authorities in Washington. From a conference with President Lincoln, Anderson returned to Cincinnati on September 1, taking with him two subordinates of exceptional ability, Brigadier-Generals Sherman and Thomas. A delegation of prominent Kentuckians met him, to set forth the critical condition of their State. He dispatched Sherman to solicit help from Frémont and the governors of Indiana and Illinois, and a week later moved his headquarters to Louisville, also sending Thomas to Camp Dick Robinson, to take direction of affairs in that quarter. By the time that Sherman returned from his mission the crisis had already developed itself. The appearance of Polk's forces at Columbus, the action of the legislature, the occupation of Paducah by Grant, and the threatening rumors from Buckner's camp, created a high degree of excitement and apprehension. On September 16 Anderson reported Zollicoffer's invasion through Cumberland Gap, upon which the President telegraphed him to assume active command in Kentucky at once. Added to this, there came to Louisville on the 18th the positive news of Buckner's advance to Bowling Green. This information set all central Kentucky in a military ferment; for the widely published announcement that the State Guards, Buckner's secession militia, would meet at Lexington on September 20, to have a camp drill under supervision of Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, and other leaders, seemed too plainly coincident with the triple invasion to be designed for a mere holiday. A rising at Lexington and a junction with Zollicoffer might end in a march upon Frankfort, the capital, to disperse the legislature; a simultaneous advance by Buckner in force and capture of Louisville would, in a brief campaign, complete the subjugation of Kentucky to the rebellion. There remains no record to show whether or not such a plan was among the movements, "in advance of the governor's action," which Buckner discussed with Jefferson Davis on September 3 at Richmond. The bare possibility roused the Unionists of Kentucky to vigorous action. With an evident distrust of Governor Magoffin, a caucus of the Union members of the legislature as-

sumed quasi-executive authority, and through the speakers of the two Houses requested General Thomas, at Camp Dick Robinson, to send a regiment, "fully prepared for fight," to Lexington in advance of the advertised "camp drill" of the State Guards; also promising that the Home Guards should rally in force to support him. Thomas ordered the movement, and, in spite of numerous obstacles, Colonel Bramlette brought his regiment to the Lexington fair ground on the night of the 19th of September. His advent was so sudden that he came near making important arrests. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, Morgan, and other leaders were present, but, being warned, fled in different directions, and the "camp drill," shorn of its guiding spirits, proved powerless for the mischievous ends which had evidently been intended.

At Louisville, General Anderson lost no time in the effort to meet Buckner's advance. There were no organized troops in the city, but the brigade Rousseau had been collecting on the Indiana shore was hastily called across the river and joined to the Louisville Home Guards, making in all some 2500 men, who were sent out by the railroad towards Nashville, under the personal command of Sherman. An expedition of the enemy had already burned the important railroad bridges, apparently, however, with the simple object of creating delay. Nevertheless, Sherman went on and occupied Muldraugh's Hill, where he was soon reinforced; for the utmost efforts had been used by the governors of Ohio and Indiana to send to the help of Kentucky every available regiment. If Buckner meditated the capture of Louisville, this show of force caused him to pause; but he remained firm at Bowling Green, also increasing his army, and ready to take part in whatever movement events might render feasible.

No serious or decisive conflicts immediately followed these various moves on the military chess-board. For the present they served merely to define the hostile frontier. With Polk at Columbus, Buckner at Bowling Green, and Zollicoffer in front of Cumberland Gap, the Confederate frontier was practically along the northern Tennessee line. The Union line ran irregularly through the center of Kentucky. One direct result was rapidly to eliminate the armed secessionists. Humphrey Marshall, Breckinridge, and others who had set up rebel camps hastened with their followers within the protection of the Confederate line. Before further operations occurred, a change of Union commanders took place. The excitement, labors, and responsibilities proved too great for the physical strength of General Anderson. Relieved at his own re-

quest, on October 8, he relinquished the command to General Sherman, who was designated by General Scott to succeed him. The new and heavy duties which fell upon him were by no means to Sherman's liking. "I am forced into the command of this Department against my will," he wrote. Looking at his field with a purely professional eye, the disproportion between the magnitude of his task and the immediate means for its accomplishment oppressed him like a nightmare. There were no troops in Kentucky when he came. The recruits sent from other States were gradually growing into an army, but as yet without drill, equipments, or organization. Kentucky herself was in a curious transition. By vote of her people and her legislature, she had decided to adhere to the Union; but as a practical incident of war, many of her energetic and adventurous young men drifted to Southern camps, while the Union property-holders and heads of families were unfit or unwilling immediately to enlist in active service to sustain the cause they had espoused. The Home Guards, called into service for ten days, generally refused to extend their term. The arms furnished them became easily scattered, and, even if not seized or stolen by young secession recruits and carried to the enemy, were with difficulty recovered for use. Now that the General Government had assumed command and the State had ordered an army, many neighborhoods felt privileged to call for protection rather than furnish a quota for offense. Even where they were ready to serve, the enlistment of the State volunteers, recently authorized by the legislature, had yet scarcely begun.

About the middle of October, Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, returning from a visit to Frémont, passed through Louisville and held a military consultation with Sherman. General Sherman writes:

I remember taking a large map of the United States, and assuming the people of the whole South to be in rebellion, that our task was to subdue them, showed that McClellan was on the left, having a frontage of less than 100 miles, and Frémont the right, about the same; whereas I, the center, had from the Big Sandy to Paducah, over 300 miles of frontier; that McClellan had 100,000 men, Frémont 60,000, whereas to me had only been allotted about 18,000. I argued that for the purpose of defense we should have 60,000 men at once, and for offense would need 200,000 before we were done. Mr. Cameron, who still lay on the bed, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Great God! where are they to come from?" I asserted that there were plenty of men at the North, ready and willing to come if he would only accept their services; for it was notorious that regiments had been formed in all the North-western States whose services had been refused by the War Department, on the ground that they would not be needed. We discussed all these matters fully,

in the most friendly spirit, and I thought I had aroused Mr. Cameron to a realization of the great war that was before us, and was in fact upon us.*

While recognizing many of the needs which Sherman pointed out, the Secretary could not immediately promise him any great augmentation of his force.

Complaints and requests of this character were constantly coming to the Administration from all the commanders and governors, and a letter of President Lincoln, written in reply to a similar strain of fault-finding from Indiana, plainly indicates why such requirements in all quarters could not be immediately supplied:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 29, 1861.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. O. P. MORTON: Your letter by the hand of Mr. Prunk was received yesterday. I write this letter because I wish you to believe of us (as we certainly believe of you) that we are doing the very best we can. You do not receive arms from us as fast as you need them; but it is because we have not near enough to meet all the pressing demands, and we are obliged to share around what we have, sending the larger share to the points which appear to need them most. We have great hope that our own supply will be ample before long, so that you and all others can have as many as you need. I see an article in an Indianapolis newspaper denouncing me for not answering your letter sent by special messenger two or three weeks ago. I did make what I thought the best answer I could to that letter. As I remember, it asked for ten heavy guns to be distributed with some troops at Lawrenceburgh, Madison, New Albany, and Evansville; and I ordered the guns and directed you to send the troops if you had them. As to Kentucky, you do not estimate that State as more important than I do; but I am compelled to watch all points. While I write this I am if not in range at least in hearing of cannon shot, from an army of enemies more than a hundred thousand strong. I do not expect them to capture this city; but I know they would if I were to send the men and arms from here to defend Louisville, of which there is not a single hostile armed soldier within forty miles, nor any force known to be moving upon it from any distance. It is true the army in our front may make a half-circle around southward and move on Louisville; but when they do, we will make a half-circle around northward and meet them; and in the mean time we will get up what forces we can from other sources to also meet them.

I hope Zollicoffer has left Cumberland Gap (though I fear he has not), because, if he has, I rather infer he did it because of his dread of Camp Dick Robinson, reinforced from Cincinnati, moving on him, than because of his intention to move on Louisville. But if he does go round and reinforce Buckner, let Dick Robinson come round and reinforce Sherman, and the thing is substantially as it was when Zollicoffer left Cumberland Gap. I state this as an illustration; for in fact I think if the Gap is left open to us Dick Robinson should take it and hold it; while Indiana, and the vicinity of Louisville in Kentucky, can reinforce Sherman faster than Zollicoffer can Buckner. . . .

Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.†

The conjectures of the President proved substantially correct. Great as was the need of arms for Union regiments, the scarcity among the rebels was much greater. Of the 30,000

* Sherman, "Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 203.

† Unpublished MS.

stands which Johnston asked for when he assumed command, the rebel War Department could only send him 1000. Ammunition and supplies were equally wanting. He called out 50,000 volunteers from Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas, but reinforcements from this and other sources were slow. His greatest immediate help came by transferring Hardee with his division from Missouri to Bowling Green. If, as Sherman surmised, a concentration of his detachments would have enabled him to make a successful march on Louisville, he was unwilling to take the risk. The contingency upon which the rebel invasion was probably based, the expected rising in Kentucky, had completely failed. Johnston wrote to Richmond:

We have received but little accession to our ranks since the Confederate forces crossed the line; in fact, no such enthusiastic demonstration as to justify any movements not warranted by our ability to maintain our own communications.*

One of his recruiting brigadiers wrote:

The Kentuckians still come in small squads; I have induced the most of them to go in for the war. This requires about three speeches a day. When thus stirred up they go, almost to a man. Since I have found that I can't be a general, I have turned recruiting agent and sensation speaker for the brief period that I shall remain.†

For the present Johnston's policy was purely defensive; he directed Cumberland Gap to be fortified, and completed the works at Columbus, "to meet the probable flotilla from the North, supposed to carry two hundred heavy guns," while Buckner was vigorously admonished to "Hold on to Bowling Green." He made this order when Buckner had six thousand men; but even when that number was doubled, after the arrival of Hardee, Johnston was occupied with calculations for defense and asking for further reinforcements.‡

LINCOLN DIRECTS COÖPERATION.

At the beginning of December, 1861, the President was forced to turn his serious personal attention to army matters. Except to organize, drill, and review the Army of the Potomac, to make an unfruitful reconnaissance and to suffer the lamentable Ball's Bluff disaster, McClellan had nothing to show for his six months of local and two months of chief command. The splendid autumn weather, the wholesome air and dry roads, had come and gone. Rain, snow, and mud, crippling clogs to military movements in all lands and

epochs, were to be expected for a quarter if not for half of the coming year. Worse than all, McClellan had fallen seriously ill. With most urgent need of early action, every prospect of securing it seemed to be thus cut off. In this dilemma Lincoln turned to the Western commanders. "General McClellan is sick," he telegraphed to Halleck on the last day of the year. "Are General Buell and yourself in concert?" The following day, being New Year's, he repeated his inquiry, or rather his prompting suggestion, that, McClellan being incapable of work, Buell and Halleck should at once establish a vigorous and hearty co-operation. Their replies were not specially promising. "There is no arrangement between General Halleck and myself," responded Buell, adding that he depended on McClellan for instructions to this end; while Halleck said, "I have never received a word from General Buell. I am not ready to coöperate with him"; adding, in his turn, that he had written to McClellan, and that too much haste would ruin everything. Plainly, therefore, the military machine, both East and West, was not only at a complete standstill, but was without a programme.

Of what avail, then, were McClellan's office and function of General-in-Chief, if such a contingency revealed either his incapacity or his neglect? The force of this question is immensely increased when we see how in the same episode McClellan's acts followed Lincoln's suggestions. However silent and confiding in the skill and energy of his generals, the President had studied the military situation with unremitting diligence. In his telegram of December 31 to Halleck, he started a pregnant inquiry. "When he [Buell] moves on Bowling Green, what hinders it being reinforced from Columbus?" And he asked the same question at the same time of Buell. Halleck seems to have had no answer to make; Buell sent the only reply that was possible: "There is nothing to prevent Bowling Green being reinforced from Columbus if a military force is not brought to bear on the latter place."

Lincoln was not content to permit this knowing and do-nothing policy to continue. "I have just been with General McClellan, and he is much better," he wrote the day after New Year's; and in this interview the necessity for action and the telegrams from the Western commanders were fully discussed, as becomes evident from the fact that the following day McClellan wrote a letter to Halleck containing an earnest suggestion to remedy the neglect and need pointed out by Lincoln's dispatch of December 31. In this letter McClellan advised an expedition up the Cumberland River, a dem-

* War Records.

† Alcorn to Buckner, Oct. 21, 1861. Ibid.

‡ Johnston to Cooper, Oct. 17, 1861. Ibid.

onstration on Columbus, and a feint on the Tennessee River, all for the purpose of preventing reinforcements from joining Buckner and Johnston at Bowling Green, whom Buell was preparing to attack.

Meanwhile Lincoln's dispatch of inquiry had renewed the attention, and perhaps aroused the ambition, of Buell. He and Halleck had, after Lincoln's prompting, interchanged dispatches about concerted action. Halleck reported a withdrawal of troops from Missouri "almost impossible"; to which Buell replied that "the great power of the rebellion in the West is arrayed" on a line from Columbus to Bowling Green, and that two gun-boat expeditions with a support of 20,000 men should attack its center by way of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and that "whatever is done should be done speedily, within a few days." Halleck, however, did not favorably entertain the proposition. His reply discussed an altogether different question. He said it would be madness for him with his forces to attempt any serious operation against Camp Beauregard or Columbus; and that if Buell's Bowling Green movement required his help it ought to be delayed a few weeks, when he could probably furnish some troops. Leaving altogether unanswered Buell's suggestion for the movement up the Cumberland and the Tennessee, Halleck stated his strong disapproval of the Bowling Green movement, and on the same day he repeated these views a little more fully in a letter to the President. Premising that he could not at the present time withdraw any troops from Missouri, "without risking the loss of this State," he said:

I know nothing of General Buell's intended operations, never having received any information in regard to the general plan of campaign. If it be intended that his column shall move on Bowling Green while another moves from Cairo or Paducah on Columbus or Camp Beauregard, it will be a repetition of the same strategic error which produced the disaster of Bull Run. To operate on exterior lines against an enemy occupying a central position will fail, as it always has failed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. It is condemned by every military authority I have ever read. General Buell's army and the forces at Paducah occupy precisely the same position in relation to each other and to the enemy as did the armies of McDowell and Patterson before the battle of Bull Run.

Lincoln, finding in these replies but a continuation of not only the system of delay, but also the want of plans, and especially of energetic joint action, which had thus far in a majority of cases marked the operations of the various commanders, was not disposed further to allow matters to remain in such unfruitful conditions. Under his prompting McClellan, on this same 6th of January, wrote to

Buell, "Halleck, from his own account, will not soon be in a condition to support properly a movement up the Cumberland. Why not make the movement independently of and without waiting for that?" And on the next day Lincoln followed this inquiry with a still more energetic monition: "Please name as early a day as you safely can, on or before which you can be ready to move southward in concert with Major-General Halleck. Delay is ruining us, and it is indispensable for me to have something definite. I send a like dispatch to Major-General Halleck." This somewhat peremptory order seems to have brought nothing except a reply from Halleck: "I have asked General Buell to designate a day for a demonstration to assist him. It is all I can do till I get arms." Three days later, Halleck's already quoted letter of the 6th reached Washington by mail, and after its perusal the President indorsed upon it, with a heart-sickness easily discernible in the words, "The within is a copy of a letter just received from General Halleck. It is exceedingly discouraging. As everywhere else, nothing can be done."

Nevertheless, something was being done: very little at the moment, it is true, but enough to form the beginning of momentous results. On the same day on which Halleck had written the discouraging letter commented upon above by the President, he had also transmitted to Grant at Cairo the direction, "I wish you to make a demonstration in force on Mayfield and in the direction of Murray." The object was, as he further explained, to prevent reinforcements being sent to Buckner at Bowling Green. He was to threaten Camp Beauregard and Murray, to create the impression that not only was Dover (Fort Donelson) to be attacked, but that a great army to be gathered in the West was to sweep down towards Nashville, his own column being merely an advance guard. Flag-Officer Foote was to assist by a gun-boat demonstration. "Be very careful, however," added Halleck, "to avoid a battle; we are not ready for that; but cut off detached parties and give your men a little experience in skirmishing."

If Halleck's order for a demonstration against Mayfield and Murray, creating an indirect menace to Columbus and Dover, had gone to an unwilling or negligent officer, he could have found in his surrounding conditions abundant excuses for evasion or non-compliance. There existed at Cairo, as at every other army post, large or small, lack of officers, of organization, of arms, of equipments, of transportation, of that multitude of things considered necessary to the efficiency of moving troops. But in the West the sudden increase of armies brought to command,

and to direction and management, a large proportion of civilians, lacking methodical instruction and experience, which was without question a serious defect, but which left them free to invent and to adopt whatever expedients circumstances might suggest, or which rendered them satisfied, and willing to enter upon undertakings amidst a want of preparation and means that better information might have deemed indispensable.

The detailed reports and orders of the expedition we are describing clearly indicate these latter characteristics. We learn from them that the weather was bad, the roads heavy, the quartermaster's department and transportation deficient, and the gun-boats without adequate crews. Yet nowhere does it appear that these things were treated as impediments. Halleck's instructions dated January 6 were received by Grant on the morning of the 8th, and his answer was that immediate preparations were being made for carrying them out, and that Flag-Officer Foote would cooperate with three gun-boats. "The continuous rains for the last week or more," says Grant, "have rendered the roads extremely bad, and will necessarily make our movement slow. This however will operate worse upon the enemy, if he should come out to meet us, than upon us." The movement began on the evening of January 9, and its main delay occurred through Halleck's orders. It was fully resumed on the 12th. Brigadier-General McClelland, with five thousand men, marched southward, generally parallel to the Mississippi River, to Mayfield, midway between Fort Henry and Columbus, and pushed a reconnaissance closely up to the latter place. Brigadier-General Smith, starting from Paducah, marched a strong column southward, generally parallel to the Tennessee River, to Calloway, near Fort Henry. Foote and Grant, with three gun-boats, two of them new iron-clads, ascended the Tennessee to Fort Henry, drew the fire of the fort, and threw several shells into the works. It is needless to describe the routes, the precautions, the marching and counter-marching to mystify the enemy. While the rebels were yet expecting a further advance, the several detachments were already well on their return. "The expedition," says Grant, "if it had no other effect, served as a fine reconnaissance." But it had more positive results. Fort Henry and Columbus were thoroughly alarmed and drew in their outposts, while the Union forces learned from inspection that the route offered a feasible line of march to attack and invest Columbus, and demonstrated the inherent weakness and vulnerability of Fort Henry. This, be it remembered, was done with raw forces and

without preparation, but with officers and men responding alike promptly to every order and executing their task more than cheerfully, even eagerly, with such means as were at hand when the order came. "The reconnaissance thus made," reports McClelland, "completed a march of 140 miles by the cavalry, and 75 miles by the infantry, over icy or miry roads, during a most inclement season." He further reports that the circumstances of the case "prevented me from taking, on leaving Cairo, the five-days' supply of rations and forage directed by the commanding officer of this district; hence the necessity of an early resort to other sources of supply. None other presented but to quarter upon the enemy or to purchase from loyal citizens. I accordingly resorted to both expedients as I had opportunity."

Lincoln's prompting did not end with merely having produced this reconnaissance. The President's patience was well-nigh exhausted; and while his uneasiness drove him to no act of rashness, it caused him to repeat his admonitions and suggestions. In addition to his telegrams and letters to the Western commanders between December 31 and January 6, he once more wrote to both, on January 13, to point out how advantage might be taken of the military condition as it then existed. Halleck had emphasized the danger of moving on "exterior lines," and insisted that it was merely repeating the error committed at Bull Run and would as inevitably produce disaster. Lincoln in his letter shows that the defeat at Bull Run did not result from movement on exterior lines, but from failure to use exterior lines with judgment and concert; and he further illustrated how the Western armies might now, by judicious cooperation, secure important military results.

MY DEAR SIR: * Your dispatch of yesterday is received, in which you say, "I have received your letter and General McClelland's, and will at once devote all my efforts to your views and his." In the midst of my many cares I have not seen nor asked to see General McClelland's letter to you. For my own views, I have not offered, and do not now offer, them as orders; and while I am glad to have them respectfully considered, I would blame you to follow them contrary to your own clear judgment, unless I should put them in the form of orders. As to General McClelland's views, you understand your duty in regard to them better than I do. With this preliminary, I state my general idea of this war to be, that we have the greater numbers, and the enemy has the greater facility of concentrating forces upon points of collision; that we must fail unless we can find some way of making our advantage an overmatch for his; and that this can only be done by menacing him with superior forces at different points at the same time, so that we can safely attack one or both if he makes no

* This letter was addressed to Buell, but a copy of it was also sent to Halleck. [War Records.]

change; and if he weakens one to strengthen the other, forbear to attack the strengthened one, but seize and hold the weakened one, gaining so much. To illustrate: Suppose last summer, when Winchester ran away to reinforce Manassas, we had forborne to attack Manassas, but had seized and held Winchester. I mention this to illustrate, not to criticize. I did not lose confidence in McDowell, and I think less harshly of Patterson than some others seem to. In application of the general rule I am suggesting, every particular case will have its modifying circumstances, among which the most constantly present and most difficult to meet will be the want of perfect knowledge of the enemy's movements. This had its part in the Bull Run case; but worse in that case was the expiration of the terms of the three-months' men. Applying the principle to your case, my idea is that Halleck shall menace Columbus and "down river" generally, while you menace Bowling Green and east Tennessee. If the enemy shall concentrate at Bowling Green do not retire from his front, yet do not fight him there either; but seize Columbus and east Tennessee, one or both, left exposed by the concentration at Bowling Green. It is a matter of no small anxiety to me, and one which I am sure you will not overlook, that the east Tennessee line is so long and over so bad a road.

Buell made no reply to this letter of Lincoln's; but Halleck sent an indirect answer a week later, in a long letter to General McClellan, under date of January 20. The communication is by no means a model of correspondence when we remember that it emanates from a trained writer upon military science. It is long and somewhat rambling; it finds fault with politics and politicians in war, in evident ignorance of both politics and politicians. It charges that past want of success "is attributable to the politicians rather than to the generals," in plain contradiction of the actual facts. It condemns "pepper-box strategy," and recommends detached operations in the same breath. The more noticeable point of the letter is that, while reiterating that the General-in-Chief had furnished no general plan, and while the principal commanders had neither unity of views nor concert of action, it ventures, though somewhat feebly, to recommend a combined system of operations for the West. Says Halleck, in this letter:

The idea of moving down the Mississippi by steam is, in my opinion, impracticable, or at least premature. It is not a proper line of operations, at least now. A much more feasible plan is to move up the Cumberland and Tennessee, making Nashville the first objective point. This would turn Columbus and force the abandonment of Bowling Green. . . . This line of the Cumberland and Tennessee is the great central line of the western theater of war, with the Ohio below the mouth of Green River as the base, and two good navigable rivers extending far into the interior of the theater of operations. But the plan should not be attempted without a large force—not less than 60,000 effective men.

The idea was by no means new. Buell had tentatively suggested it to McClellan as early as November 27; McClellan had asked further details about it December 5; Buell had

again specifically elaborated it, "as the most important strategical point in the whole field of operations," to McClellan on December 29, and as the "center" of the rebellion front in the West, to Halleck on January 3. Yet, recognizing this line as the enemy's chief weakness, McClellan at Washington, Buell at Louisville, and Halleck at St. Louis, holding the President's unlimited trust and authority, had allowed nearly two months to elapse, directing the Government power to other objects, to the neglect, not alone of military success, but of plans of coöperation, of counsel, of intention to use this great and recognized military advantage, until the country was fast losing confidence and even hope. Even now Halleck did not propose immediately to put his theory into practice. Like Buell, he was calling for more troops for the "politicians" to supply. It is impossible to guess when he might have been ready to move on his great strategic line, if subordinate officers, more watchful and enterprising, had not in a measure forced the necessity upon his attention.

GRANT AND THOMAS IN KENTUCKY.

In the early stage of military organization in the West, when so many volunteer colonels were called to immediate active duty in the field, the West Point education of Grant and his practical campaign training in the Mexican war made themselves immediately felt and appreciated at the department headquarters. His usefulness and superiority were at once evident by the clearness and brevity of his correspondence, the correctness of routine reports and promptness of their transmission, the pertinence and practical quality of his suggestions, the readiness and fertility of expedient with which he executed orders. Any one reading over his letters of this first period of his military service is struck by the fact that through him something was always accomplished. There was absence of excuse, complaint, or delay; always the report of a task performed. If his means or supplies were imperfect, he found or improvised the best available substitute; if he could not execute the full requirement, he performed so much of it as was possible. He always had an opinion, and that opinion was positive, intelligible, practical. We find therefore that his allotted tasks from the very first rose continually in importance. He gained in authority and usefulness, not by solicitation or intrigue, but by services rendered. He was sent to more and more difficult duties, to larger supervision, to heavier responsibilities. From guarding a station at Mexico on the North

Missouri railroad, to protecting a railroad terminus at Ironton in south-east Missouri; from there to brief inspection duty at Jefferson City, then to the command of the military district of south-east Missouri; finally to the command of the great military depot and rendezvous at Cairo, Illinois, with its several outlying posts and districts, and the supervision of its complicated details about troops, arms, and supplies to be collected and forwarded in all directions,—clearly it was not chance which brought him to such duties, but his fitness to perform them. It was from the vantage ground of this enlarged command that he had checkmated the rebel occupation of Columbus, by immediately seizing Paducah and Smithland. And from Cairo also he organized and led his first experiment in field fighting, at what is known as the battle of Belmont.

Just before Frémont was relieved, and while he was in the field in nominal pursuit of Price, he had ordered Grant to clear south-eastern Missouri of guerrillas, with the double view of restoring local authority and preventing reinforcements to Price. Movements were in progress to this end when it became apparent that the rebel stronghold at Columbus was preparing to send out a column.

Grant organized an expedition to counteract this design, and on the evening of November 6 left Cairo with about 3000 men on transports, under convoy of 2 gun-boats, and steamed down the river. Upon information gained while on his route, he determined to break up a rebel camp at Belmont Landing, on the Missouri shore opposite Columbus, as the best means of making his expedition effective. On the morning of the 7th he had landed his troops at Hunter's Point, three miles above Belmont, and marched to a favorable place for attack back of the rebel encampment, which was situated in a large open field and was protected on the land side by a line of abatis. By the time Grant reached his position the rebel camp, originally consisting of a single regiment, had been reinforced by four regiments under General Pillow, from Columbus. A deliberate battle, with about equal forces, ensued. Though the Confederate line courageously contested the ground, the Union line, steadily advancing, swept the rebels back, penetrating the abatis and gaining the camp of the enemy, who took shelter in disorder under the steep river-bank. Grant's troops had gained a complete and substantial victory, but they now frittered it away by a disorderly exultation, and a greedy plunder of the camp they had stormed. The record does not show who was responsible for the unmilitary conduct, but it quickly brought its

retribution. Before the Unionists were aware of it, General Polk had brought an additional reinforcement of several regiments across the river and hurriedly marched them to cut off the Federal retreat, which, instead of an orderly march from the battle-field, became a hasty scramble to get out of danger. Grant himself, unaware that the few companies left as a guard near the landing had already embarked, remained on shore to find them, and encountered instead the advancing rebel line. Discovering his mistake, he rode back to the landing, where "his horse slid down the river-bank on its haunches and trotted on board a transport over a plank thrust out for him."* Belmont was a drawn battle; or, rather, it was first a victory for the Federals and then a victory for the Confederates. The courage and the loss were nearly equal: 79 killed and 289 wounded on the Union side; 105 killed and 419 wounded on the Confederate side.

Brigadier-General McClelland, second in command in the battle of Belmont, was a fellow-townsmen of the President, and to him Lincoln wrote the following letter of thanks and encouragement to the troops engaged:

This is not an official but a social letter. You have had a battle, and without being able to judge as to the precise measure of its value, I think it is safe to say that you, and all with you, have done honor to yourselves and the flag, and service to the country. Most gratefully do I thank you and them. In my present position, I must care for the whole nation; but I hope it will be no injustice to any other State for me to indulge a little home pride, that Illinois does not disappoint us. I have just closed a long interview with Mr. Washburne, in which he has detailed the many difficulties you and those with you labor under. Be assured, we do not forget or neglect you. Much, very much, goes undone; but it is because we have not the power to do it faster than we do. Some of your forces are without arms; but the same is true here, and at every other place where we have considerable bodies of troops. The plain matter-of-fact is, our good people have rushed to the rescue of the Government faster than the Government can find arms to put into their hands. It would be agreeable to each division of the army to know its own precise destination; but the Government cannot immediately, nor inflexibly at any time, determine as to all; nor, if determined, can it tell its friends without at the same time telling its enemies. We know you do all as wisely and well as you can; and you will not be deceived if you conclude the same is true of us. Please give my respects and thanks to all.†

Belmont having been a mere episode, it drew after it no further movement in that direction. Grant and his command resumed their routine work of neighborhood police and observation. Buell and Halleck, both coming to their departments as new commanders shortly afterward, were absorbed with difficulties at other points. Secession was not yet

* Force, "From Fort Henry to Corinth," p. 23.

† Lincoln to McClelland, Nov. 10, 1861. Unpublished MS.

quieted in Kentucky. The Union troops at Cairo, Paducah, Smithland, and other river towns yet stood on the defensive, fearing rebel attack rather than preparing to attack rebels. Columbus and Bowling Green were the principal Confederate camps, and attracted and received the main attention from the Union commanders.

The first noteworthy occurrence following Belmont, as well as the beginning of the succession of brilliant Union victories which distinguished the early months of the year 1862, was the battle of Mill Springs, in eastern Kentucky. It had been the earnest desire of President Lincoln that a Union column should be sent to seize and hold east Tennessee, and General McClellan had urged such movement upon General Buell in several dispatches almost peremptory in their tone. At first Buell seemed to entertain the idea and promised compliance; but as his army increased in strength and discipline his plans and hopes centered themselves in an advance against Bowling Green, with the design to capture Nashville. General Thomas remained posted in eastern Kentucky, hoping that he might be called upon to form his column and lead it through the Cumberland Gap to Knoxville; but the weeks passed by, and the orders which he received only tended to scatter his few regiments for local defense and observation. With the hesitation of the Union army at this point, the Confederates became bolder. Zollicoffer established himself in a fortified camp on the north bank of the Cumberland River, where he could at the same time defend Cumberland Gap and incite eastern Kentucky to rebellion. Here he became so troublesome that Buell found it necessary to dislodge him, and late in December sent General Thomas orders to that effect. Thomas was weak in numbers, but strong in vigilance and courage. He made a difficult march during the early weeks of January, 1862, and halted at Logan's Cross Roads, within ten miles of the rebel camp, to await the junction of his few regiments. The enemy, under Zollicoffer and his district commander, Crittenden, resolved to advance and crush him before he could bring his force together. Thomas prepared for and accepted battle. The enemy had made a fatiguing night march of nine miles, through a cold rain and over muddy roads. On the morning of January 19 the battle, begun with spirit, soon had a dramatic incident. The rebel commander, Zollicoffer, mistaking a Union regiment, rode forward and told its commanding officer, Colonel Speed S. Fry, that he was firing upon friends. Fry, not aware that Zollicoffer was an enemy, turned away to order his men to stop firing. At this moment one of

Zollicoffer's aides rode up, and seeing the true state of affairs drew his revolver and began firing at Fry, wounding his horse. Fry, wheeling in turn, drew his revolver and returned the fire, shooting Zollicoffer through the heart.* The fall of the rebel commander served to hasten and complete the defeat of the Confederates. They retreated in disorder to their fortified camp at Mill Springs. Thomas ordered immediate pursuit, and the same night invested their camp and made preparations to storm their intrenchments the following morning. When day came, however, it was found that the rebels had precipitately crossed the Cumberland River during the night, abandoning their wounded, twelve pieces of artillery, many small-arms, and extensive supplies, and had fled in utter dispersion to the mountains. It was one of the most remarkable Union victories of the war. General Thomas's forces consisted of a little over six regiments, those of Crittenden and Zollicoffer something over ten regiments.† It was more than a defeat for the Confederates. Their army was annihilated, and Cumberland Gap once more stood exposed, so that Buell might have sent a Union column and taken possession of eastern Tennessee with but feeble opposition. It is possible that the brilliant opportunity would at last have tempted him to comply with the urgent wishes of the President and the express orders of the General-in-Chief, had not unexpected events in another quarter diverted his attention and interest.

There was everywhere, about the months of December, 1861, and January, 1862, a perceptible increase of the Union armies by fresh regiments from the Northern States, a better supply of arms through recent importations, an increase of funds from new loans, and the delivery for use of various war material, the product of the summer's manufacture. Of prime importance to the military operations which centered at Cairo was the completion and equipment of the new gun-boats. A word of retrospect concerning this arm of the military service is here necessary. Commander John Rodgers was sent West in the month of May, 1861, to begin the construction of war vessels for Western rivers. Without definite plans he had purchased, and hastily converted, and armed as best he might, three river steamers. These were put into service in September. They were provided with cannon, but had no iron plating. They were the *Tyler*,‡ of 7 guns; the *Lexington*, of 6 guns; and the *Con-*

* Cist, "Army of the Cumberland," pp. 17, 18.

† Van Horne, "History of the Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 57.

‡ This vessel seems to have been named the *Tyler* at one time and the *Taylor* at another.

estoga, of 3 guns. Making Cairo their central station, they served admirably in the lighter duties of river police, in guarding transports, and in making hasty trips of reconnaissance. For the great expedition down the Mississippi, projected during the summer and fall of 1861, a more powerful class of vessels was provided.* The distinguished civil engineer James B. Eads designed and was authorized to build 7 new gun-boats, to carry 13 guns each, and to be protected about the bows with iron plating capable of resisting the fire of heavy artillery. They were named the *Cairo*, *Cavendish*, *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Pittsburg*, and *St. Louis*. Two additional gun-boats of the same type of construction, but of larger size,—the *Benton*, of 16 guns, and the *Essex*, of 5 guns,—were converted from other vessels about the same time. At the time Flag-Officer Foote finally accepted the first seven (January 15, 1862), it had been found impossible to supply them with crews of Eastern seamen. Resort was had to Western steamboatmen, and also to volunteers from infantry recruits. The joint reconnaissance of Grant and Foote to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, January 14, has been related. A second examination was made by General Smith, who on January 22 reports that he had been within two miles and a half of the fort; that the river had risen fourteen feet since the last visit, giving a better opportunity to reconnoiter; more important, that the high water had drowned out a troublesome advance battery, and that, in his opinion, two iron-clad gun-boats could make short work of it. It is evident that, possessed of this additional information, Grant and Foote immediately resolved upon vigorous measures. Grant had already asked permission to visit Halleck at St. Louis. This was given; but Halleck refused to entertain his project. So firmly convinced was Grant, however, that his plan was good, that, though unsuccessful at first, he quickly renewed the request.† “Commanding-General Grant and myself,” telegraphed Foote to Halleck (January 28, 1862), “are of opinion that Fort Henry on the Tennessee River can be carried with four iron-clad gun-boats and troops to permanently occupy. Have we your authority to move for that purpose when ready?” To this Grant on the same day added the direct proposal, “With permission, I will take Fort Henry on the Ten-

nessee, and establish and hold a large camp there.” It would appear that no immediate answer was returned, for on the following day Grant renews his proposition with more emphasis.‡

It is easy to perceive what produced the sudden change in Halleck's mind. Grant's persistent urging was evidently the main influence, but two other events contributed essentially to the result. The first was the important victory gained by Thomas at Mill Springs in eastern Kentucky on January 19, the certain news of which was probably just reaching him; the second was a telegram from Washington, informing him that General Beauregard, with fifteen regiments from the Confederate army in Virginia, was being sent to Kentucky to be added to Johnston's army.§ “I was not ready to move,” explains Halleck afterward, “but deemed best to anticipate the arrival of Beauregard's forces.” It is well also to remember in this connection that two days before, President Lincoln's War Order No. 1 had been published, ordering a general movement of all the armies of the Union on the coming 22d of February. Whatever induced it, the permission now given was full and hearty. “Make your preparations to take and hold Fort Henry,” Halleck telegraphed to Grant on the 30th of January. “I will send you written instructions by mail.”

Grant and Foote had probably already begun their preparation. Receiving Halleck's instructions on February 1, Grant on the following day started his expedition of 15,000 men on transports, and Foote accompanied him with 7 gun-boats for convoy and attack. Their plan contemplated a bombardment by the fleet from the river, and assault on the land side by the troops. For this purpose General McClelland, with a division, was landed four miles below the fort on February 4. They made a reconnaissance on the 5th, and being joined by another division, under General Smith, were ordered forward to invest the fort on the 6th. This required a circuitous march of eight miles, during which the gun-boats of Flag-Officer Foote, having less than half the distance to go by the river, moved on and began the bombardment. The capture proved easier than was anticipated. General Tilghman, the Confederate commander of the

* To show the unremitting interest of the President in these preparations, and how his encouragement and prompting followed even their minor details, we quote from his autograph manuscript a note to the Secretary of War:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Jan. 24, 1862.

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR.

MY DEAR SIR: On reflection I think you better make a peremptory order on the ordnance officer at Vol. XXXVI.—80.

Pittsburg to ship the ten mortars and two beds to Cairo instantly, and all others as fast as finished, till ordered to stop, reporting each shipment to the Department here.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

† Grant, “Memoirs,” Vol. I., p. 287.

‡ Ibid.

§ McClellan to Halleck and Buell, January 29, 1862. War Records.

fort, had, early that morning, sent away his 3000 infantry to Fort Donelson, being convinced that he was beset by an overpowering force. He kept only one company of artilleryists to work the eleven river guns of the fort; with these he defended the work about two hours, but without avail. Foote's 4 iron-plated gun-boats steamed boldly within 600 yards. The bombardment, though short, was well sustained on both sides, and not without its fluctuating chances. Two of the heaviest guns in the fort were soon silenced, one by bursting, the other being rendered useless by an accident with the priming wire. At this point a rebel shot passed through the casemate and the boiler of the gun-boat *Essex*, and she drifted helplessly out of the fight. But the remaining gun-boats continued their close and fierce attack, and five more of the rebel guns being speedily disabled, General Tilghman hauled down his flag and came on board to surrender the fort. McClelland's troops, from the land side, soon after entered the work and took formal possession. On the same day Grant telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours"; and his dispatch bore yet another significant announcement eminently characteristic of the man, "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

FORT DONELSON.

THE news of the capture of Fort Henry created a sudden consternation among the Confederate commanders in Tennessee. It seemed as if the key-stone had unexpectedly fallen out of their arch of well-planned defenses. Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Hardee immediately met in a council of war at Bowling Green, and after full discussion united in a memorandum acknowledging the disaster and resolving on the measures which in their judgment it rendered necessary. They foresaw that Fort Donelson would probably also fall; that Johnston's army must retreat to Nashville to avoid capture; that since Columbus was now separated from Bowling Green, the main army at Columbus must retreat to Humboldt, or possibly to Grand Junction, leaving only a sufficient garrison to make a desperate defense of the works and the river;* and immediate orders were issued to prepare for these movements. Nevertheless, Johnston, to use his own language, resolved "to fight for Nashville at Donelson." For this purpose he divided the army at Bowling Green, starting 8000 of his men under Generals Buckner and Floyd, together with 4000 more under

Pillow from other points, on a rapid march to reinforce the threatened fort,† while General Hardee led his remaining 14,000 men on their retreat to Nashville.‡ This retreat was not alone a choice of evils. Even if Fort Henry had not fallen and Donelson been so seriously menaced, the overwhelming force of Buell would have compelled a retrograde movement. Had Buell been a commander of enterprise he would have seized this chance of inflicting great damage upon the diminished enemy in retreat. His advance guard, indeed, followed; but Johnston's remnant, marching night and day, succeeded in reaching the Cumberland River opposite Nashville, where, after preparations to cross in haste, the rebel commander awaited with intense eagerness to hear the fate of Donelson.

Of the two commanders in the West, the idea of the movement up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers was more favorably thought of by Halleck than by Buell. Buell pointed out its value, but began no movement that looked to its execution. Halleck, on the contrary, not only realized its importance, but immediately entertained the design of ultimately availing himself of it; thus he wrote at the time he ordered the reconnaissance which demonstrated its practicability: "The demonstration which General Grant is now making I have no doubt will keep them [the enemy] in check till preparations can be made for operations on the Tennessee or Cumberland."§ His conception of the necessary preparations was, however, almost equivalent to the rejection of the plan. He thought that it would require a force of 60,000 men; and to delay it till that number and their requisite material of war could be gathered or detached under prevailing ideas would amount to indefinite postponement.

When at last, through Grant's importunity, the movement was actually begun by the advance to capture Fort Henry, a curious interest in the expedition and its capabilities developed itself among the commanders. Grant's original proposition was simply to capture Fort Henry and establish a large camp. Nothing further was proposed, and Halleck's instructions went only to the same extent, with one addition. As the reported arrival of Beauregard with reinforcements had been the turning influence in Halleck's consent, so he proposed that the capture of Fort Henry should be immediately followed by a dash at the railroad bridges across the Tennessee and their destruction, to prevent those reinforcements from reaching Johnston. But

* Beauregard, Memorandum, Feb. 7, 1862. War Records.

† Johnston to —, March 17, 1862. War Records.

‡ Johnston to Benjamin, Feb. 8, 1862. War Records.

§ Halleck to McClellan, Jan. 14, 1862. War Records.

with the progress of Grant's movement the chances of success brightened, and the plan began correspondingly to expand. On the 2d of February, when Grant's troops were preparing to invest Fort Henry, Halleck's estimate of coming possibilities had risen a little. He wrote to Buell:

At present it is only proposed to take and occupy Fort Henry and Dover [Donelson], and, if possible, cut the railroad from Columbus to Bowling Green.

Here we have Donelson added to Henry in the intention of the department commander. That the same intention existed in Grant's mind is evident, for, as already related, on the fall of Henry on the 6th, he immediately telegraphed to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. . . . I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry." It is to be noted, however, that in proposing to destroy Fort Donelson, he still limits himself to his original proposition of an intrenched camp at Fort Henry.

At the critical moment Halleck's confidence in success at Fort Henry wavered, and he called upon Buell with importunity for sufficient help to make sure work of it. Buell's confidence also seems to have been very weak; for, commanding 72,502 men,—46,150 of them "in the field,"—he could only bring himself to send a single brigade* to aid in a work which he had described as of such momentous consequence. Afterward, indeed, he sent eight regiments more; but these were not from his 70,000 in the field. They were raw troops from Ohio and Indiana, which McClellan, with curious misconception of their usefulness, had ordered to Buell, who did not need them, instead of to Halleck, who was trying to make every man do double duty.

Out of this uncertainty about the final result at Fort Henry, the indecision of Buell's character becomes deplorably manifest. McClellan, satisfied that Buell could not advance against Johnston's force at Bowling Green over the difficult winter roads, and having not yet heard of the surrender of Fort Henry, suggested to both Buell and Halleck the temporary suspension of operations on other lines in order to make a quick combined movement up the Tennessee and the Cumberland. This was on February 6. Buell's fancy at first caught at the proposal, for he replied that evening:

This whole move, right in its strategical bearing, but commenced by General Halleck without appreciation, preparative or concert, has now become of vast magnitude. I was myself thinking of a change of the line to support it when I received your dispatch. It will have to be made in the face of 50,000, if not 60,000 men, and is hazardous. I will answer definitely in the morning.†

Halleck was more positive in his convictions. He telegraphed to McClellan on the same day:

If you can give me, in addition to what I have in this department, 10,000 men, I will take Fort Henry, cut the enemy's line, and paralyze Columbus. Give me 25,000, and I will threaten Nashville and cut off railroad communication, so as to force the enemy to abandon Bowling Green without a battle.

News of the fall of Fort Henry having been received at Washington, McClellan twenty-four hours later telegraphed to Halleck: "Either Buell or yourself should soon go to the scene of operations. Why not have Buell take the line of [the] Tennessee and operate on Nashville, while your troops turn Columbus? These two points gained, a combined movement on Memphis will be next in order." The dispatch was in substance repeated to Buell, who by this time thought he had made up his mind, for two hours later he answered: "I cannot, on reflection, think a change of my line would be advisable. . . . I hope General Grant will not require further reinforcements. I will go if necessary." Thus on the night of the 7th, with the single drilled brigade from Green River and the eight raw regiments from Ohio and Indiana, he proposed to leave the important central line on which Grant had started to its chances.

A night's reflection made him doubt the correctness of his decision, for he telegraphed on the morning of the 8th, "I am concentrating and preparing, but will not decide definitely yet." Halleck's views were less changeable: at noon on the 8th, he again urged that Buell should transfer the bulk of his forces to the Cumberland River, to move by water on Nashville. To secure this cooperation, he further proposed a modification of department lines to give Buell command on the Cumberland and Hitchcock or Sherman on the Tennessee, with superior command for himself over both.

No immediate response came from Washington, and three days elapsed when Halleck asked Buell specifically: "Can't you come with all your available forces and command the column up the Cumberland? I shall go to the Tennessee this week."‡ Buell's desire, vibrating like a pendulum between the two brilliant opportunities before him, now swings towards Halleck's proposal, but with provoking indefiniteness and fatal slowness. He answers that he will go either to the Cumberland or to the Tennessee, but that it will require ten days to transfer his troops.§ In this emergency,

* Buell to McClellan, Feb. 5, 1862. War Records.

† Buell to McClellan, Feb. 6, 1862. War Records.

‡ Halleck to Buell, Feb. 11, 1862. War Records.

§ Buell to Halleck, Feb. 12, 1862. War Records.

when hours counted as weeks, Buell showed himself almost as helpless and useless as a dismasted ship, rolling uneasily and idly in the trough of the sea. With, by this time, nearly 100,000 men* in the field, and with certainly a larger proportion of drilled and instructed regiments than could be found either in the camp of Grant or in the camps of the enemy, he could not make himself felt in any direction; he would neither attack the enemy in front nor send decisive help to Grant. He gives forth the everlasting cry of preparation, of delay, of danger.

During his painful hesitation, events forced him to a new conclusion. News came that the rebels had evacuated Bowling Green, and he telegraphed:

The evacuation of Bowling Green, leaving the way open to Nashville, makes it proper to resume my original plan. I shall advance on Nashville with all the speed I can.

From this last determination, Halleck appealed beseechingly to the General-in-Chief. He announced that Grant had formally invested Fort Donelson and that the bombardment was progressing favorably, but he further explained that since the evacuation of Bowling Green, the enemy were concentrating against Grant. He claimed that it was bad strategy for Buell to advance on Nashville over broken bridges and bad roads, and this point he reiterated with emphasis. He telegraphed on February 16:

I am still decidedly of the opinion that Buell should not advance on Nashville, but come to the Cumberland with his available forces. United to Grant we can take and hold Fort Donelson and Clarksville, and by another central movement cut off both Columbus and Nashville. . . . Unless we can take Fort Donelson very soon we shall have the whole force of the enemy on us. Fort Donelson is the turning-point of the war, and we must take it, at whatever sacrifice.

But his appeal was unavailing. McClellan took sides with Buell, insisting that to occupy Nashville would be most decisive. Buell had, indeed, ordered Nelson's division to go to the help of Grant; but in the conflict of his own doubts and intentions the orders had been so tardy that Nelson's embarkation was only beginning on the day when Donelson surrendered. McClellan's further conditional order to Buell, to help Grant if it were necessary, of-

fered a yet more distant prospect of succor. If the siege of Donelson had been prolonged, assistance from these directions would of course have been found useful. In the actual state of facts, however, they show both Buell and McClellan incapable, even under continued pressure, of seizing and utilizing the fleeting chances of war which so often turn the scale of success, and which so distinctly call out the higher quality of military leadership.

Amidst the sluggish counsels of commanders of departments, the energy of Grant and the courage and intrepidity of his raw Western soldiers had already decided one of the great crises of the war. Grant had announced to Halleck that he would storm Fort Donelson on the 8th of February, but he failed to count one of the chances of delay. "I contemplated taking Fort Donelson to-day with infantry and cavalry alone," reported he, "but all my troops may be kept busily engaged in saving what we now have from the rapidly rising waters."† This detention served to change the whole character of the undertaking. If he could have marched and attacked on the 8th, he would have found but 6000 men in the fort, which his own troops largely outnumbered; as it turned out, the half of Johnston's army sent from Bowling Green and other points, conducted by Generals Pillow, Floyd, and Buckner, arrived before the fort was invested, increasing the garrison to an aggregate of 17,000 and greatly extending the lines of rifle-pits and other defenses.‡ This presented an altogether different and more serious problem. The enemy before Grant was now, if not superior, at least equal in numbers, and had besides the protection of a large and well-constructed earth-work, armed with seventeen heavy and forty-eight field-guns. It is probable that this changed aspect of affairs was not immediately known to him; if it was, he depended on the reinforcements which Halleck had promised, and which soon began to arrive. Early on the morning of the 12th he started on his march, with the divisions of McClellan and Smith, numbering 15,000. At noon they were within two miles of Donelson. That afternoon and all the following day, February 13, were occupied in driving in the rebel pickets, finding the approaches, and drawing the lines of investment around the

* The following is the force in the whole of the late Department of the Ohio, as nearly as can be ascertained at present: 92 regiments infantry, 60,882 for duty; 79,334 aggregate, present and absent. 11 regiments, 1 battalion, and 7 detached companies cavalry, 9222 for duty; 11,496 aggregate, present and absent. 28 field and 2 siege batteries, 3368 for duty; 3953 aggregate, present and absent. [Buell to Thomas, February 14, 1862. War Records.]

† Grant to Cullum, February 8, 1862. War Records.

‡ General Grant's estimate of the Confederate forces is 21,000. He says he marched against the fort with but 15,000, but that he received reinforcements before the attack, and their continued arrival had, at the time of the surrender, increased his army to about 27,000. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," Vol. I., pp. 299 and 315.

fort. A gallant storming assault by four Illinois regiments upon one of the rebel batteries was an exciting incident of the afternoon's advance, but was unsuccessful.

To understand the full merit of the final achievement, the conditions under which the siege of Donelson was thus begun must be briefly mentioned. The principal fort, or earth-work which bore the military name, lay on the west bank of the Cumberland River, half a mile north of the little town of Dover. The fort occupied the terminal knoll of a high ridge ending in the angle between the river and the mouth of Hickman Creek. This main work consisted of two batteries of heavy guns, primarily designed to control the river navigation. But when General Johnston resolved to defend Nashville at Donelson and gathered an army of 17,000 men for the purpose, the original fort and the town of Dover, and all the intervening space, were inclosed by a long, irregular line of rifle-pits connecting more substantial breastworks and embankments on the favorable elevations, in which field-batteries were planted; the whole chain of intrenchments, extending from Hickman Creek on the north till it inclosed the town of Dover on the south, having a total length of about two and a half miles. Outside the rifle-pits were the usual obstructions of felled trees and abatis, forming an interlacing barrier difficult to penetrate.

The Union troops had had no fighting at Fort Henry; at that place the gun-boats had done the whole work. The debarkation on the Tennessee, the reconnaissance, the march towards Donelson, the picket skirmishing during the 12th and 13th, had only been such as to give them zest and exhilaration. When, on the morning of the 12th, the march began, the weather was mild and agreeable; but on the afternoon of the 13th, while the army was stretching itself cautiously around the rebel intrenchments, the thermometer suddenly went down, a winter storm set in with rain, snow, sleet, ice, and a piercing north-west wind, that made the men lament the imprudence they had committed in leaving overcoats and blankets behind. Grant's army was composed entirely of Western regiments; fifteen from the single State of Illinois, and a further aggregate of seventeen from the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa. Some of these regiments had seen guerrilla fighting in Missouri, some had been through the battle of Belmont, but many were new to the privations and dangers of an active campaign. Nearly all the officers came from civil life; but a common thought, energy, and will animated the whole mass. It was neither discipline nor mere military ambition; it was

patriot work in its noblest and purest form. They had left their homes and varied peaceful occupations to defend the Government and put down rebellion. They were in the flush and exaltation of a common heroic impulse: in such a mood, the rawest recruit was as brave as the oldest veteran; and in this spirit they endured hunger and cold, faced snow and ice, held tenaciously the lines of the siege, climbed without flinching through the tangled abatis, and advanced into the deadly fire from the rifle-pits with a purpose and a devotion never excelled by soldiers of any nation or epoch.

Flag-Officer Foote, with six gun-boats, arrived the evening of the 13th; also six regiments sent by water. Fort Henry had been reduced by the gun-boats alone, and it was resolved first to try the effect of these new and powerful fighting machines upon the works of Donelson. Accordingly on Friday, February 14, the assault was begun by an attack from the six gun-boats. As before, the situation of the fort enabled the four iron-clads to advance up-stream towards the batteries, the engines holding them steadily against the swift current, presenting their heavily plated bows as a target for the enemy. The attack had lasted an hour and a half. The iron-clads were within 400 yards of the rebel embankments, the heavy armor was successfully resisting the shot and shell from the fort, the fire of the enemy was slackening, indicating that the water-batteries were becoming untenable, when two of the gun-boats were suddenly disabled and drifted out of the fight, one having her wheel carried away, and the other her tiller-ropes damaged.

These accidents, due to the weakness and exposure of the pilot-houses, compelled a cessation of the river attack and a withdrawal of the gun-boats for repairs, and gave the beleaguered garrison corresponding exultation and confidence. Flag-Officer Foote had been wounded in the attack, and deeming it necessary to take his disabled vessels temporarily back to Cairo, he requested Grant to visit him for consultation. Grant therefore went on board one of the gun-boats before dawn on the morning of the 15th, and it was arranged between the commanders that he should perfect his lines and hold the fort in siege until Foote could return from Cairo to assist in renewing the attack.

During all this time there had been a fluctuation of fear and hope in the garrison — from the repulse of McClernand's assault on the 13th, the prompt investment of the fort, the gun-boat attack and its repulse. There was want of harmony between Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, the three commanders within the fort.

Prior to the gun-boat attack a bold sortie was resolved upon, which project was, however, abandoned through the orders or non-compliance of Pillow. That night the second council of war determined to make a serious effort to extricate the garrison. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 15th the divisions of Pillow and Buckner moved out to attack McClelland's division, and if possible open an avenue of retreat by the road running southward from Dover to Charlotte. The Confederates made their attack not only with spirit but with superior numbers. Driving back McClelland's right, they were by 11 o'clock in the forenoon in complete possession of the coveted Charlotte road. Buckner, who simultaneously attacked McClelland's left, did not fare so well. He was repulsed, and compelled to retire to the intrenchments from which he had issued. At this critical point Grant returned from his visit to Foote. What he found and what he did is stated with brevity in the message he hastily sent back:

If all the gun-boats that can will immediately make their appearance to the enemy it may secure us a victory. Otherwise all may be defeated. A terrible conflict ensued in my absence, which has demoralized a portion of my command, and I think the enemy is much more so. If the gun-boats do not show themselves, it will reassure the enemy and still further demoralize our troops. I must order a charge, to save appearances. I do not expect the gun-boats to go into action, but to make appearance and throw a few shells at long range.*

In execution of the design here announced, Grant sent an order to General C. F. Smith, commanding the second division, who held the extreme left of the investing line, to storm the intrenchments in front of him. His men had as yet had no severe fighting, and now went forward enthusiastically to their allotted task, carrying an important outwork with impetuous gallantry. Learning of his success, Grant in turn ordered forward the entire remainder of his force under Wallace and McClelland. This order was also executed during the afternoon, and by nightfall the whole of the ground lost by the enemy's morning attack was fully regained. There is a conflict of testimony about the object of the attack of the enemy. Buckner says it was to effect the immediate escape of the garrison; Pillow says he had no such understanding, and that neither he nor any one else made preparation for departure. The opportunity, therefore, which his division had during the forenoon to retire by the open road to Charlotte was not improved. By evening the chance was gone, for the Federals had once more closed that avenue of escape.

* Grant to Foote, Feb. 15, 1862. War Records.

During the night of the 15th, the Confederate commanders met in council to decide what they should do. Buckner, the junior, very emphatically gave the others to understand that the situation of the garrison was desperate, and that it would require but an hour or two of assault on the next morning to capture his portion of the defenses. Such a contingency left them no practical alternative. Floyd and Pillow, however, had exaggerated ideas of the personal danger they would be in from the Government if they permitted themselves to become prisoners, and made known their great solicitude to get away. An agreement was therefore reached through which Floyd, the senior general, first turned over his command to Pillow; then Pillow, the second in command, in the same way relinquished his authority to Buckner, the junior general. This formality completed, Floyd and Pillow made hasty preparations, and taking advantage of the arrival of a rebel steamer boarded it, with their personal followers, during the night, and abandoned the fort and its garrison.

As usual, the active correspondents of Western newspapers were with the expedition, and through their telegrams something of the varying fortunes of the Kentucky campaign and the Donelson siege had become known to the country, while President Lincoln at Washington gleaned still further details from the scattering official reports which came to the War Department through army channels. His urgent admonitions to Buell and Halleck in the previous month to bring about efficient coöperation have already been related. The new and exciting events again aroused his most intense solicitude, and prompted him to send the following suggestion by telegraph to Halleck:

You have Fort Donelson safe, unless Grant shall be overwhelmed from outside, to prevent which latter will, I think, require all the vigilance, energy, and skill of yourself and Buell, acting in full coöperation. Columbus will not get at Grant, but the force from Bowling Green will. They hold the railroad from Bowling Green to within a few miles of Fort Donelson, with the bridge at Clarksville undisturbed. It is unsafe to rely that they will not dare to expose Nashville to Buell. A small part of their force can retire slowly towards Nashville, breaking up the railroad as they go, and keep Buell out of that city twenty days. Meantime Nashville will be abundantly defended by forces from all South and perhaps from here at Manassas. Could not a cavalry force from General Thomas on the Upper Cumberland dash across, almost unresisted, and cut the railroad at or near Knoxville, Tennessee? In the midst of a bombardment at Fort Donelson, why could not a gun-boat run up and destroy the bridge at Clarksville? Our success or failure at Fort Donelson is vastly important, and I beg you to put your soul in the effort. I send a copy of this to Buell.

Before this telegram reached its destination, the siege of Donelson was terminated.

On Sunday morning, the 16th of February, when the troops composing the Federal line of investment were preparing for a final assault, a note came from Buckner to Grant, proposing an armistice to arrange terms of capitulation. The language of Grant's reply served to crown the fame of his achievement:

Yours of this date, proposing armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

His resolute phrase gained him a prouder title than was ever bestowed by knightly accolade. Thereafter, the army and the country, with a fanciful play upon the initials of his name, spoke of him as "Unconditional Surrender Grant." Buckner had no other balm for the sting of his defeat than to say that Grant's terms were ungenerous and unchivalric, but the necessity compelled him to accept them. That day Grant was enabled to telegraph to Halleck:

We have taken Fort Donelson and from 12,000 to 15,000 prisoners, including Generals Buckner and Bushrod R. Johnson; also about 20,000 stand of

arms, 48 pieces of artillery, 17 heavy guns, from 2000 to 4000 horses, and large quantities of commissary stores.

By this brilliant and important victory Grant's fame sprang suddenly into full and universal recognition. Congress was in session at Washington; his personal friend and representative, Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, member from the Galena district of Illinois, lost no time in proposing a resolution of thanks to Grant and his army, which was voted without delay and with generous gratitude. With even more heartiness, President Lincoln nominated him major-general of volunteers, and the Senate at once confirmed the appointment. The whole military service felt the inspiring event. Many of the colonels in Grant's army were made brigadier-generals; and promotion ran, like a quickening leaven, through the whole organization. Halleck also reminded the Government of his desire for larger power. "Make Buell, Grant, and Pope major-generals of volunteers," he telegraphed the day after the surrender, "and give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson."



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE CITY OF LINCOLN.

NO man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but dignity of carriage and a masterful air may accomplish many inches; — the yard-stick bears false witness to a Louis Quatorze, a Napoleon, or a Nelson. And as it is with men, so it is with cities. Canterbury counts twenty thousand souls and looks small, weak, and rural. Lincoln counts only a few thousand more, but, domineering on its hill-top, makes so brave a show of municipal pride, has so truculent an air and attitude, that no tourist thinks to patronize it as a mere provincial town. It is a city to his eye; and the greatness of its church simply accentuates the fact. Canterbury's cathedral almost crushes Canterbury, asleep in its broad vale. Durham's rock-borne minster projects so boldly from the town behind it that it still seems what it really was in early years —

at once the master of Durham and its bulwark against aggression. But Lincoln's church, though quite as big and as imperial as the others, seems but the crown and finish of the city which bears it aloft in a close, sturdy grasp. Like Durham cathedral, it stands on a promontory beneath which runs a river. But the hill is very much higher, and the town, instead of spreading away behind the church, tumbles steeply down the hill and far out beyond the stream. Here for the first time in England we feel as we almost always do in continental countries — not that the cathedral church has gathered a city about it, but that the city has built a cathedral church for its own glory and profit.

I.

In truth, the importance of Lincoln as a town long antedates its importance as an ecclesiastical center. We cannot read far enough back in its history to find a record of its birth. When the Romans came — calling it *Lindum*

Colonia, making it mark the meeting-place of two of their great roads, and fortifying it as one of their chief stations—a British town was already lying a little to the northward of the spot they chose. After their departure and the coming of the English, Lindum flourished again, and still more conspicuously when the Danes took and kept it. At the advent of William the Norman it was one of the four chief towns in England, ruled in almost entire independence by a Danish oligarchy of twelve hereditary "lawmen," and containing 1150 inhabited houses, many of them mansions according to the standard of the age. William came from the north after his conquest of York and probably entered by that Roman gate-way which still stands not far from the cathedral; and with his coming began a new and yet more prosperous era for the town. In one corner of the

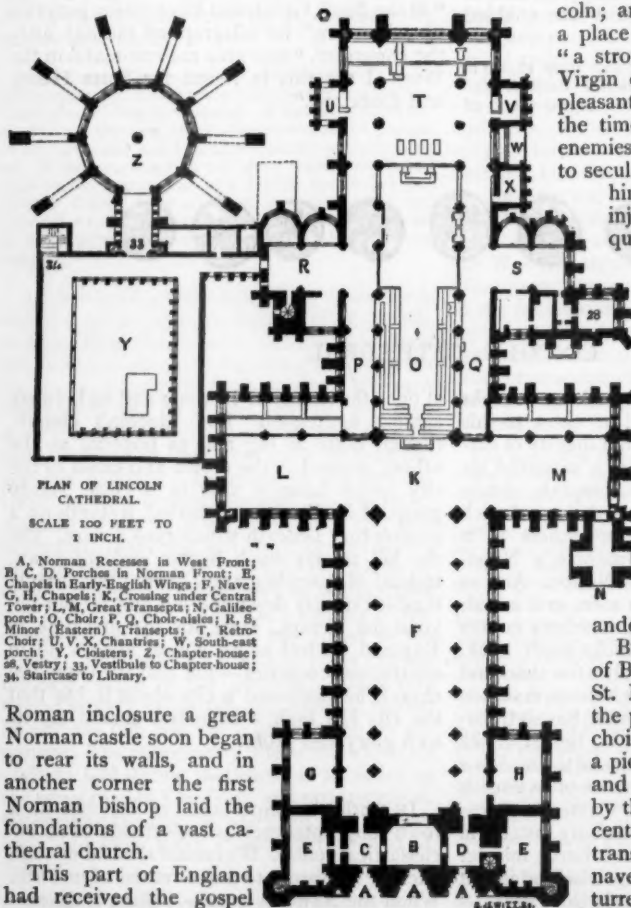
from Paulinus, the famous archbishop of the north, and was at first included in the wide diocese of Lichfield. In 678 a new see was formed which was called of Lindsey after the province, or of Sidnacester after the episcopal town—probably the modern town of Stow. Two years later it was divided, another chair being set up at Leicester. About the year 870 this chair was removed to Dorchester, and hither about 950 the chair of Sidnacester was likewise brought. When the Normans took control the chief place of the united sees was changed again, Lincoln being chosen because of that dominant station and that civic importance which to continental eyes seemed characteristic of the episcopal name.

II.

REMIGIUS was the first Norman bishop of Dorchester, the first bishop of Lincoln; and about the year 1075, "in a place strong and fair," he began "a strong and fair church to the Virgin of virgins, which was both pleasant to God's servants and, as the time required, invincible to his enemies"; and he gave it in charge to secular canons, although he was himself a Benedictine. It was injured by a great fire in 1141, quickly repaired by Bishop

Alexander in the later Norman style, and then almost utterly destroyed in 1185 by an earthquake which "split it in two from top to bottom." Nothing remains of the first cathedral of Lincoln to-day except a portion of Remigius's west-front (built into the vast Early-English façade), and the lower stages of the western towers, which, like the doorways in the front itself, were parts of Alexander's reconstructions.

Bishop Hugh of Avalon or of Burgundy—in the calendar, St. Hugh of Lincoln—began the present church, building the choir, the minor transepts, and a piece of the great transepts; and his immediate successors, by the middle of the thirteenth century, had completed these transepts, together with the nave, the west façade and its turrets and chapels, the great



Roman inclosure a great Norman castle soon began to rear its walls, and in another corner the first Norman bishop laid the foundations of a vast cathedral church.

This part of England had received the gospel

Galilee-porch on the southern side, the vestry, the chapter-house, and the two lower stories of the central tower. These parts are all still the same and are all in the Lancet-Pointed (Early-English) style. The presbytery beyond the minor transepts—the famous “Angel Choir”—was built between 1255 and 1280, the cloisters before 1300, and the upper stages of the central tower immediately after, all in the Decorated style. The

and Perpendicular art brings its accent into the majestic whole.

III.

IF the traveler is wise he will not choose a hostelry in the lower part of the town, for it is a long walk thence to the cathedral, and a walk that means a climb up the steepest streets I saw in England. Fortunately there is a very good inn just beyond the cathedral precincts, within the precincts of the old Roman



THE EXCHEQUER GATE AND THE WEST-FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

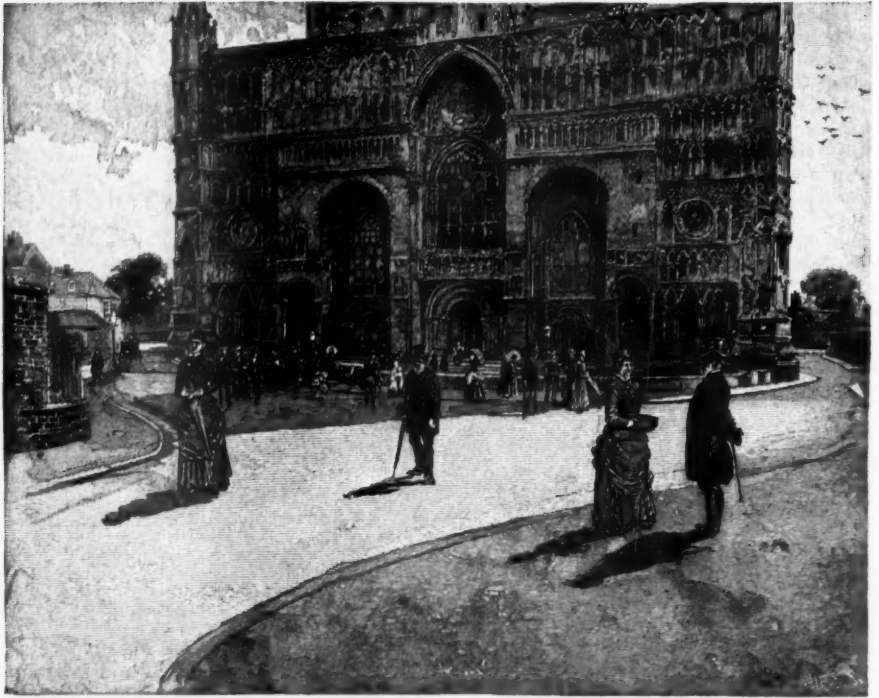
earliest Perpendicular manner—close akin to the latest Decorated—is revealed in the upper stories of the western towers; and in many of the older portions of the church both Decorated and Perpendicular windows were inserted.

The church of Lincoln is thus a most interesting one to study after we have been at Salisbury and Lichfield. At Salisbury we found a church wholly in the Early-English manner with a Decorated spire. At Lichfield we found one almost wholly in the Decorated manner with Early-English transepts. At Lincoln Lancet-Pointed work is again preponderant, but Decorated work is very conspicuous and singularly fine, Norman features still remain,

VOL. XXXVI.—81.

station. As we leave its door we turn a corner, where a curious half-timbered house overhangs the street, and see to the westward the Roman gate and the Norman castle, and to the eastward the “Exchequer Gate,” a tall three-storied structure of the Decorated period. This admits us into a small paved square—the Minster Yard—surrounded on three sides by low ecclesiastical dwellings. Filling the whole of the fourth side, just in front of us, rises the enormous façade of the church, peculiarly English in conception, and individual in its naïve incorporation of inharmonious Norman features.

The front which remained after the earthquake—with five great, round-arched re-



THE FAÇADE FROM THE MINSTER YARD.

cesses of graduated height, three of them inclosing low, round-arched portals—was made the nucleus of the new façade. Wide wings finished by turrets were thrown out on each side of it and a high reach of wall was built up above, all covered with Lancet-Pointed arcades in close-set rows; and to bring some semblance of unity into the effect, the round top of the tall central recess was altered into a pointed shape and surmounted by an arcaded gable.

What are we to say of such a front as this? It is not a design in any true sense of the word, and we may believe that it would not have been even had the architect been unhampered by the Norman wall. Like the contemporary façade at Salisbury, which was built under no constraint, the newer part is simply a huge screen, misrepresenting the breadth, and still more grossly the height, of the church behind it; and even as a screen it is ungraceful in outline and weak in composition—elaborately decorated, but almost devoid of architectural sinew and bone. When we study it on paper there is only one verdict to give—a very big piece of work but a very bad one. Yet when we stand in its mighty shadow our indictment

weakens. Then we see how hugely big it is and how its bigness—its towering, frowning, massive, and imperious air—redeems its lack of dignity in design. We see that its great Norman arches preserve their due importance despite the wide fields of alien work around them. We see that although the towers behind it have no true connection with its mass, they yet supplement that mass superbly. We see that the endless repetition of similar niches is at least a successful decorative device, greatly to be preferred to such a counterfeit of architectural designing as the blank windows of the Salisbury façade;—although on paper they may seem but to reveal a want of inventive power, in actuality they give a wonderful effect of repose combined with richness. In short, we see, when face to face with Lincoln, that there may be such a thing in architecture as successful sin—that if a bad piece of work is only big and bold enough it may appear wholly grand and almost beautiful. The front of Lincoln is not a good church-front. It is not an organic composition. It is not even a very clever attempt to unite alien elements in an harmonious whole. But all the same it is a splendid stretch of wall, and one which

gives the observer an emotion such as stirs him very seldom when he views an English cathedral from the west.

IV.

BENEATH the central arch we enter a square porch out of which opens on each hand another of smaller size. Lying under the Norman towers these porches are Norman in body themselves, but are covered with Perpendicular vaults, lined with Perpendicular carvings, and encumbered by eighteenth-century constructions which the tottering state of the

arches between them are so widely spread, that the effect of the long perspective is a little too open and empty, and the triforium seems a little too heavy by contrast. The vaulting, moreover, is far from satisfactory. Diverging ribs in fan-like groups start from each vaulting-shaft and end at equal intervals along a longitudinal mid-rib. The effect of such a design (a common one in large English churches) is never so pleasing as that of a design which shows transverse ribs spanning the nave from shaft to shaft with diagonal ribs crossing between them; for it accords less logically with walls that are conspicuously



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

towers prescribed. Beyond them lie large chapels, forming the Early-English wings of the façade; and behind these but unconnected with them, and divided from the nave-aisles by a low wall only, are again two chapels of a somewhat later date.

The nave itself is more richly adorned than the contemporary Early-English nave at Salisbury, and is more majestic than the still richer Decorated nave at Lichfield. But its piers are so widely spaced and, in consequence, the

divided into compartments, it accentuates length too evidently, and its great conical masses have a heavy and crushing look. The lower the church, the more these faults offend; and Lincoln is very low indeed. Its nave is but eighty feet in height and its choir is eight feet lower still.

The central tower opens above the crossing as a lofty lantern. Its lower stages were built early in the thirteenth century, but almost immediately fell, to be at once rebuilt,

before the year 1250, in exact repetition of the first design.

The most noteworthy features in the great transept are the two rose-windows which, close beneath the vaulting, face each other across its length — the "Bishop's Eye" shining at the southern end and overlooking "the quar-

ter of the Holy Spirit" that surrounds them. The "Bishop's Eye" dates from about 1330, when the Decorated style was no longer young and had passed from its "geometrical" into its "flowing" stage. In design it does not deserve unstinted praise, for its shape is not strongly enough accentuated by the main lines of the traceries.



ON THE BANKS OF THE WITHAM.

ter of the Holy Spirit" to invite its influence, the "Dean's Eye" shining at the northern end and watching "the region of Lucifer" to guard against his advances. Circular windows of later than a Norman date are not very common in England, and when we see how beautiful are these and how interesting in their contrast, we do not wonder that their fame is wide.

The "Dean's Eye" is an Early-English window of about 1220,—a wheel-window rather than a rose, a perfect example of plate-tracery applied to a round opening. The stone-work is light and graceful, but it is a flat plate pierced, not an assemblage of curved and molded bars; and the design which impresses itself upon the eye — the pattern which makes the window's beauty — is formed by the openings themselves, not by the stone-work

But apart from this want of perfect adaptation, the traceries are very beautiful; and no one can mistake the share they play in the effect of the window. The pattern which makes the beauty of this window is not encircled by the delicate bars of stone, but is composed by these bars. The plate-traceried window (if I may repeat a phrase already used in a similar connection*) appears as a beautiful design done in large spots of light upon an opaque ground. The true traceried window appears as a beautiful design etched in black upon a luminous ground. Fortunately, both the luminous pattern in the Dean's window and the luminous background in the Bishop's are still formed by ancient glass, royally magnificent in color.

* See "Lichfield Cathedral," *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, July, 1888.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE POOL.

V.

THE original choir-screen—or, at least, a rich and massive choir-screen of the Decorated period, a veritable bit of wall—still stands at Lincoln between the angle-piers to the eastward of the crossing. Only when we enter beneath its doorway is the full glory of the vast east-limb revealed. Two distinct designs unite in harmony in this east-limb—St. Hugh's Early-English design of the choir proper and the later Decorated design of the so-called Angel Choir beyond the minor transepts.*

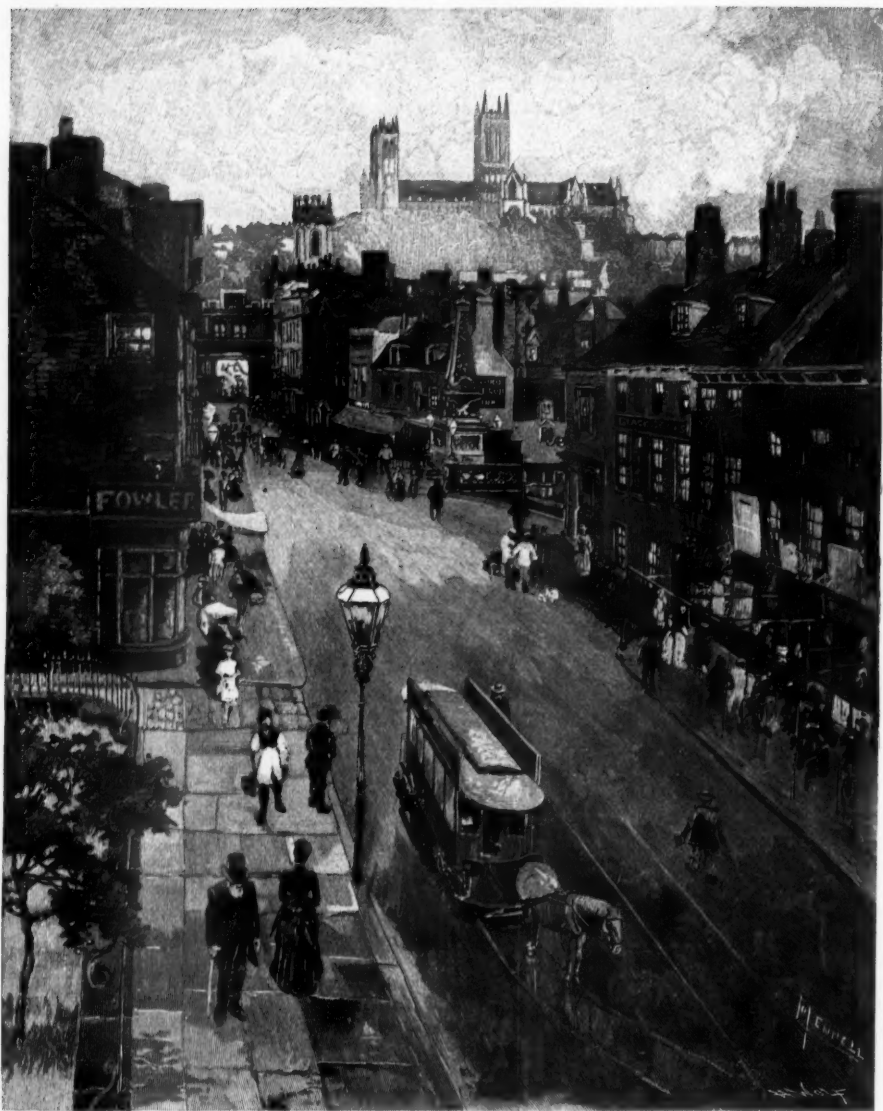
No fiercer architectural battle has ever been fought than the one for which the choir of St. Hugh has supplied the field. The question at issue is one which appeals to something more than cold antiquarian curiosity. When it is asked whether the choir of Lincoln may rightly be called "the earliest piece of pure Gothic work in the world," how shall national pride, international prejudice and jealousy, fail of

their effect upon the answer? In truth, they have variously tinged so many different answers that in reading about this choir we almost feel as though no point in the history of medieval art had been accurately established nor the relative value of any of its characteristics definitely appraised. But it is just this fact which gives the subject its interest for the transatlantic traveler. He might care little about the claims set up for Lincoln if they were merely claims between English church and church. But it is worth his while to try to understand them for the sake of better understanding how the course of architectural development varied between land and land.

It is impossible to formulate a definition of "pure Gothic" work which would satisfy both sides of the Channel. If we were to say both *pure* and *complete*, and speak in a very abstract way, we might, no doubt, succeed. But it is difficult to give even an abstract definition of purity alone, leaving completeness out of sight—for a mere lack of some one char-

* As will be seen from the plan, the "ritual choir" with the high-altar at its eastern end is carried beyond these transepts; but, architecturally speaking, the space beyond them forms, first the presbytery and then the

retro-choir. Architecturally speaking the Angel Choir is not the choir of Lincoln, but a vast accessory space constructed, as so often, to meet the needs of relic-worship.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE HIGH STREET.

acteristic is, in the eyes of many, as great a blot, as conspicuous a mark of the Transitional stage, as the presence of an alien characteristic. And in any case it is hard to make theories—theories in which taste must come to the aid of logic in many decisions—fit so complicated a development as that of Pointed architecture. Whether a feature or detail is perfectly pure, perfectly harmonious with the Gothic ideal, or only approximately pure, only Transitional;

which features and details are of prime and which of secondary importance; how many, if any at all, that are not perfectly pure may consist with a general effect which is entitled to the perfect name—all these are questions that arise in ever-changing application as we pass from church to church, and that men must answer differently in accordance with those æsthetic leanings which, among Europeans, are often merely ingrained prepos-

sions for familiar local types. The best thing an American can do is to notice just how Frenchmen worked in the year 1200 and just how Englishmen worked; and then, if he cares for cut-and-dried beliefs, to decide for himself which of them it was whose work was purest.

To the mind of a French architect in the year 1200 the chief essential, I should say, was the general impression which his building would produce; and this, he felt, depended more upon its proportions and the shape and disposition of its main constructional elements than upon details of form and decoration. It seemed to him much more important that his church should be very lofty and that all its stories should form inseparable parts of a single architectural conception, than that no round arch should appear even in those minor situations where its shape could not affect the structural design. He did not feel, as English critics say he should have felt, that his result would be inharmonious if the square abacus, instead of the round or polygonal abacus, were used in the capitals of his piers; or if some of these piers were simply columnar—were devoid of attached shafts or moldings. But he did feel that his vaulting-shafts should be integrally united in some way with the piers, while even above the most richly molded pier an Englishman could contentedly let his vaulting-shafts be borne by independent corbels. He was not so quick as the Englishman to see that the more complicated new system of construction required more complicated sections for jamb and arch-line, and that the effect would be more harmonious were these sections gently rounded instead of being square and sharp. But he more quickly saw that the greater importance which the new system of vaulting gave to the chief points of support decreased the importance of the walls between them; that this fact ought to be explained, and that wide windows filled with traceries explained it more fully than mere groups of lancets. And a church in the Pointed style unvaulted, covered by a level ceiling, would have seemed to him the negation of all good sense and taste. Occidental builders had first used the Pointed arch in their vaults, in answer to the constructional necessity for making curves of different lengths meet at a common height. From the vault it had descended to the other portions of the fabric, in answer to the æsthetic need for harmony and the growing wish for altitude and

vertical accentuation. From there it had worked with creative touch to guide the new development and dictate its every feature. How, then, could it be omitted there, in a work in the new style, except by committing a patent sin against constructional logic on the one hand, purity of æsthetic effect on the other?

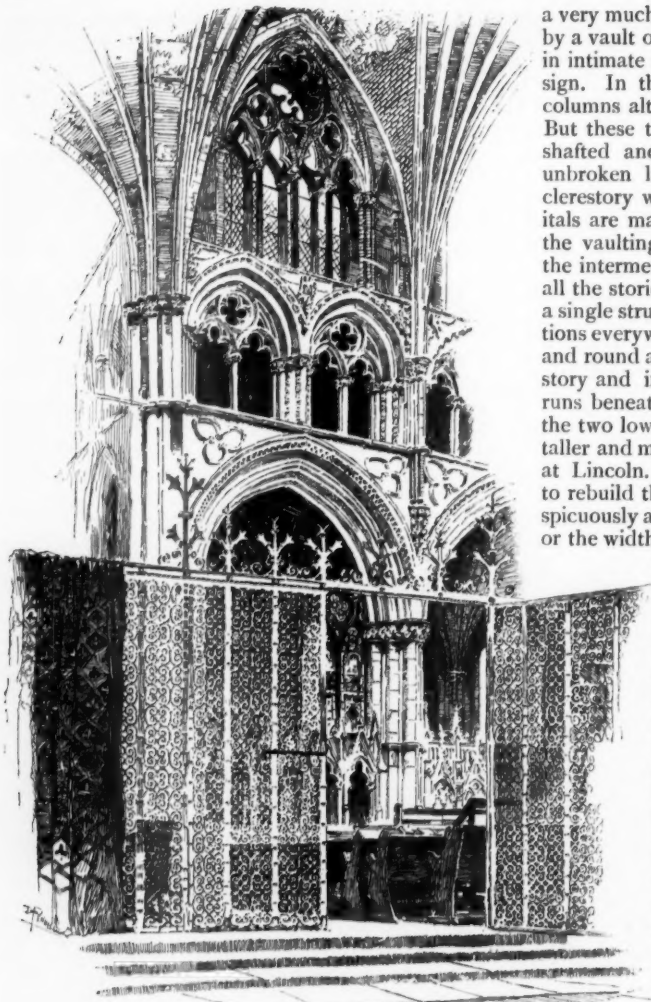
Let us look now at the choir of Lincoln and see in what its purity consists. All its arches are pointed. The great piers of the main arcade are richly shafted, and the lesser piers of the triforium still more richly. All the sections are defined by complex and gently rounded moldings. All the main capitals have the round abacus, and where it does not occur a polygonal form is used; and all the sculptured foliage is of that true Early-English type which is so markedly distinct from any type of Romanesque—upright stalks encircle the capital and bear coronals of curling leaves.

If this choir was really built when English critics (apparently with clear facts to back them) say it was—just before the year 1200—it is certainly both purer and richer in detail than any contemporary work in France.* But does this mean that it is purer in general effect, more truly and distinctively Gothic in feeling, farther on the path towards that stage in development which means perfect purity and completeness both—the entire as well as the impeccable realization of the highest Gothic ideal?

There are many reasons why a French critic may well answer, No. Although all its arches are pointed, those of the main arcade are so very slightly pointed that their effect differs to a scarcely perceptible degree from the effect of semicircles, and those of the triforium are but a trifle more acute, so that these two stories might be rebuilt with round arches and yet their proportions remain the same—their design, constructionally considered, be almost unchanged. Again, the sweep of the vault is so low and its diverging ribs bear so little relation to the design of the wall-compartments, that it seems rather to crush the choir than to soar above it, and actually conflicts with that expression of verticality which should be the animating spirit of every line in a work of Pointed architecture. Moreover, we are told by some authorities that even this vault was not built until after the fall of the tower—that a ceiling of flat boards was the covering St. Hugh bestowed

* It would be hopeless in the space here at command to report the various opinions which have been advanced with regard to the exact age of this work or the degree to which it was affected by foreign example. Even among English critics there are one or two who doubt whether the whole choir was built by St. Hugh, although all agree that it was purely English in its

origin. Among foreign critics many have asserted some continental influence imported by St. Hugh or by his architect, while Viollet-le-Duc declares that everything is purely English, but decides, therefore, that the year 1200 must have seen the beginning rather than the completing of the work.



ONE BAY OF THE ANGEL CHOIR.

upon his choir. If this be true then a contemporary Frenchman might well have called it incomplete in style, inharmonious in effect, and thought its purity and perfection of detail matters of secondary moment. And even if it be not true, he might still have been willing to point to churches of his own and ask impartiality to decide whether they were not further on the road to complete purity than St. Hugh's.

If we look at the nave of Noyon Cathedral, for instance,—which I choose because it was built some thirty years before the earliest date claimed for the choir of Lincoln,—we see

a very much taller structure covered by a vault of soaring effect designed in intimate accord with the wall-design. In the main arcade we find columns alternating with true piers. But these true piers are beautifully shafted and molded; they rise in unbroken lines to the base of the clerestory windows; here their capitals are matched by the capitals of the vaulting-shafts which stand on the intermediate columns, and thus all the stories are united as parts of a single structural idea. Square sections everywhere appear in the arches, and round arches appear in the clerestory and in a little arcade which runs beneath it. But the arches of the two lower stories are very much taller and more sharply pointed than at Lincoln. It would be impossible to rebuild these stories without conspicuously altering either their height or the width of their bays, or leaving

in each a broad, plain field of wall—without tearing the whole design apart and producing a new design of utterly different aspect. In short, the constructional skeleton of Noyon's nave may be called much more purely or, at the very least, much more emphatically Gothic than the skeleton of Lincoln's choir, although the decorative integument at Lincoln is both more richly and more harmoniously developed.

However, the chief thing to remember in connection with this famous quarrel is that even if Lincoln be counted

"the earliest piece of pure Gothic work in the world," the fact cannot sustain the claim that English architects "invented" or "introduced" the Pointed style. This claim has often been made in the past and even now is sometimes made; but it is untenable to a point beyond the need for serious discussion. No facts in all architectural history are more certain than that in twelfth-century France—in the central districts of what we now call France, in the *domaine royal*, the province of the Ile-de-France—pointed arches were first used as the basis of a consistent architectural scheme, and that thence their use

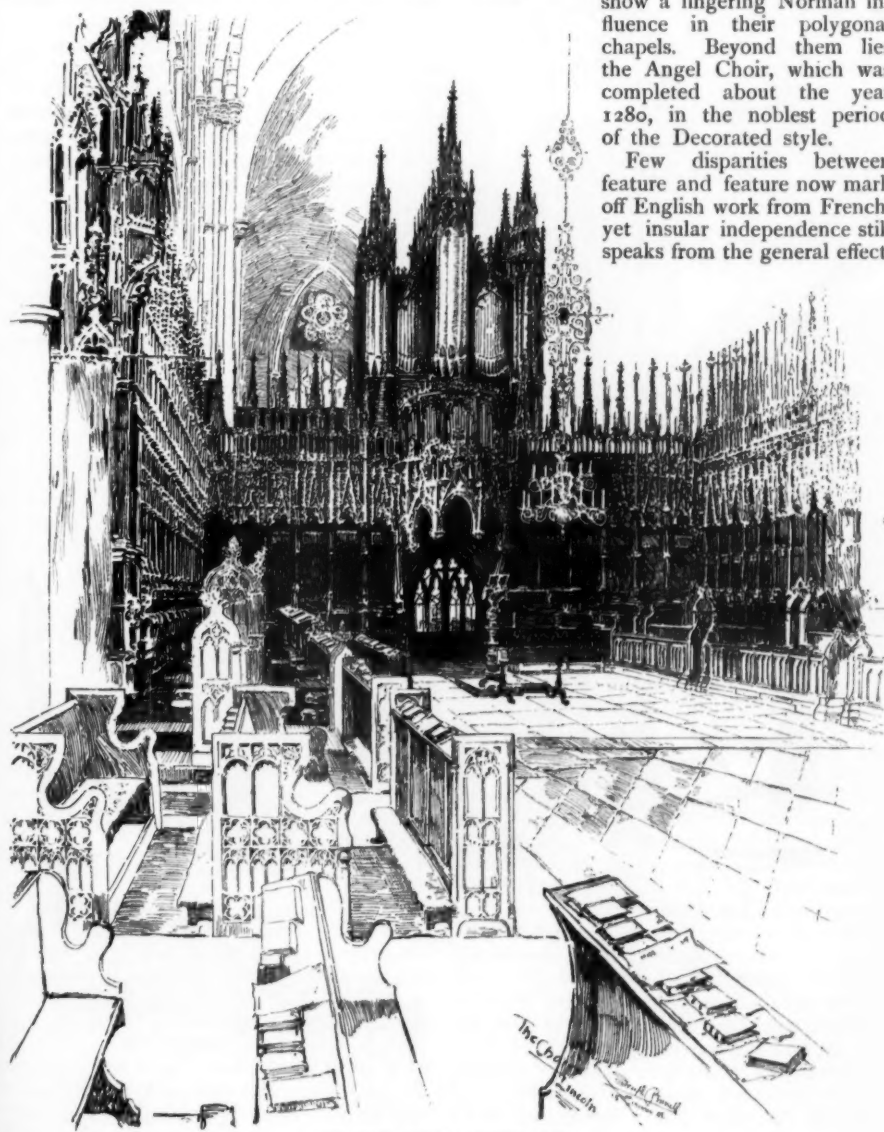
was spread abroad, northward to England, eastward to Germany, southward to Italy and Spain. We need not go for dates in confirmation to the soil of France itself. We have seen the character of the late-Transitional choir at Canterbury and know how nearly it approaches to true Gothic in feature and effect; and we know that it was built by Frenchmen while Englishmen were building the Norman naves of Peterborough and Ely.

The most that can be claimed for English architects is that, after borrowing the new idea, they developed it in an independent way and, as regards certain forms and details, more rapidly than their Gallic rivals.

VI.

THE minor or eastern transepts of Lincoln belong also to the time of St. Hugh and show a lingering Norman influence in their polygonal chapels. Beyond them lies the Angel Choir, which was completed about the year 1280, in the noblest period of the Decorated style.

Few disparities between feature and feature now mark off English work from French, yet insular independence still speaks from the general effect.



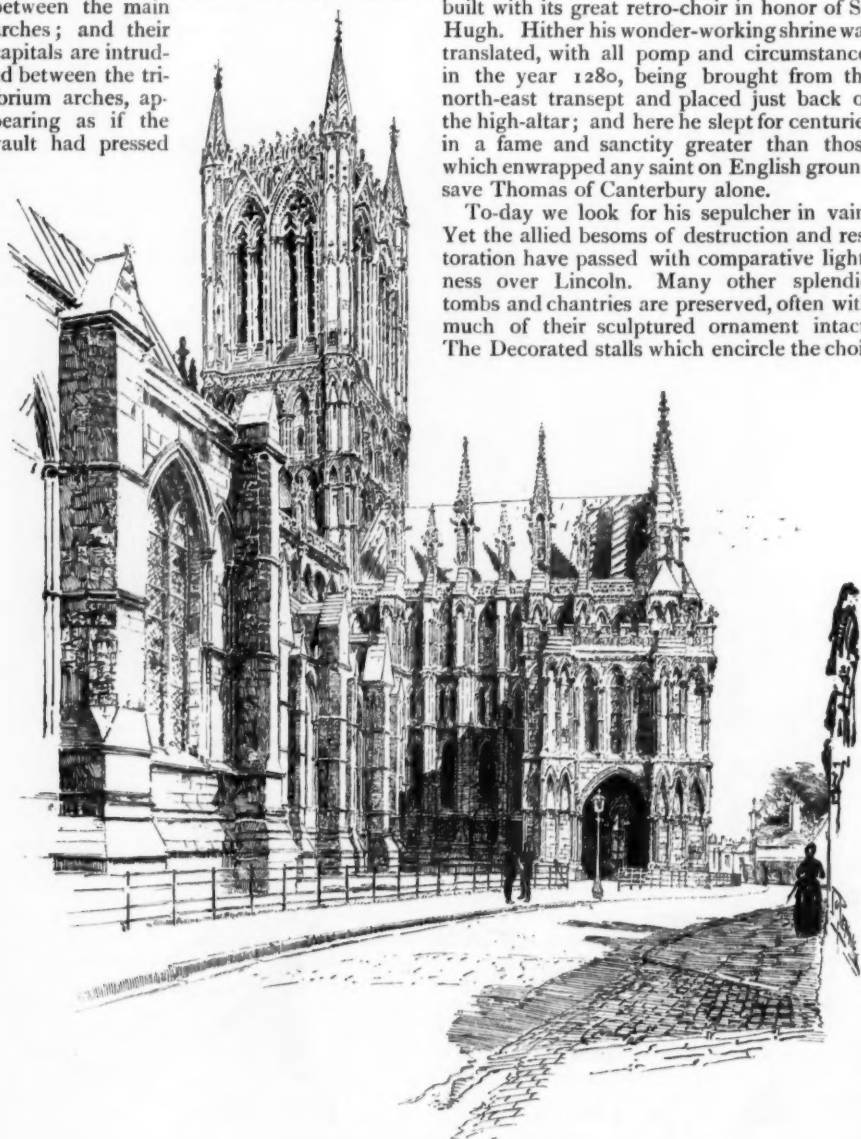
THE CHOIR STALLS, LOOKING WEST.

The low proportions of the Angel Choir suffice to make it almost as unlike any contemporary foreign work as the choir of St. Hugh is unlike the nave of Noyon. Its beauty best appears when we study one of its bays in isolation, forgetting that it is a part of so immensely long a church. Then the design seems to have but a single fault—the vaulting-shafts are not integral, vital parts of it. Their supporting corbels are simply intruded between the main arches; and their capitals are intruded between the triforium arches, appearing as if the vault had pressed

them from their proper station on the clerestory string-course. So in truth it did, not in the actual stone, of course, but in the designer's thought. A vault of this form and height could not have started from a loftier point.

There is no Lady-Chapel at Lincoln; the whole cathedral was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as had been the church of an English congregation which occupied the site before the Normans came. The presbytery was built with its great retro-choir in honor of St. Hugh. Hither his wonder-working shrine was translated, with all pomp and circumstance, in the year 1280, being brought from the north-east transept and placed just back of the high-altar; and here he slept for centuries in a fame and sanctity greater than those which enwrapped any saint on English ground save Thomas of Canterbury alone.

To-day we look for his sepulcher in vain. Yet the allied besoms of destruction and restoration have passed with comparative lightness over Lincoln. Many other splendid tombs and chantries are preserved, often with much of their sculptured ornament intact. The Decorated stalls which encircle the choir

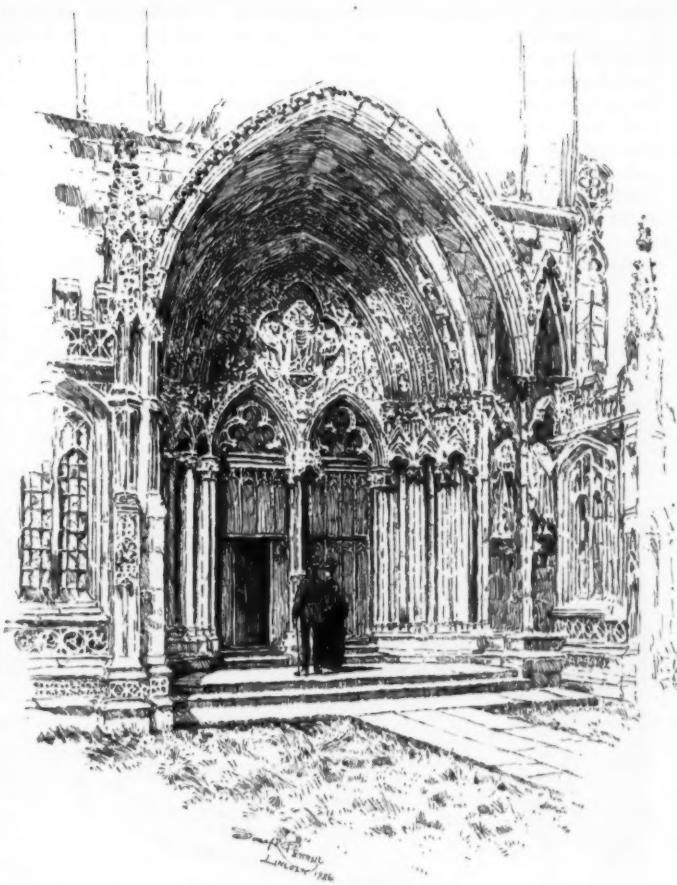


THE CENTRAL TOWER AND THE GALILEE-PORCH.

proper are of admirable workmanship and striking effect. The altar-screen is likewise of the Decorated period, although painfully restored. The blank arcades in the aisles seem surprisingly rich, even after one has seen those in the "Nine Altars" at Durham. The minor transepts are shut off from the choir by tall screens of iron tracery, lovely and yet vigorous as only hammered iron-work can be. Architectural carving is everywhere profuse and usually of the greatest beauty, and the figures in the triforium spandrels, which have given the Angel Choir its popular name, are of unique importance in English interior decoration. The effect of all this lavish adornment is greatly increased by the diversified plan of the structure, which at every step gives varying lights and shadows, new combinations of form, fresh perspectives with fresh accords and contrasts; and altogether the east-limb of Lincoln dwells in my mind as more richly pictorial in aspect than any part of any other English cathedral. Of course the mood of the moment has much to do with imprinting such impressions; yet I venture to record this one with the claim that it cannot be very far away from the truth.

VII.

BUT it is only when we pass outside the church again and make its mighty circuit that the full value of its complex plan and its rich adornment is made clear. I would not say that Lincoln is the most beautiful of English cathedrals inside. I am not quite sure that it is the most impressive outside when seen from a distance. But I am certain that it is the most beautiful and the most interesting outside when studied foot by foot under the shadow of its walls. It is more varied in outline and



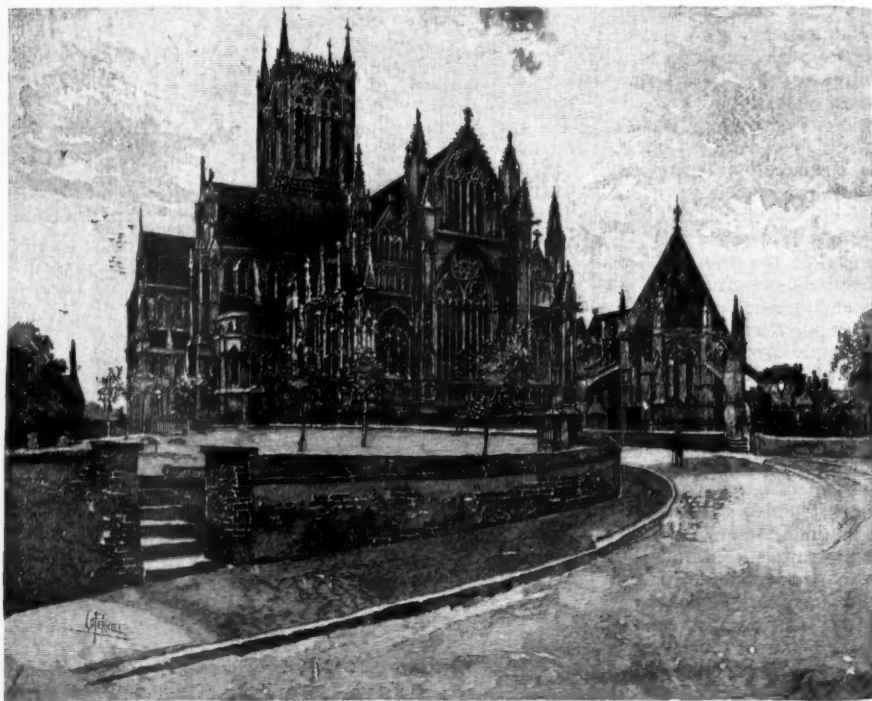
THE SOUTH-EAST PORCH.

feature than Canterbury itself, and it is vastly more ornate.

Even the west-front is extraordinarily interesting in detail, especially in its Norman portions; and when we turn its southern shoulder, beauty and charm increase at every step. First we see the flanks of the Norman towers and on a line with them the low Early-English chapels; and then, set considerably back, the long stretch of the nave with lancet-windows and graceful flying-buttresses, a delicate arcade above the clerestory, and over this an open parapet bearing great canopied niches of the Decorated period. Then comes the side of the transept with the Galilee-porch in bold projection—richly shafted, exquisitely vaulted, and peculiar by reason of its cruciform plan; then the transept-end where the Bishop's Eye looks out beneath a lofty gable; then a deep and shadowy re-

cess between this greater and the minor transept; then the projecting vestry, the gabled front of the minor transept with its beautiful lancet-groups, and another recess varied by the polygonal faces of the little lowly chapels; and then the buttresses and the traceried windows of the Angel Choir rising over a great pinnaced porch and two Perpendicular chantries. Carven ornament has been growing more and more profuse as we have passed

construction of some other chapter-house, confessing that the buttresses of this one show too clearly that they are later additions which merely rest against its walls. But the group as a whole is magnificent; and when we stand a little way off to the south-east so that we can encompass it in a single gaze with the perspective of the whole south-side — then indeed we may learn what architectural composition means.



THE EAST-END AND THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

thus eastward from the earlier to the later work; and here in this south-eastern porch the climax is reached. There is no other large porch in a similar situation in England, and, I think, no porch at all which is so ornate in design.

Nor is there any falling off in beauty of general effect when we turn to the northward and view the east-end of the church and the polygonal chapter-house beyond. We may prefer the treatment of some other east-end, granting that here the upper window (which lights the space between the vaulting and the high-pitched outer roof) is so large that it injures the effect of the principal window, and that the aisle-gables are shams, representing nothing behind them; and we may prefer the

Low as are the vaulted ceilings of Lincoln, its outer roofs, in the six great arms formed by nave and choir and doubled transepts, are unusually high and steep; and, beautifully supported by the lesser roofs — lower in varying degree — of the many chapels, aisles, and porches, they as beautifully support the three tall towers. Far off to the westward rise the sturdy Norman pair with their delicate early-Perpendicular tops, harmonizing well with their greater brother — that central tower which is the crown in beauty as in constructional importance of the whole splendid pile. This late-Decorated central tower of Lincoln has but one real rival — the Perpendicular central tower of Canterbury. Built to bear a lofty wooden spire, while the Canterbury tower

was meant to be spireless from the first, it is nevertheless almost as fine in form, almost as superbly complete in its present spireless state, while in loveliness of feature and enrichment it is beyond compare.

VIII.

THERE is no such wide-spreading Close around Lincoln as around most English cathedrals, yet even here a green environment does not lack. Along the south side of the church runs a border of grass with a street beyond it, and the low walls of the Vicar's Court, flanked by ecclesiastical houses. To the eastward the grass stretches out into a wide lawn, again with a street as its boundary; and to the northward chapter-house and cloisters look on a still broader reach of turf.

The cloisters were from the first almost as purely ornamental, as little required by actual needs, as they are to-day; for there was never a monastic chapter at Lincoln. But whatever the chapter, a house for its councils was required; and a singularly beautiful one was built by the canons of Lincoln. It is decagonal in shape and about sixty feet in diameter, with a complex vault supported by a central pillar, from which the ribs diverge like palm-branches from a palm. There are other chapter-houses which resemble it in general design — as at Salisbury, Wells, and Westminster; but to my mind there is no other so perfect. Its proportions are faultless and the sweep of its ceiling is graceful beyond words. The central pier, with its circle of ten isolated marble shafts; the sharply pointed blank arcade, which surrounds its walls above the stone benches; the lancet windows, which in groups of two fill every face except the one that opens by its whole width into the stately vestibule; the rich vaulting-shafts, which rise between smaller blank lancets in every angle — all are perfect in themselves and in perfect harmony, in close architectural union, with each other. Whatever may be the case in their larger constructions, no one ever surpassed the English in constructions such as this. There is nothing lovelier in the world than this little interior, and there is nothing better as a work of Gothic art.

From the mere position of chapter-house and cloisters we might almost feel sure that they were not built as parts of a great monastic establishment, for in such an establishment their proper place would have been on the south side of the nave. Three sides of the cloisters still stand in their original Decorated form; but the north side, with the library above, was burned in the seventeenth century and was reconstructed by Sir Christopher Wren. Of course this piece of Renaissance work is out

of keeping with all else, yet it is not wholly unwelcome, for it adds to the historic interest of a richly historic spot. Where these cloisters stand once ran the wall of the Roman station, and within them are preserved fragments of a tessellated Roman floor. Beginning, therefore, with these fragments, running the eye over the huge, near body of the church, and then coming back to Sir Christopher's walls, we find signs and symbols of almost all the generations which make England's glory when she counts her treasures of art. There is but one great gap — no sign or token appears of that sturdy race of English builders who had their Church of Mary on this same spot between the going of the Roman and the coming of the Norman. "Saxons" or "Anglo-Saxons" these builders are popularly called, but they were the first Englishmen, the men of true, undiluted English blood. And if names were always applied in accordance with facts, the name of "Early-English architecture" would be given to their primitive round-arched work, and not to the Lancet-Pointed work of those thirteenth-century Englishmen whose blood was tinged with a Norman strain.

IX.

BUT if no relics of the first phase of English art remain in or about Lincoln Cathedral, down in the town of Lincoln we may find them. Here stand two tall church-towers, built in that primitive round-arched style which had once been used by all western Europe, which before the Conquest the Norman had already altered into another round-arched style of quite different aspect, but which the German was still employing. In Germany it was never abandoned — only developed — until it was exchanged for the Pointed style of France. But in England it was at once suppressed by the conquerors' style, and not out of it but out of the Norman style grew the Early-English Pointed. Here at Lincoln we may be almost sure that we see its last gasp for life; for these towers were built by an English colony from the upper town after the architects from over-sea had there begun the great cathedral-church.

Nor are these the only relics of remote antiquity in the low valley and steep, climbing streets of Lincoln. The trace of the Roman is everywhere; not merely in excavated bits of pavement and carving, but in the great "Newport Gate" near castle and church, in the line of the far-stretching highways, in the twelve miles of "Foss Dyke" which, connecting the Witham with the Trent, still serve the purposes of commerce. And the trace of the Norman is still more plainly seen; not only in his hill-top church and castle, but in

several dwellings on the hill-side streets. All of these are yet in use and one of them still keeps, in its name of the "Jew's house," a record of the fact that few but Jews were able in the twelfth century to dwell in habitations of hewn and carven stone. Timbers sheltered the Christian citizen; only God and his priests and the Hebrew pariah could afford the costlier material.

The Jews, in truth, played as conspicuous and at times as martyr-like a rôle in medieval Lincoln as in medieval York. It would be interesting to tell of their dramatic persecution in the fourteenth century were there not in Lincoln's history so many chapters of still greater significance, and had not the architectural chapter been so long in the telling. The diocese was an immense one, even after the Normans set off Cambridgeshire to form the diocese of Ely, for besides its present territory it included, until Reformation times, what are now the sees of Peterborough and Oxford; and the size and strength of the episcopal city, and its situation in the center of England on the high road to the north, helped to insure the permanence of its early renown. Whether we look at its burghers' record or its bishops', there is never an age when great names and deeds are wanting.

Here, for example, King Stephen was defeated and imprisoned in 1141; here was a focus of conflict in the critical reign of King John, and again in the early tempestuous years of King Henry III.; here was a Royalist defense, a Parliamentary siege and triumph, in 1644; and always the burghers as a body were more influential actors than has often been the case on English soil.

Among the bishops who here held sway was first Remigius, the cathedral founder; then Robert Bloet, the chancellor of William Rufus, who was called akin in nature to his patron and thought to be rightly punished when "his sowl, with other walking spretes," was compelled to haunt the cathedral aisles; then Alexander, who repaired the church of Remigius, and, although "called a bishop, was a man of vast pomp and great boldness and audacity," and "gave himself up to military affairs" in the wars of Stephen. Then, after a long interregnum, came one who was never consecrated but enjoyed the temporalities of the see for seven years—Geoffrey Plantagenet, the illegitimate son of Henry II. From 1186 to 1200 ruled St. Hugh, the builder—perfect, we are told, in his daily life, and a model bishop before the world. Another Hugh, who came from Wells, soon followed him, and then in 1235, Robert Grosseteste, than whom no man of his time was more remarkable in himself or more conspicuously be-

fore the nation—a scholar, a builder, a stern disciplinarian in his diocese, and a bold-fronted upholder of the rights of the English Church against the king on the one hand and the pope on the other. Thus the list runs on, often a great name, never a quite inconspicuous one, until in the year 1395 we reach Henry Beaufort, afterwards Bishop of Winchester and Cardinal of Rome, immortalized in a rather unjust light by Shakspeare's hand. He was followed by Philip of Repington, at first an outspoken Wickliffite, then a truckling recanter, and, in consequence, a man whom princes delighted to honor; and he by Richard Fleming, who was the executive of the Roman Church in that act of the results of which the poet says:

The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.

Here at Lincoln, coming from the chair of Rochester, sat John Russell, who played an important political part just before Henry VII. gained the throne; and here for a twelve-month ere he went to York and became a cardinal, Henry VIII.'s ill-used great servant, Wolsey. After the Reformation, bishops of political fame everywhere grew fewer, but Lincoln's succession kept well to the front in the more peaceful walks of intellectual life, and furnished many archbishops to the neighboring chair at York. An honored name occurs in our own day—the name of Christopher Wordsworth, who was first canon and archdeacon at Westminster, and died as Bishop of Lincoln in 1885.

X.

THE south side of Lincoln, wrote Fuller, in his "Worthies" many generations since, "meets the travelers thereunto twenty miles off, so that their eyes are there many hours before their feet." We count by minutes now where Fuller counted by hours; yet they must be dull eyes to which Lincoln does not speak with entrancing power as the railroad crosses the flat wolds towards the base of the roof-piled hill, as they see it ever nearer and nearer, tremendously crowned yet not crushed by its three-towered church, until the encircling river is in the immediate foreground, until at last the church shows paramount as the rail is left and the steep and twisting streets are climbed.

Upon second thoughts I am inclined to say in very positive fashion that when thus beheld, and not only when beheld quite near at hand, Lincoln shows the finest exterior in England. Certainly Durham, apart from its environment, is not its peer, and Durham is

its only rival in dignity of site. Durham, intrinsically, is grand, majestic, and imposing; but Lincoln is all this and very beautiful as well. No other cathedral has so strong yet graceful a skyline, and no other so fine a group of spireless towers. Individually each tower may be surpassed elsewhere, but all three together they are matchless. Not even the knowledge that they once bore spires which now are gone hurts their air of perfect fitness to the church they finish and the site they crown. And as to sites, while Durham is made more picturesque by the trees about it and the castle walls beside it, Lincoln's loftier perch and closer union with the town give it the nobler look. But comparisons are futile. Durham stands superbly in front of its city; Lincoln stands superbly above its city; each is unparalleled in its way, and it is hopeless to determine which way is really finer.

Of course with such a cathedral one need

not pick one's point of view; the difficulty would be to find a place above the horizon whence the church of Lincoln could not be well seen. But to my mind there is one point of view from which it is almost better worth seeing than from very near or from very far. This is from the Vicar's Court—a beautiful walled garden sloping down the hill to the southward of the choir. Seen from here in summer, a mass of trees conceals the greater part of the long body; but the tall transept-fronts show clearly, and the roof-lines, and above them the great tower at just the right distance for appreciating its majesty of form and its loveliness of decoration.

Almost all the old ecclesiastical dwellings have disappeared except for frequent fragments built into newer walls. But we scarcely regard their absence, Lincoln the church and Lincoln the secular town have so much else to show us in so many shapes and styles.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Lee's Views on Enlisting the Negroes.

[THE subjoined letters, which contain their own explanation, are sent to us through the Hon. W. L. Wilson, M. C., by the Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charleston, West Virginia, who assures us that they have not before appeared in print.—EDITOR.]

RICHMOND, January 7, 1865.

TO GENERAL R. E. LEE.

DEAR GENERAL: I regret that in the succession of stirring events since the commencement of the present war I have had so little opportunity to renew our former, to me at least, exceedingly agreeable acquaintance, and particularly that I have so rarely, if ever, met with a suitable occasion to interchange views with you upon the important public questions which have been and are still pressing on us with such intense interest.

It would have demanded, indeed, in view of the scarcely less than awful weight of care and responsibility Providence and your country have thrown upon you, and which you will pardon me for saying has been grandly met, no ordinarily favorable opportunity to have induced me to intrude upon your overburdened time and attention for such a purpose; and in approaching you now, in this form, upon a subject which I deem of vital importance, I offer no other apology than the momentous character of the issue fixed upon the hearts and minds of every Southern patriot.

I refer to the great question now stirring the public mind as to the expediency and propriety of bringing to bear against our relentless enemy the element of military strength supposed to be found in our negro population; in other words, and more precisely, the wisdom and sound policy, under existing circumstances, of converting such portions of this popula-

tion as may be required into soldiers, to aid in maintaining our great struggle for independence and national existence.

The subject is one which recent events have forced upon our attention with intense interest, and in my judgment we ought not longer to defer its solution; and although the President in his late annual message has brought it to the attention of Congress, it is manifestly a subject in which the several States of the Confederacy must and ought to act the most prominent part, both in giving the question its proper solution and in carrying out any plans that he may devise on the subject. As a member of the Virginia Senate, having to act upon the subject, I have given it much earnest and anxious reflection, and I do not hesitate to say here, in advance of the full discussion which it will doubtless undergo, that the general objections to the proposition itself, as well as the practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out, have been greatly lessened as I have more thoroughly examined them. But it is not to be disguised that public sentiment is greatly divided on the subject; and besides many real objections, a mountain of prejudice growing out of our ancient modes of regarding the institution of Southern slavery will have to be met and overcome, before we can attain to anything like that degree of unanimity so extremely desirable in this and all else connected with our great struggle. In our former contest for liberty and independence, he who was then at the head of our armies, and who became the Father of his Country, did not hesitate to give his advice on all great subjects involving the success of that contest and the safety and welfare of his country, and in so doing perhaps rendered more essential service than he did in the field; nor do I perceive why, upon such a subject and in such a crisis as the present, we should not have the benefit

of your sound judgment and matured wisdom. Pardon me therefore for asking, to be used not only for my own guidance, but publicly as the occasion may require: Do you think that by a wisely devised plan and judicious selection negro soldiers can be made effective and reliable in maintaining this war in behalf of the Southern States? Do you think that the calling into service of such numbers of this population as the exigency may demand would affect injuriously, to any material extent, the institution of Southern slavery? Would not the introduction of this element of strength into our military operations justify in some degree a more liberal scale of exemptions or details, and by thus relieving from active service in the field a portion of the intelligent and directing labor of the country (as seems to be needed) have a beneficial bearing upon the question of subsistence and other supplies?

Would not, in your judgment, the introduction of such a policy increase, in other regards, our power of defense against the relentless warfare the enemy is now waging against us?

These are but some of the leading inquiries which suggest themselves. But I beg, General, if from a sense of duty and the promptings of your elevated patriotism, overriding unwise and ill-timed delicacy, you consent to reply to these inquiries, for the purpose before frankly indicated, that you will give me your views, as fully as your engagements will allow, upon every other question that may occur to you as likely to conduce to a wise decision of this grave and, as deemed by many, vitally important subject. With highest esteem,

Your obedient servant,

Andrew Hunter.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTH VIRGINIA,
11th January, 1865.

HON. ANDREW HUNTER, RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the 7th inst., and, without confining myself to the order of your interrogatories, will endeavor to answer them by a statement of my views on the subject. I shall be most happy if I can contribute to the solution of a question in which I feel an interest commensurate with my desire for the welfare and happiness of our people. Considering the relation of master and slave, controlled by humane laws and influenced by Christianity and an enlightened public sentiment, as the best that can exist between the white and black races while intermingled as at present in this country, I would deprecate any sudden disturbance of that relation, unless it be necessary to avert a greater calamity to both. I should therefore prefer to rely upon our white population to preserve the ratio between our forces and those of the enemy which experience has shown to be safe. But in view of the preparations of our enemies it is our duty to provide for continued war, and not for a battle or campaign, and I fear that we cannot accomplish this without overtaxing the capacity of our white population. Should the war continue, under existing circumstances, the enemy may in course of time penetrate our country and get access to a large part of our negro population. It is his avowed policy to convert the able-bodied men into soldiers, and to emancipate all.

The success of the Federal arms in the South was followed by a proclamation of President Lincoln for two hundred and eighty thousand men, the effect of

which will be to stimulate the Northern States to procure as substitutes for their own people the negroes thus brought within their reach. Many have already been obtained in Virginia, and should the fortune of war expose more of her territory, the enemy would gain a large accession to his strength.

His progress will thus add to his numbers and at the same time destroy slavery in a manner most pernicious to the welfare of our people. Their negroes will be used to hold them in subjection, leaving the remaining force of the enemy free to extend his conquest. Whatever may be the effect of our employing negro troops, it cannot be as mischievous as this. If it end in subverting slavery, it will be accomplished by ourselves, and we can devise the means of alleviating the evil consequences to both races. I think, therefore, we must decide whether slavery shall be extinguished by our enemies and the slaves be used against us, or use them ourselves at the risk of the effects which may be produced upon our social institutions. I believe that with proper regulations they can be made efficient soldiers. They possess the physical qualifications in an eminent degree. Long habits of obedience and subordination, coupled with the moral influence which in our country the white man possesses over the black, furnish an excellent foundation for that discipline which is the best guarantee of military efficiency. Our chief aim should be to secure their fidelity.

There have been formidable armies composed of men having no interest in the cause for which they fought beyond their pay or hope of plunder. But it is certain that the surest foundation upon which the fidelity of an army can rest, especially in a service which imposes peculiar hardships and privations, is the personal interest of the soldier in the issue of the contest. Such an interest we can give our negroes by giving immediate freedom to all who enlist, and freedom at the end of the war to the families of those who discharge their duties faithfully (whether they survive or not), together with the privilege of residing at the South. To this might be added a bounty for faithful service.

We should not expect slaves to fight for prospective freedom when they can secure it by going to the enemy, in whose service they will incur no greater risk than in ours. The reasons that induce me to recommend the employment of negro troops at all render the effects of the measures I have suggested upon slavery immaterial, and in my opinion the best means of securing the efficiency and fidelity of this auxiliary force would be to accompany the measure with a well-digested plan of gradual and general emancipation. As that will be the result of the continuance of the war, and will certainly occur if the enemy succeed, it seems to me advisable to adopt it at once, and thereby secure all the benefits that will accrue to our cause.

The employment of negro troops under regulations similar in principle to those above indicated would, in my opinion, greatly increase our military strength, and enable us to relieve our white population to some extent. I think we could dispense with our reserve forces except in cases of necessity.

It would disappoint the hopes which our enemies base upon our exhaustion, deprive them in a great measure of the aid they now derive from black troops, and thus throw the burden of the war upon their own

people. In addition to the great political advantages that would result to our cause from the adoption of a system of emancipation, it would exercise a salutary influence upon our whole negro population, by rendering more secure the fidelity of those who become soldiers and diminishing the inducements to the rest to abscond.

I can only say, in conclusion, that whatever measures are to be adopted should be adopted at once. Every day's delay increases the difficulty. Much time will be required to organize and discipline the men, and action may be deferred until it is too late.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General.

Some Errors in General Sherman's "Grand Strategy."

IN the February CENTURY is a paper from General Sherman on "The Grand Strategy of the War of the Rebellion." Near the outset of this paper the distinguished author makes a statement as to "the two great antagonist forces" of which the following is the gist:

First. That the belligerent populations, leaving out Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, were in round numbers nineteen and nine millions respectively.

Second. That while the entire Federal army averaged (from January, '62-May, '65) from 500,000 to 800,000 "present," the Confederate army averaged about 569,000 men — this last number being determined by taking one-sixteenth of the nine millions which is assumed as the total population of the Confederacy.

Third. That the three States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri furnished to each belligerent a "fair quota," and may be left out of the count.

First. To get a population of nine millions in the Confederate States, General Sherman has included the entire slave population of these States in 1860. By the Census of that year, the 11 Confederate States had in round numbers 5,450,000 whites and 3,650,000 blacks. Now the slave population of these States not only furnished no soldiers to the South, — it supplied much the larger part of the 178,975 colored troops which were enrolled during the war on the side of the North. Nay more — the records of the War Department show that besides some 22,000 white Union troops obtained from scattered points throughout the South, the State of Virginia (West Virginia) furnished 31,872, and that of Tennessee 31,092 men to the Federal army. Hence, in setting down the belligerent populations, not only is it misleading to include the slaves on the Confederate side, but large sections of West Virginia and East Tennessee should be transferred from the Southern to the Northern side. Considering population with reference to the men contributed to the two armies, is it not evident that (omitting Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland) the two belligerents drew from populations which were in the neighborhood of twenty millions and five millions, instead of nineteen millions and nine millions? It is not intended here to ignore the fact that the slave population of the South was in many ways a source of strength to that section, and that its presence enabled the South to send to the field a larger percentage of white men than could otherwise have

been spared. But it is absurd to estimate, as General Sherman does, that the slaves approached, in the value of their contributions to the struggle, an equal number of white people.

Second. The total number of men furnished to the Federal armies was 2,778,304 (or about 2,300,000 when reduced to a three-year standard); and of these, as General Sherman states, there was an average after January 1, '62 of from 500,000 to 800,000 present in the field. No report of the total number of Confederates enrolled exists, but General Sherman would have us believe that the Confederate Government was able to keep an average of 569,000 men actually in the field. Its limited resources in the way of armament and supplies would have made this impossible — but look at it simply as a question of population. It appears from Phisterer's figures that the average strength of the Federal armies present in the field was about one-fourth of the total number of troops furnished. If the Confederates showed the same proportion between enrolled men and those "present," there must have been over 2,000,000 Confederate troops enrolled during the war out of a total white population of about five millions!

This result might have given the author pause. But while the Confederate records are defective, there was no necessity for such wild statements as General Sherman makes. Many returns of the Confederate armies exist, and from these an approximate estimate of the total Confederate strength can be obtained. There never was a time, for instance, when the Army of Northern Virginia numbered 100,000 men present. It rarely even approached it; and yet this army generally exceeded in strength the main western Confederate army. It is doubtful whether there was at any date, throughout the Confederacy, more than half the men "present" that General Sherman assumes as the average strength of the Southern armies, and it is very certain that their real average strength was less than half of the numbers he gives. The total number of Confederates enrolled during the war was probably between 600,000 and 700,000 men. The former estimate was given by a Northern writer upon a careful examination of the records twenty years ago, and the best estimates at the War Records office to-day do not vary greatly from that number.

Third. It is certain that Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland furnished far more troops to the Northern than to the Southern side, which, considering the fact that these States were occupied almost entirely by Union troops, is not surprising. Phisterer credits

Maryland with	46,638	Union troops.
Missouri	109,111	" "
Kentucky	75,760	" "

If General Sherman means by "fair quota" that these States contributed forces to the two armies in the same proportion as that existing between the total Northern and Southern armies, he may be near the truth. But if he means, as seems probable, that they contributed equal or nearly equal numbers to the two sides, he is as wide of the mark as he is in the points above noted.

W. Allan.

McDONOUGH, MARYLAND, April 14, 1888.

SIDEREAL ASTRONOMY: OLD AND NEW.*

I. THE DATA IT HAS COLLECTED.



WHEN did astronomy have its beginnings on the earth? There have been many learned attempts to answer this question. They all have led to the conclusion that long before the historic period there was a large common stock of knowledge; so large, in fact, that one distinguished writer finds it simplest to ascribe the origin of astronomy to the teaching of an extinct race: "Ce peuple ancien qui nous à tout appris — excepté son nom et son existence," his commentator adds.

Astronomy is older than the first records of any nation. In order that the records might exist, it was first necessary to divide the years and times by astronomical observations. On the other hand, I believe the travelers of today have found no tribe so degraded as to be without some knowledge of the sort.

It is extremely doubtful if animals notice special celestial bodies. Birds seem to be inspired by the approach of day and not by the actual presence of the sun. It is a question whether dogs "bay the moon" or only the moon's light. A friend maintains that her King Charles spaniel watched the progress of an occultation of Venus by the crescent moon with the most vivid interest. This is the only case which I have been able to collect in which the attention of animals has been even supposed to have been held by a celestial phenomenon. The actions of the most ignorant savages during a total solar eclipse, compared with those of animals, throw much light on the question of whereabouts in the scale of intelligence the attention begins to be directed to extra-terrestrial occurrences. The savages are appalled by the disappearance of the sun itself, while animals seem to be concerned with the advent of darkness simply.

I am told that the Eskimos of Smith's Sound have names for a score or more of stars, and that their long sledge-journeys are safely made by the guidance of these stars alone. I have myself seen a Polynesian islander embark in a canoe, without compass or chart, bound for an island three days' sail distant. His course

would need to be so accurately laid that at the end of his three days he should find himself within four or five miles of his haven; if he passed the low coral island at a greater distance, it could not be seen from his frail craft. There can be little doubt but that he used the sun by day and the stars by night to hold his course direct.

There must have been centuries during which such knowledge was passed from man to man by word of mouth, woven into tales and learned as a part of the lore of the sailor, the hunter, or the tiller of the soil. No one can say how early this knowledge of the sky was put into the formal shape of maps, globes, or catalogues. Eudoxus is said to have constructed a celestial globe B. C. 366. Globes would naturally precede maps, and maps mere lists or catalogues.

The prototype of all sidereal catalogues is the *Almagest* of Ptolemy (A. D. 150), which includes not only the observations of Ptolemy, but those of the great Hipparchus (B. C. 127). It contains the description of 1022 stars, their positions, and their brightness. Here we meet for the first time the name *magnitude* of a star. Ptolemy divides all the stars into magnitudes — degrees of brightness. Sirius, Capella, are of the first magnitude; the faintest stars visible to the eye are of the sixth. But Ptolemy has gone further, and divides each magnitude into three parts. The moderns divide each class into ten parts, that is, decimally.

SCALE OF MAGNITUDES.

In assigning magnitudes in this way, we have unconsciously adopted a scale. A star of the third magnitude is brighter than one of the fourth. How much brighter? Sirius and the brightest stars are about one hundred times more brilliant than the very faintest stars which can be seen with the naked eye. In general a star of any magnitude, as fifth, is four-tenths as bright as the star of the next brighter magnitude, as fourth. Ten fifth-magnitude stars taken together are as bright as four fourth-magnitude stars, and so on. This relation between the brightness of stars of consecutive magnitudes gives us a means of computing the total amount of light received from stars. For example, there are ten stars in our sky as bright as the brilliant star Vega, or Alpha Lyrae, which we see in our zenith during the summer months. The collective light of these ten first-magnitude

* This article contains only a reference to the important advances in sidereal astronomy which have been made by the aid of photography during the past two years.

stars is ten times that of Vega. The 37 second-magnitude stars are together 7.4 times as bright as Vega; the 128 third-magnitude stars are 10.2 times as bright; and so on down to the 4328 sixth-magnitude stars, which, taken together, are 22.1 times as bright. Taking all the stars visible to us without a telescope and adding their brilliancy, we find that all the naked-eye stars give us a light 67.6 times as bright as that from Vega. Now the stars of the seventh and eighth magnitudes have been counted; there are 13,593 of the seventh, 57,960 of the eighth, and they too send light to us, although they are individually invisible. All the seventh-magnitude stars taken together give us 27.8 times as much light as Vega, and the eighth give us 47.4 as much; so that we have from both of these classes 75.2 times the light of Vega; that is, actually more light comes to us from stars so faint as to be individually invisible than from the less numerous and brighter stars that we see with the naked eye. We may recollect that more than half of the light of a star-lit night comes from the collective luster of stars, each of which is totally invisible except in the telescope.

METHODS OF NAMING THE STARS.

In Ptolemy's *Almagest*, and for fifteen centuries later, there were two and but two ways of designating a particular star. Some few of the brighter stars had special names.

By far the greater number were described by their situation in their constellation. The brightest star in Taurus was the eye of the Bull, and so for others, as the belt and sword of Orion. This was all very well for the brighter stars, and it did not require that the boundaries of the constellations should be very accurately fixed. There was no mistaking Regulus, Cor Leonis—the heart of the lion. But when we come to the small pairs of stars which make the paws of the Great Bear, or to some of the stars in the windings of Serpens, then it is evident that Ptolemy must have had accurately bounded constellations laid down on charts or globes. Not a single ancient globe or chart has come down to us. The oldest extant are but Arabian copies of the tenth century.

Where, then, do we derive our figures of the constellations? If any one of my readers will ask some astronomical friend to show him a copy of Flamsteed's *Atlas Cælestis* he will see the beautiful and spirited drawings of the constellation figures, and be charmed and delighted with their vigor and character. Who could have drawn these outlines, instinct with life? Who of the ancients knew the whole character of the timid hare, or who could draw Andromeda, and put a modern resignation in

her chained despair? These figures were drawn by a master indeed, for they are from the hand of Albert Dürer himself. If we follow the history of how he came to make them for an edition of Ptolemy, and think of him patiently fitting his marvelously free outlines to match the stars in the sky and the crabbed descriptions in Ptolemy's book, the pleasure does not diminish. About 1603 Bayer introduced the practice of designating the brighter stars of each constellation by the letters of the Greek alphabet, so that Cor Leonis or Regulus became α Leonis; Aldebaran became α Tauri, and so on. As the number of the well-determined stars has vastly increased, the practice of referring to them by their numbers in some well-known catalogue has come into vogue; so that α Leonis, for example, might be known as Bradley, 1406, from its number in Bradley's catalogue; or as Lalande, 19,755, and so on. It is not to be denied that astronomical nomenclature in this direction could be greatly improved.

URANOMETRIES.

THE word *Uranometry* has received a limited technical meaning in astronomy. It is used to denote a description of the fixed stars which are visible to the naked eye only. The description of each star places it in its proper constellation, assigns its latitude and longitude, and gives its brightness or magnitude. Variable stars, which change their brightness periodically,—and there are many such,—are treated separately.

Ptolemy's *Almagest* (1022 stars) was an incomplete uranometry, since there were more than 3000 stars visible to him. Al-Sûfi's revision of it, in the tenth century, added no stars, but simply revised the magnitudes given by Ptolemy. Bayer (1603) gave 1200 stars. None of the very important works of Flamsteed (1753), Harris (1725), Wollaston (1811), Harding (1822), were complete. That is, no one gave every star down to a certain brightness. It was reserved for Argelander (1843) to give in the *Uranometria Nova* the position of brightness of every star visible to the naked eye at Bonn. This was a picture of the sky; changes could no longer occur without detection. This work gave the places of 3256 stars, from first to sixth magnitudes, and very careful eye-estimates of their magnitudes. Argelander's work has been repeated by Heis (1872). The southern sky has been treated in the same way by Dr. Gould, in the *Uranometria Argentina* (1879), containing 6694 southern and 991 northern stars, of magnitudes between the first and seventh. Houzeau, during a residence in Jamaica, made a uranometry which embraces every star in

both hemispheres, and which has a special value owing to the fact that the estimates of magnitude were all made by a single person.

We have, then, a complete picture of our sky, as seen with the naked eye, based on eye-estimates of the brightness of the stars. It should be said that the magnitudes so determined are extremely accurate, approaching closely to the exactness which can be reached with the best photometers, or instruments for measuring the relative brightness of stars.

THE HARVARD PHOTOMETRY.

UP to 1877, when Professor Pickering became director of the Harvard University Observatory, there was no single observatory devoted to photometry as a chief end. The important works of this nature had been done as a part of other duties. Professor Pickering turned the whole strength of the observatory in this direction, and by means of new methods and new instruments he and his assistants have just completed a work of the first importance—the *Harvard Photometry*. It contains the positions and the measured brightness of 4260 stars visible at Cambridge, together with a comparison with the magnitudes of all other observers. The actual number of single observations is 95,000. Each one of these consists in a direct photometric comparison of the relative brightness of a star with one of the polar stars. The polar stars are always visible; the stars to be measured were taken as they crossed the meridian; and these direct measures, suitably combined, give the relative brightness of each of the stars of the list. We have now a sure basis for all future work, and a perfect picture of the sky at this time.

THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.

THE total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2000 other stars are

so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6000 supposed to be visible, only 4000 ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey towards the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we still find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of the twentieth and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,000,000 stars. Of this number, not one out of one hundred has ever been catalogued at all.

In Argelander's *Durchmusterung* of the stars of the northern heavens, there are recorded as belonging to the northern hemisphere:

10 stars between the 1.0 magnitude and the 1.9 magnitude.			
37	"	"	2.0
128	"	"	3.0
310	"	"	4.0
1,016	"	"	5.0
4,328	"	"	6.0
13,593	"	"	7.0
57,960	"	"	8.0
237,544	"	"	9.0

In all 314,926 stars, from the first to the $9\frac{1}{2}$ magnitudes, are contained in the northern sky; or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with a 3-inch object-glass.

THE CHARTS OF THE BERLIN ACADEMY.

IN 1824 Bessel wrote to the Academy of Berlin somewhat as follows:

It is of the highest astronomical interest that every fixed star in the sky should be known, and its position fixed. Completeness in this task is unattainable; but when we once have maps of all the stars down to a

certain magnitude, then the object will be attained. The limit I set is at those stars which can just be plainly seen in one of Fraunhofer's excellent comet-seekers; * that is, at about the ninth or tenth magnitude.

Bessel then gives briefly the reasons why such a complete list would be valuable, in addition to its importance as a finished picture of the sky so far as it went; and continues:

For all these reasons I have often expressed my hope that we might have such a complete list, if even over only a portion of the sky; and I think the time of an astronomer, and of an observatory, could not be better spent than in aiding a systematic attempt to carry out this plan. I myself designed the instruments of the Koenigsberg Observatory for such a purpose, and since 1821 I have observed as many as possible of the stars from 15° north to 15° south of the equator. In all there are 36,000 observations of 32,000 stars. If the stars are equally numerous over the whole sky, there are 125,000 such. I am about to carry on these zones up to 45° from the equator.

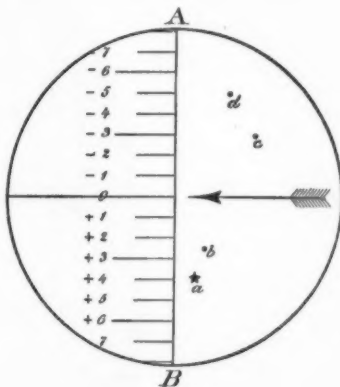
With this introduction Bessel unfolds his plan, which was to have 24 astronomers join in an undertaking to make the 24 separate charts required to extend round the whole 24 hours, and in width over the 30° from 15° north to 15° south of the equator. He himself made a small chart as a beginning, "to break the path," and as a model. The Academy welcomed Bessel's plan, and the work began in 1825.

The first two charts were received in 1828, and the work on the others continued slowly. One of these charts has a great history. It had been engraved but not yet distributed, and was lying in the Berlin Observatory for examination. On the evening of September 23, 1846, Le Verrier's letter, giving the place of a new planet, Neptune, was received in Berlin. The planet had never been seen, but its existence had been predicted from the otherwise inexplicable motions of Uranus. The predicted place of the planet fell within the limit of the lately finished chart, which was taken to the telescope. In very truth there was an eighth-magnitude star in the sky which was not on the chart. This star was in motion; it had the planetary light and disc; it was, in fact, Neptune. The proposal of Bessel had borne splendid fruit. Besides this major planet, many of the minor planets (asteroids) were discovered by these maps. Finally, in 1859, thirty-five years after Bessel's letter, this series was finished. But before it was finished a greater undertaking was begun, of which we must give a short account. One thing must be continually kept in sight. Every one of the systematic *Durchmusterungen*, as the Germans say,—we have no word for them,—is the direct outcome of Bessel's original proposition.

VOL. XXXVI.—84.

ARGELANDER'S "DURCHMUSTERUNG."

ARGELANDER was Bessel's pupil. In the great zones of Koenigsberg, Bessel had pointed the telescope on the stars as they passed, and Argelander read the verniers which showed their position. Finally Argelander had an observatory of his own at Bonn, and his two young assistants, Drs. Krueger and Schoenfeld, were all to him that he had been to Bessel. The years 1852 to 1862 were spent in the tremendous task of observing every star plainly visible in such a comet-seeker as we have described, over more than half of the whole heavens. The telescope was pointed and fixed in position. The time of the passage of every star over a wire in the field of view was noted; the part of the wire crossed by the star was also noted, and finally the brightness of the star.



The circle shows the field of view of the telescope. Half of it is covered with a thin plate of glass with a scale painted on it: *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* are stars moving in the direction of the arrow. The telescope itself is fixed. As each one comes to the edge, A B, the time is noted to the nearest half of a second. The division of the scale is also noted where each star touches it (+ 4, for *a*, -5, for *d*). Finally the brightness in magnitudes is recorded (*a*, 8th mag.; *d*, 9.3 mag.). The observer at the telescope records the magnitude and the scale. The time is called out by him and noted by an assistant on a chronometer.

Not counting the time for the computations, the observations alone lasted seven years and one month. 1797 hours were spent in observing the comet-seeker zones, on 625 nights; and 227 other nights were used in part or wholly in revision zones to correct errors of one nature or another, or to solve doubts.

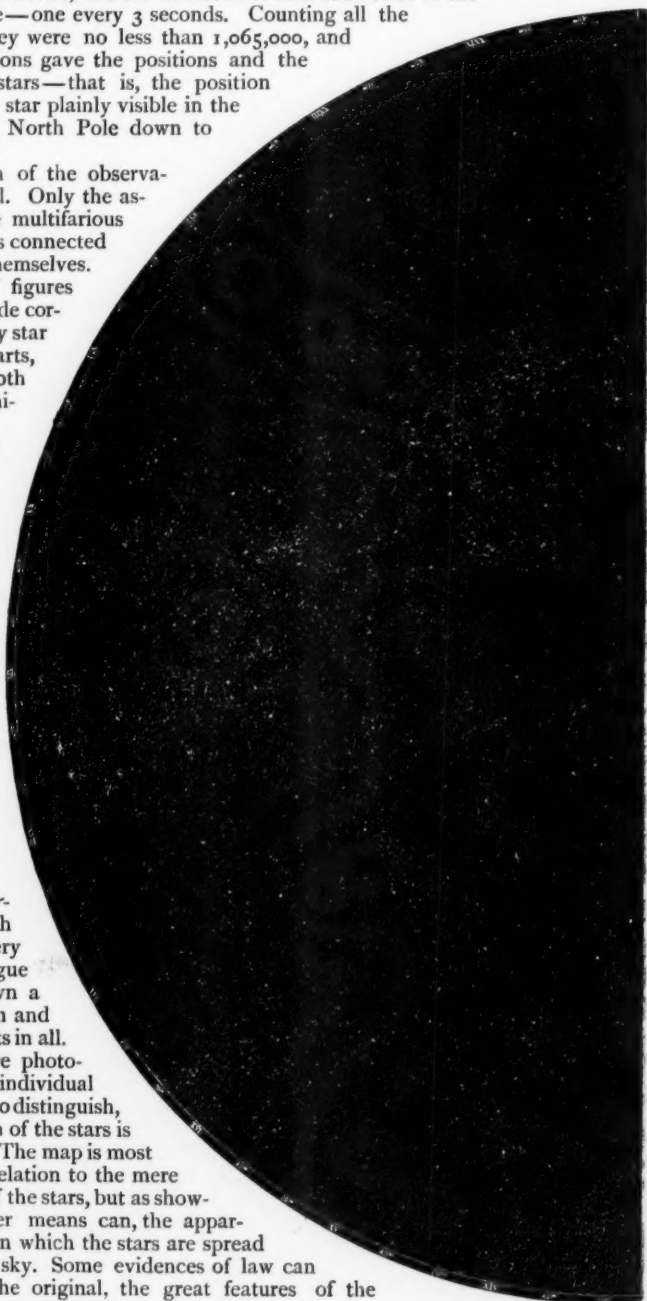
* A telescope with about 3 inches aperture, magnifying 10 times.

In the comet-seeker zones 850,000 single observations were made, or on the average 473 stars per hour, or 8 per minute. In specially rich parts of the Milky Way more than 16 stars per minute were often observed, and the richest zone had 1226 stars in the hour, or $20\frac{1}{2}$ per minute—one every 3 seconds. Counting all the observations together they were no less than 1,065,000, and this million of observations gave the positions and the brightness of 324,198 stars—that is, the position and brightness of every star plainly visible in the telescope used, from the North Pole down to 2° south of the equator.

The very enumeration of the observations makes one fatigued. Only the astronomer can know the multifarious nature of the calculations connected with the observations themselves. Millions on millions of figures had to be made, and made correctly; and, finally, every star had to be engraved on charts, and engraved correctly both as to position and magnitude.

How this work could have been finished in ten years, one does not see. That Argelander and his two assistants had the courage to persevere in this tremendous task is itself a marvel. But the work is done, is printed, and is in daily use by scores of astronomers. Its value will never be less. It will remain forever as a picture of the sky, available for every purpose.

Mr. Proctor has done a very useful work in representing the results of Argelander's *Durchmusterung* in a single chart, which is here reproduced. For every star in Argelander's catalogue Mr. Proctor has laid down a dot, correct as to position and magnitude—324,198 dots in all. The resulting map is here photographed down so that the individual dots are, in general, hard to distinguish, but the law of aggregation of the stars is all the better brought out. The map is most interesting, not only in relation to the mere positions and brilliancy of the stars, but as showing, better than any other means can, the apparently capricious manner in which the stars are spread over the surface of the sky. Some evidences of law can be made out, and, in the original, the great features of the



R. A. PROCTOR'S CHART OF THE STARS

Milky Way come forth in a most striking manner. It must be remembered that this map contains, besides the stars visible to the naked eye, all those visible in an ordinary three-inch telescope.

SCHOENFELD'S "DURCHMUSTERUNG."

ARGELANDER'S original plan was to extend his observations to 23° south of the equator. Professor Schoenfeld, his successor at Bonn, and his aid in the original undertaking, in 1885 completed the plan projected by Bessel in 1824, and so nobly followed at Bonn from 1852 to 1860. From 1876 to 1884 he has catalogued the stars from 2° to 23° south of the equator, and the work is just finished. Soon we shall have this new *Durchmusterung*, with its charts, showing the position and brightness of 133,658 southern stars.

It is most desirable that this enumeration should be extended over the whole southern sky. So long ago as 1866 the work was begun in the Southern Hemisphere, but apparently it was abandoned, though there is reason to believe that the observatory of the Argentine Republic at Cordoba may begin anew. Professor Stone, at Cincinnati, has partly completed the zone between 23° and 31° (south).

A recognition of the enormous advantages which photography would have over ordinary visual methods of charting is now leading several observatories to attempt the cataloguing of stars from photographic negatives.

The difficulties are many, but success seems to be tolerably certain, and the observatories of Harvard University and of Paris have already produced wonderful results in this direction. The observatory of the Cape of Good Hope, also, has seriously begun a southern *Durchmusterung* by photographic methods.

SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATORIES OF THE STARS IN ZONES.

THESE *Durchmusterungen* are most important. They give us an index to the stars of the whole sky. But it is clear that

OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

the positions of the separate stars cannot be accurate when so many as eight or ten per minute are observed. What the astronomer wants is the *accurate* position of a star—its latitude and longitude, as it were. We shall see how much pains is necessary to fix the position of a single star with real precision. Scores of observations are needed, and each observation requires at least five minutes to make and an hour to calculate. When we say that many thousand stars have their positions known with this high precision, we shall be giving a feeble idea of the amount of labor devoted to this question.

But it is impossible to fix the position of every one of the 600,000 stars of the *Durchmusterungen* with this last degree of precision, and yet it is important to know very closely the place of each star. The positions of all faint comets, of asteroids, etc., are known by referring them to neighboring stars. We must know the positions of these stars. These positions are determined by a special kind of observations—zone observations, so called. A telescope is fixed in the meridian so that it can only move north and south. A divided circle is attached to this, the indications of which give the altitude of the stars seen in the field. One observer at the telescope moves it slowly up and down until some star enters the field. The motion is stopped. The transit of the star is observed over spider lines stretched in the field, while a second observer reads the altitude of this star from the divided circle. In this way it is possible to obtain very accurate positions, and by confining the work to a narrow zone the observations are increased as to number, and the subsequent computations are much simplified.

Before the days of the Berlin charts, or of the *Durchmusterung*, Lalande in Paris (1790) had fixed the places of more than 50,000 stars in this way, and the Abbé Lacaille (1751) had made a special expedition to the Cape of Good Hope to determine the places of 9766 southern stars. Bessel took up the same research in the years 1821–33, and his results are given in two magnificent catalogues, which include 62,000 of the most important stars from 15° south to 45° north of the equator. He made 75,011 single observations, employing 868 hours in observing alone. That is, about 84 stars per hour were observed. Argelander read the altitudes of the stars from the circle while Bessel observed their transits. One of Argelander's first works, when he took charge of the observatory at Bonn, was to continue this series of zones from 45° up to 80° north of the equator—that is, to within 10° of the Pole. In this region he made 26,424 observations of 22,000 stars, or 83 stars per hour.

Not content with this extension of Bessel's zones to the north, Argelander next began a series of southern zones from 15° to 31° south of the equator. This task he also completed, with 23,250 observations of 17,600 stars, or 83 stars per hour.

Bessel and Argelander alone had pushed their zones from 31° south to 80° north of the equator, making nearly 125,000 separate observations and fixing the positions of 101,600 stars. We have no space to speak of the 38,000 observations made at the Naval Observatory in Washington in the years 1846–49, or of the zones observed by Lieutenant Gilliss, of our navy, in Chili (1850), which covered the region for 25° round the South Pole (27,000 stars). It is most unfortunate for the credit of American astronomers, as well as for the good of the science, that these collections are not yet suitably published.

One would think that the 100,000 stars of Bessel and Argelander would have been sufficient for the needs of astronomy. But the German Astronomical Society, at its meeting in Bonn in 1867, deliberately resolved upon the task of accurately determining the position of *every* star as bright as the ninth magnitude contained in Argelander's *Durchmusterung*.

The veteran Argelander presided at this meeting, and it is curious to note how serious the undertaking appeared to be to him. No one knew better how gigantic a task it was. The plan was well laid. A set of 539 very well determined stars was assumed as fundamental, and the society resolved that the position of the stars to be determined should be referred to these. The sky was cut up into zones five degrees wide, and various observatories undertook to finish one or more of these zones. The Polar Zone (90° to 80° north of the equator) had lately been completed by Carrington, in England, and did not need revision.

The observatories of Kazan (80° – 75°), Dorpat (75° – 70°), Christiania (70° – 65°), Helsingfors (65° – 55°), Harvard University (55° – 50°), Bonn (50° – 40°), Lund (40° – 35°), Leyden (35° – 30°), Cambridge, England (30° – 25°), Berlin (25° – 15°), Leipzig (15° – 5°), Albany (5° – 1°), Nikolaief (1° to 2° south), joined in the work, and to-day it is nearly completed.

But this is only a beginning. Schoenfeld's *Durchmusterung* to 23° south will soon be printed, and it is the intention of the German Astronomical Society to push the zones to this point, to join on to the great series of southern zones printed by our countryman Dr. B. A. Gould, at the National Observatory of the Argentine Republic. Dr. Gould is himself a pupil of Argelander, and his magnificent work may be fairly called an outcome of the

spirit of Bessel, the master. 105,000 observations of some 73,000 stars, from 23° south to 65° south of the equator, have been printed by Dr. Gould as part of the results of fourteen years' labor in a foreign country. Thus from the North to the South poles the labors of Carrington, Argelander, Bessel, Gould, and Gilliss * have given us an almost complete catalogue of accurate positions of nearly all the principal stars. Besides this we shall shortly have the region from 80° north to 2° south completely re-observed, and by 1900 the region to 23° south will be done also.

SPECIAL CATALOGUES OF STARS.

BESIDES these gigantic undertakings there have been scores of separate catalogues pretending to greater precision even, the very names of which we cannot mention. The observatories of Greenwich, Oxford, Edinburgh, Paris, Poltava, Dorpat, Bonn, Berlin, Palermo, Washington, Harvard University, Melbourne, Cape of Good Hope, and many others have issued such accurate collections.

It is also necessary to say that a certain small number of stars—several thousands—have had their positions and motions determined with extreme precision; and of these again, a few hundreds of the brightest stars have been observed for so long, and for so many times, that their resulting positions are now almost as accurate as they can be made, and their motions so well known as to admit of very little improvement by the work of the next generation. These are our fundamental stars, so called.

Such, then, are our data: a few hundred stars determined with the last degree of precision, a few thousand nearly as well, two hundred thousand with considerable accuracy, and nearly a half a million separate stars known by the approximate positions of the *Durchmusterungen*, or additional to these from

* Two Germans, one Englishman, two Americans.

the southern zones. We can add to these too the two hundred thousand or more stars laid down in the ecliptic charts of Paris, Vienna, and Clinton (New York), which serve as nets to catch the minor planets just now, but which have an incalculable value as accurate pictures of the sky at a given instant.

The brightness of some 10,000 stars is very accurately known, and that of nearly half a million has been very approximately fixed. Lastly, the distances of some fifteen of the brighter stars from the earth are known with tolerable certainty, and that of a few more with a good degree of approximation.

These are the materials available—mighty monuments to human ingenuity, skill, patience, devotion. But what further problems will they solve for us? What far-reaching conclusions can be drawn? In a succeeding article I will try to show to what results a combination of the data so painfully accumulated may lead, and what conclusions may safely be drawn even now.

The science of the positions and the motions of the stars is not so young as that other science so well described by Professor Langley in his admirable articles on "The New Astronomy" (*THE CENTURY* for September, October, December, 1884, and March, 1885), but it has its modern period as well as the historical one which has been here set forth. The old astronomy has set itself to solve such problems as these: What is the rate at which the whole solar system is moving on through space? What are the distances and what are the masses of the stars? What is the shape of the stellar cluster to which our sun belongs? Are the stars in general broken up into subordinate universes? or do they, as a whole, form one mighty system, with one common motion?

Some of these and other such questions are answered; some seem almost unanswerable; some are still in the way of solution.

Edward S. Holden.

STILL DAYS AND STORMY.

YESTERDAY the wind blew
Down the garden walks:
Marigolds, the day through,
Trembled on their stalks.

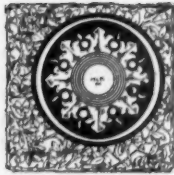
But to-day the wind's dead,
Marigolds are still:
Miss they what the wind said,
Do they take it ill?

Yesterday my love stood
Hearkening to me;
Fair flower of womanhood,
All a-tremble she.

But to-day she's sad, still,
Makes no true-love sign:
Is her lover to her will,
Is she yet mine?

Richard E. Burton.

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHERN CATSKILLS.



When looking at the southern and more distant Catskills from the Hudson River on the east, or on looking at them from the west, from some point of vantage in Delaware County, you see, amidst the group of mountains, one that looks like the back and shoulders of a gigantic horse. The horse has his head down grazing; the shoulders are high, and the descent from them down his neck very steep; if he were to lift up his head, one sees that it would be carried far above all other peaks, and that the noble beast might gaze straight to his peers in the Adirondacks or the White Mountains. But the head and neck never come up: some spell or enchantment keeps them down there amidst the mighty herd; and the high, round shoulders and the smooth, strong back of the steed are alone visible. The peak to which I refer is Slide Mountain, the highest of the Catskills by some two hundred feet, and probably the most inaccessible; certainly the hardest to get a view of, it is hedged about so completely by other peaks. The greatest mountain of them all, and apparently the least willing to be seen, only at a distance of thirty or forty miles is it seen to stand up above all other peaks. It takes its name from a landslide which occurred many years ago down its steep northern side, or down the neck of the grazing steed. The mane of spruce and balsam fir was stripped away for many hundred feet, leaving a long gray streak visible from afar.

Slide Mountain is the center and the chief of the southern Catskills. Streams flow from its base and from the base of its subordinates to all points of the compass: the Rondout and the Neversink to the south; the Beaverkill to the west; the Esopus, or Big Injun, to the north; and several lesser streams to the east. With its summit as the center, a radius of ten miles would include within the circle described but very little cultivated land; only a few poor, wild farms here and there in the numerous valleys. The soil is poor, a mixture of gravel and clay, and subject to slides. It lies in the valleys in ridges and small hillocks as if dumped there from a huge cart. The tops of the southern Catskills are all capped with a kind of conglomerate or pudding-stone, a rock of cemented quartz pebbles which underlies the coal measures. This rock disintegrates under

the action of the elements, and the sand and gravel which result are carried into the valleys and make up most of the soil. From the northern Catskills, so far as I know them, this rock has been swept clean. Low down in the valleys the old red sandstone crops out, and as you go west into Delaware County, in many places it alone remains and makes up most of the soil, all the superincumbent rock having been carried away.

Slide Mountain had been a summons and a challenge to me for many years. I had fished every stream that it nourished, and had camped in the wilderness on all sides of it, and whenever I had caught a glimpse of its summit I had promised myself to set foot there before another season had passed. But the seasons came and went, and my feet got no nimbler and Slide Mountain no lower, until finally, one July, seconded by an energetic friend, we thought to bring Slide to terms by approaching him through the mountains on the east. With a farmer's son for guide we struck in by way of Weaver Hollow, and, after a long and desperate climb, contented ourselves with the Wittenburg, instead of Slide. The view from the Wittenburg is in many respects more striking, as you are perched immediately above a broader and more distant sweep of country, and are only about two hundred feet lower. You are here on the eastern brink of the southern Catskills, and the earth falls away at your feet and curves down through an immense stretch of forest till it joins the plain of Shokan, and thence sweeps away to the Hudson and beyond. Slide is south-west of you, six or seven miles distant, but is visible only when you climb into a tree-top. I climbed and saluted him, and promised to call next time.

We passed the night on the Wittenburg, sleeping on the moss, between two decayed logs, with balsam boughs thrust into the ground and meeting and forming a canopy over us. In coming off the mountain in the morning we ran upon a huge porcupine, and I learned for the first time that the tail of a porcupine goes with a spring like a trap. It seems to be a set-lock, and you no sooner touch with the weight of a hair one of the quills than the tail leaps up in the most surprising manner, and the laugh is not on your side. The beast cantered along the path in my front, and I threw myself upon him, shielded by my roll of blankets. He submitted

quietly to the indignity, and lay very still under my blankets, with his broad tail pressed close to the ground. This I proceeded to investigate, but had not fairly made a beginning when it went off like a trap, and my hand and wrist were full of quills. This caused me to let up on the creature, when it lumbered away till it tumbled down a precipice. The quills were quickly removed from my hand, and we gave chase. When we came up to him he had wedged himself in between the rocks so that he presented only a back bristling with quills, with the tail lying in ambush below. He had chosen his position well, and seemed to defy us. After amusing ourselves by repeatedly springing his tail and receiving the quills in a rotten stick, we made a slip-noose out of a spruce root, and after much manœuvring got it over his head and led him forth. In what a peevish, injured tone the creature did complain of our unfair tactics! He protested and protested, and whimpered and scolded like some infirm old man tormented by boys. His game after we led him forth was to keep himself as much as possible in the shape of a ball, but with two sticks and the cord we finally threw him over on his back and exposed his quillless and vulnerable under side, when he fairly surrendered and seemed to say, "Now you may do with me as you like." His great chisel-like teeth, which are quite as formidable as those of the woodchuck, he does not appear to use at all in his defense, but relies entirely upon his quills, and when those fail him he is done for.

After amusing ourselves with him a while longer, we released him and went on our way. The trail to which we had committed ourselves led us down into Woodland Valley, a retreat which so took my eye by its fine trout brook, its superb mountain scenery, and its sweet seclusion, that I marked it for my own, and promised myself a return to it at no distant day. This promise I kept, and pitched my tent there twice during that season. Both occasions were a sort of laying siege to Slide, but we only skirmished with him at a distance; the actual assault was not undertaken. But the following year, reinforced by two other brave climbers, we determined upon the assault, and upon making it from this, the most difficult, side. The regular way is by Big Injin Valley, where the climb is comparatively easy, and where it is often made by ladies. But from Woodland Valley only men may essay the ascent. Larkins is the upper inhabitant, and from our camping-ground near his clearing we set out early one June morning.

One would think that nothing could be easier

to find than a big mountain, especially when one is encamped upon a stream which he knows springs out of its very loins. But, for some reason or other, we had got an idea that Slide Mountain was a very slippery customer and must be approached cautiously. We had tried from several points in the valley to get a view of it, but were not quite sure we had seen its very head. When on the Wittenburg, a neighboring peak, the year before, I had caught a brief glimpse of it only by climbing a dead tree and craning up for a moment from its topmost branch. It would seem as if the mountain had taken every precaution to shut itself off from a near view. It was a shy mountain and we were about to stalk it through six or seven miles of primitive woods, and we seemed to have some unreasonable fear that it might elude us. We had been told of parties who had essayed the ascent from this side, and had returned baffled and bewildered. In a tangle of primitive woods, the very bigness of the mountain baffles one. It is all mountain; whichever way you turn—and one turns sometimes in such cases before he knows it—the foot finds a steep and rugged ascent.

The eye is of little service; one must be sure of his bearings and push boldly on and up. One is not unlike a flea upon a great shaggy beast, looking for the animal's head, or even like a much smaller and much less nimble creature: he may waste his time and steps, and think he has reached the head when he is only upon the rump. Hence I closely questioned our host, who had several times made the ascent. Larkins laid his old felt hat upon the table, and, placing one hand upon one side and the other hand upon the other side, said: "There Slide lies, between the two forks of the stream, just as my hat lies between my two hands. David will go with you to the forks, and then you will push right on up." But Larkins was not right, though he had traversed all those mountains many times over. The peak we were about to set out for did not lie between the forks, but exactly at the head of one of them; the beginnings of the stream are in the very path of the Slide, as we afterward found. We broke camp early in the morning, and, with our blankets strapped to our backs and rations in our pockets for two days, set out along an ancient, and in places obliterated, bark road that followed and crossed and re-crossed the stream. The morning was bright and warm, but the wind was fitful and petulant, and I predicted rain. What a forest solitude our obstructed and dilapidated wood road led us through!—five miles of primitive woods before we came to the forks, three miles before we came to the

"burnt shanty" (a name merely — no shanty there now for twenty-five years past). The ravages of the bark peelers were still visible, now in a space thickly strewn with the soft and decayed trunks of hemlock-trees and overgrown with wild cherry, then in huge mossy logs scattered through the beech and maple woods: some of these logs were so soft and mossy that one could sit or recline upon them as upon a sofa.

But the prettiest thing was the stream soliloquizing in such musical tones there amidst the moss-covered rocks and boulders. How clean it looked, what purity! Civilization corrupts the streams as it corrupts the Indian. Only in such remote woods can you now see a brook in all its original freshness and beauty. Only the sea and the mountain forest brook are pure; all between is contaminated more or less by the work of man. An ideal trout brook was this, now hurrying, now loitering, now deepening around a great boulder, now gliding evenly over a pavement of green-gray stone and pebbles; no sediment or stain of any kind, but white and sparkling as snow water, and nearly as cool. Indeed, the water of all this Catskill region is the best in the world. For the first few days one feels as if he could almost live on the water alone; he cannot drink enough of it. In this particular it is indeed the good Bible land, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

Near the forks we caught, or thought we caught, through an opening, a glimpse of Slide. Was it Slide? Was it the head, or the rump, or the shoulder of the shaggy monster we were in quest of? At the forks there was a bewildering maze of underbrush and great trees, and the way did not seem at all certain; nor was David, who was then at the end of his reckoning, able to reassure us. But in assaulting a mountain, as in assaulting a fort, boldness is the watch-word. We pressed forward, following a line of blazed trees for nearly a mile; then turning to the left, we began the ascent of the mountain. It was steep, hard climbing. We saw numerous marks of both bears and deer; but no birds, save at long intervals the winter wren flitting here and there and darting under logs and rubbish like a mouse. Occasionally its gushing lyrical song would break the silence. After we had climbed an hour or two, the clouds began to gather, and presently the rain began to come down. This was discouraging; but we put our backs up against trees and rocks, and waited for the shower to pass.

"They are wet with the showers of the mountain and embrace the rock for want of a shelter," as they did in Job's time. But the

shower was light and brief, and we were soon under way again. Three hours from the forks brought us out on the broad level back of the mountain upon which Slide, considered as an isolated peak, is reared. After a time we entered a dense growth of spruce, which covered a slight depression in the table of the mountain. The moss was deep, the ground spongy, the light dim, the air hushed. The transition from the open, leafy woods to this dim, silent, weird grove was very marked. It was like the passage from the street into the temple. Here we paused awhile and ate our lunch, and refreshed ourselves with water gathered from a little well sunk in the moss.

The quiet and repose of this spruce grove proved to be the calm that goes before the storm. As we passed out of it we came plump upon the almost perpendicular battlements of Slide. The mountain rose like a huge rock-bound fortress from this plain-like expanse. It was ledge upon ledge, precipice upon precipice, up which and over which we made our way slowly and with great labor, now pulling ourselves up by our hands, then cautiously finding niches for our feet and zigzagging right and left from shelf to shelf. This northern side of the mountain was thickly covered with moss and lichens, like the north side of a tree. This made it soft to the foot and broke many a slip and fall. Everywhere a stunted growth of yellow birch, mountain-ash, and spruce and fir opposed our progress. The ascent at such an angle with a roll of blankets on your back is not unlike climbing a tree; every limb resists your progress and pushes you back, so that when we at last reached the summit, after twelve or fifteen hundred feet of this sort of work, the fight was about all out of the best of us. It was then nearly 2 o'clock, so that we had been about seven hours in coming seven miles.

Here on the top of the mountain we overtook spring, which had been gone from the valley nearly a month. Red clover was opening in the valley below and wild strawberries were just ripening; on the summit the yellow birch was just hanging out its catkins, and the claytonia, or spring beauty, was in bloom. The leaf-buds of the trees were just bursting, making a faint mist of green, which, as the eye swept downward, gradually deepened until it became a dense, massive cloud in the valleys. At the foot of the mountain the Clinton, or northern green lily, and the low shad bush were showing the berry, but long before the top was reached they were found in bloom. I had never before stood amidst blooming claytonia, a flower of April, and looked down upon a field that held ripening strawberries. Every thousand feet of elevation seemed to

make about ten days' difference in the vegetation, so that the season was a month or more later on the top of the mountain than at its base. A very pretty flower which we began to meet well up on the mountain-side was the painted trillium, the petals white, veined with pink.

The low, stunted growth of spruce and fir which clothes the top of Slide has been cut away over a small space on the highest point, laying open the view on nearly all sides. Here we sat down and enjoyed our triumph. We saw the world as the hawk or the balloonist sees it when he is 3000 feet in the air. How soft and flowing all the outlines of the hills and mountains beneath us looked! The forests dropped down and undulated away over them, covering them like a carpet. To the east we looked over the near-by Wittenburg range to the Hudson and beyond; to the south Peak-o'-Moose, with its sharp crest, and Table Mountain, with its long level top, were the two conspicuous objects; in the west, Mt. Graham and Double Top, about 3800 feet each, arrested the eye; while in our front, to the north, we looked over the top of Panther Mountain to the multitudinous peaks of the northern Catskills. All was mountain and forest on every hand. Civilization seemed to have done little more than to have scratched this rough, shaggy surface of the earth here and there. In any such view, the wild, the aboriginal, the geographical greatly predominate. The works of man dwindle, and the original features of the huge globe come out. Every single object or point is dwarfed; the valley of the Hudson is only a wrinkle in the earth's surface. You discover with a feeling of surprise that the great thing is the earth itself, which stretches away on every hand so far beyond your sight.

The Arabs believe that the mountains steady the earth and hold it together; but they had only to get on the top of a high one to see how insignificant they are, and how adequate the earth looks to get along without them. To the imaginative Oriental people mountains seemed to mean much more than they do to us. They were sacred; they were the abodes of their divinities. They offered their sacrifices upon them. In the Bible mountains are used as a symbol of that which is great and holy. Jerusalem is spoken of as a holy mountain. The Syrians were beaten by the children of Israel because, said they, "Their gods are gods of the hills; therefore were they stronger than we." It was on Mount Horeb that God appeared to Moses in the burning bush, and on Sinai that he delivered to him the law. Josephus says that the Hebrew shepherds never pasture their

flocks on Sinai, believing it to be the abode of Jehovah. The solitude of mountain-tops is peculiarly impressive, and it is certainly easier to believe that the Deity appeared in a burning bush there than in the valley below. When the clouds of heaven too come down and envelop the top of the mountain—how such a circumstance must have impressed the old God-fearing Hebrews! Moses knew well how to surround the law with the pomp and circumstance that would inspire the deepest awe and reverence.

But when the clouds came down and enveloped us on Slide Mountain the grandeur, the solemnity, was gone in a twinkling; the portentous-looking clouds proved to be nothing but base fog, that wet us and extinguished the world for us. How tame, and prosy, and humdrum the scene instantly became! But when the fog lifted, and we looked from under it as from under a just-raised lid, and the eye plunged again like an escaped bird into those vast gulfs of space that opened at our feet, the feeling of grandeur and solemnity quickly came back.

The first want we felt on the top of Slide, after we had got some rest, was a want of water. Several of us cast about, right and left, but no sign of water was found. But water must be had; so we all started off determined to hunt it up. We had not gone many hundred yards before we chanced upon an ice-cave beneath some rocks—vast masses of ice, with crystal pools of water near. This was good luck indeed, and put a new and brighter face on the situation.

Slide Mountain enjoys a distinction which no other mountain in the State, so far as is known, does—it has a thrush peculiar to itself. This thrush was discovered and described by Eugene Bicknell of New York in 1880, and has been named Bicknell's thrush. A better name would have been Slide Mountain thrush, as the bird, so far as I know, has only been found on that mountain. I did not see or hear it upon the Wittenburg, which is only a few miles distant. In its appearance to the eye among the trees one would not distinguish it from the gray-cheeked thrush of Baird, or the olive-backed thrush, but its song is totally different. The moment I heard it I said, "There is a new bird, a new thrush," as the quality of all thrush songs is the same. A moment more and I knew it was Bicknell's thrush. The song is in a minor key, finer, more attenuated, and more under the breath than that of any other thrush. It seemed as if the bird was blowing in a delicate, slender, golden tube, so fine and yet so flute-like and resonant the song appeared. At times it was like a musical whisper of great sweetness and power.

The birds were numerous about the summit, but we saw them nowhere else. No other thrush was seen, though a few times during our stay I caught a mere echo of the hermit's song far down the mountain-side. A bird I was not prepared to see or hear was the black poll warbler, a bird usually found much farther north, but here it was amidst the balsam firs uttering its simple, lisping song.

The rocks on the tops of these mountains are quite sure to attract one's attention, even if one have no eye for such things. They are masses of light reddish conglomerate, composed of round, wave-worn quartz pebbles. Every pebble had been shaped and polished upon some ancient sea-coast, probably the Devonian. The rock disintegrates where it is most exposed to the weather and forms a loose sandy and pebbly soil. These rocks form the floor of the coal formation, but in the Catskill region only the floor remains; the superstructure has never existed or has been swept away; hence one would look for a coal mine here over his head in the air, rather than under his feet.

This rock did not have to climb up here as we did; the mountain stooped and took it upon its back in the bottom of the old seas, and then got lifted up again. This happened so long ago that the memory of the oldest inhabitant of these parts yields no clew to the time.

A pleasant task we had in re-flooring and re-roofing the log hut with balsam boughs against the night. Plenty of small balsams grew all about, and we soon had a huge pile of their branches in the old hut. What a transformation, this fresh green carpet and our fragrant bed, like the deep-furred robe of some huge animal wrought in that dingy interior! Two or three things disturbed our sleep. A cup of strong beef-tea taken for supper disturbed mine; then the porcupines kept up such a grunting and chattering near our heads, just on the other side of the logs, that sleep was difficult. In my wakeful mood I was a good deal annoyed by a little rabbit that kept whipping in at our dilapidated door and nibbling at our bread and hard-tack. He persisted even after the gray of the morning appeared. Then about 4 o'clock it began gently to rain. I think I heard the first drop that fell. My companions were all in sound sleep. The rain increased, and gradually the sleepers awoke. It was like the tread of an advancing enemy which every ear had been expecting. The roof over us was of the poorest, and we had no confidence in it. It was made of the thin bark of spruce and balsam, and was full of hollows and depressions. Presently these hollows got full of water, when

there was a simultaneous downpour of bigger and lesser rills upon the sleepers beneath. Said sleepers, as one man, sprang up, each taking his blanket with him; but by the time some of the party had got themselves stowed away under the adjacent rock, the rain ceased. It was little more than the dissolving of the night-cap of fog which so often hangs about these heights. With the first appearance of the dawn I had heard the new thrush in the scattered trees near the hut — a strain as fine as if blown upon a fairy flute, a suppressed musical whisper from out the tops of the dark spruces. Probably never did there go up from the top of a great mountain a smaller song to greet the day, albeit it was of the purest harmony. It seemed to have in a more marked degree the quality of interior reverberation than any other thrush song I had ever heard. Would the altitude or the situation account for its minor key? Loudness would avail little in such a place. Sounds are not far heard on a mountain-top; they are lost in the abyss of vacant air. But amidst these low, dense, dark spruces, which make a sort of canopied privacy of every square rod of ground, what could be more in keeping than this delicate musical whisper? It was but the soft hum of the balsams, interpreted and embodied in a bird's voice.

It was the plan of two of our companions to go from Slide over into the head of the Rondout, and thence out to the railroad at the little village of Shokan, an unknown way to them, involving nearly an all-day pull the first day through a pathless wilderness. We ascended to the topmost floor of the tower, and from my knowledge of the topography of the country I pointed out to them their course, and where the valley of the Rondout must lie. The vast stretch of woods, when it came into view from under the foot of Slide, seemed from our point of observation very uniform. It swept away to the south-east, rising gently towards the ridge that separates Lone Mountain from Peak-o'-Moose, and presented a comparatively easy problem. As a clew to the course, the line where the dark belt or saddle-cloth of spruce which covered the top of the ridge they were to skirt ended and the deciduous woods began, a sharp, well-defined line, was pointed out as the course to be followed. It led straight to the top of the broad level-backed ridge which connected two higher peaks and immediately behind which lay the head-waters of the Rondout. Having studied the map thoroughly and possessed themselves of the points, they rolled up their blankets about 9 o'clock and were off, my friend and myself purposing to spend yet another day and night on Slide. As our friends plunged down

into that fearful abyss, we shouted to them the old classic caution, "Be bold, be bold, be not *too* bold." It required courage to make such a leap into the unknown as I knew those young men were making, and it required prudence. A faint heart or a bewildered head, and serious consequences might have resulted. The theory of a thing is so much easier than the practice. The theory is in the air, the practice is in the woods; the eye, the thought, travel easily where the foot halts and stumbles. However, our friends made the theory and the fact coincide; they kept the dividing line between the spruce and the birches, and passed over the ridge into the valley safely; but they were torn and bruised, and wet by the showers, and made the last few miles of their journey on will and pluck alone, their last pound of positive strength having been exhausted in making the descent through the chaos of rocks and logs into the head of the valley. In such emergencies one overdraws his account; he travels on the credit of the strength he expects to gain when he gets his dinner and some sleep. Unless one has made such a trip himself (and I have several times in my life) he can form but a faint idea what it is like—what a trial it is to the body and what a trial it is to the mind. You are fighting a battle with an enemy in ambush. How those miles and leagues which your feet must compass lie hidden there in that wilderness; how they seem to multiply themselves; how they are fortified with logs, and rocks, and fallen trees; how they take refuge in deep gullies, and skulk behind unexpected eminences! Your body not only feels the fatigue of the battle, your mind feels the strain of the undertaking; you may miss your mark; the mountains may out-manceuvre you. All that day, whenever I looked down upon that treacherous wilderness, I thought with misgivings of those two friends groping their way there, and would have given something to have known how it fared with them. Their concern was probably less than my own, because they were more ignorant of what was before them. Then there was just a slight shadow of fear in my mind that I might have been in error about some points of the geography I had pointed out to them. But all was well, and the victory was won according to the campaign which I had planned. When we saluted our friends upon their own doorstep a week afterward, the wounds were nearly all healed and the rents all mended.

When one is on a mountain-top he spends most of the time in looking at the show he has been at such pains to see. About every hour we would ascend the rude lookout to take a fresh observation. With a glass I could

see my native hills forty miles away to the north-west. I was now upon the back of the horse, yea, upon the highest point of his shoulders, which had so many times attracted my attention as a boy. We could look along his balsam-covered back to his rump, from which the eye glanced away down into the forests of the Neversink, and on the other hand plump down into the gulf where his head was grazing or drinking. During the day there was a grand procession of thunder-clouds filing along over the northern Catskills, and letting down veils of rain and enveloping them. From such an elevation one has the same view of the clouds that he has from the prairie or the ocean. They do not seem to rest across and to be upborne by the hills, but they emerge out of the dim west, thin and vague, and grow and stand up as they get nearer and roll by him, on a level but invisible highway, huge chariots of wind and storm.

In the afternoon a thick cloud threatened us, but it proved to be the condensation of vapor that announces a cold wave. There was soon a marked fall in the temperature, and as night drew near it became pretty certain that we were going to have a cold time of it. The wind rose, the vapor above us thickened and came nearer, until it began to drive across the summit in slender wraiths, which curled over the brink and shut out the view. We became very diligent in getting in our night wood and in gathering more boughs to calk up the openings in the hut. The wood we scraped together was a sorry lot,—roots and stumps and branches of decayed spruce, such as we could collect without an ax, and some rags and tags of birch bark. The fire was built in one corner of the shanty, the smoke finding easy egress through large openings on the east side and in the roof over it. We doubled up the bed, making it thicker and more nest-like, and as darkness set in stowed ourselves into it beneath our blankets. The searching wind found out every crevice about our heads and shoulders, and it was icy cold. Yet we fell asleep, and had slept about an hour when my companion sprang up in an unwonted state of excitement for so placid a man. His excitement was occasioned by the sudden discovery that something like a bar of ice was fast taking the place of his backbone. His teeth chattered and he was convulsed with ague. I advised him to replenish the fire, and to wrap himself in his blanket and cut the liveliest capers he was capable of in so circumscribed a place. This he promptly did, and the thought of his wild and desperate dance there in the dim light, his tall form, his blanket flapping, his teeth chattering, the

porcupines outside marking time with their squeals and grunts, still provokes a smile, though it was a serious enough matter at the time. After a while the warmth came back to him, but he dared not to trust himself again to the boughs; he fought the cold all night as one might fight a besieging foe. By carefully husbanding the fuel, the beleaguering enemy was kept at bay till morning came; but when morning did come, even the huge root he had used as a chair was consumed. Rolled in my blanket beneath a foot or more of balsam boughs, I had got some fairly good sleep, and was most of the time oblivious to the melancholy vigil of my friend. As we had but a few morsels of food left, and had been on rather short rations the day before, hunger was added to his other discomforts. At that time a letter was on the way to him from his wife, which contained the prophetic sentence, "I hope thee is not suffering with cold and hunger on some lone mountain-top."

Mr. Bicknell's thrush struck up again at the first signs of dawn, notwithstanding the cold. I could hear his penetrating and melodious whisper as I lay buried beneath the boughs. Presently I arose and invited my friend to turn in for a brief nap, while I gathered some wood and set the coffee brewing. With a brisk, roaring fire on, I left for the spring to fetch some water and to make my toilet. The leaves of the mountain golden-rod, which everywhere covered the ground in the opening, were covered with frozen particles of vapor, and the scene, shut in by fog, was chill and dreary enough.

We were now not long in squaring an account with Slide, and making ready to leave. Round pellets of snow began to fall, and we came off the mountain on the 10th of June in a November storm and temperature. Our purpose was to return by the same valley we had come. A well-defined trail led off the summit to the north; to this we committed ourselves. In a few minutes we emerged at the head of the slide that had given the mountain its name. This was the path made by visitors to the scene. When it ended, the track of the avalanche began: no bigger than your hand apparently had it been at first, but it rapidly grew, until it became several rods in width. It dropped down from our feet straight as an arrow until it was lost in the fog, and looked perilously steep. The dark forms of the spruce were clinging to the edge of it, as if reaching out to their fellows to save them. We hesitated on the brink, but finally cautiously began the descent. The rock was quite naked and slippery, and only on the margin of the Slide were there any boulders to stay the foot, or bushy growths to aid the hand. As we

paused, after some minutes, to select our course, one of the finest surprises of the trip awaited us: the fog in our front was swiftly whirled up by the breeze, like the drop-curtain at the theater, only much more rapidly, and in a twinkling the vast gulf opened before us. It was so sudden as to be almost bewildering. The world opened like a book and there were the pictures; the spaces were without a film, the forests and mountains looked surprisingly near; in the heart of the northern Catskills a wild valley was seen flooded with sunlight. Then the curtain ran down again, and nothing was left but the gray strip of rock to which we clung, plunging down into the obscurity. Down and down we made our way. Then the fog lifted again. It was Jack and his bean-stalk renewed; new wonders, new views, awaited us every few moments, till at last the whole valley below us stood in the clear sunshine. We passed down a precipice and there was a rill of water, the beginning of the creek that wound through the valley below; farther on, in a deep depression, lay the remains of an old snow-bank: winter had made his last stand here, and April flowers were springing up almost amidst his very bones. We did not find a palace, and a hungry giant, and a princess, etc., at the end of our bean-stalk, but we found a humble roof and the hospitable heart of Mrs. Larkins, which answered our purpose better. And we were in the mood, too, to have undertaken an eating bout with any giant that Jack ever discovered.

Of all the retreats that I have found amidst the Catskills there is no other that possesses quite so many charms for me as this valley, wherein stands Larkins's humble dwelling; it is so wild, so quiet, and has such superb mountain views. In coming up the valley, you have apparently reached the head of civilization a mile or more lower down; here the rude little houses end, and you turn to the left into the woods. Presently you emerge into a clearing again, and before you rises the rugged and indented crest of Panther Mountain, and near at hand, on a low plateau, rises the humble roof of Larkins, — you get a picture of the Panther and of the homestead at one glance. Above the house hangs a high, bold cliff covered with forest, with a broad fringe of blackened and blasted tree-trunks, where the cackling of the great pileated woodpecker may be heard; on the left a dense forest sweeps up to the sharp, spruce-covered cone of the Wittenburg, nearly four thousand feet high; while at the head of the valley rises Slide over all. From a meadow just back of Larkins's barn a view may be had of all these mountains, while the terraced side of Cross Mountain bounds the view immediately to the east. Running from the top of Panther to-

wards Slide one sees a gigantic wall of rock, crowned with a dark line of fir. The forest abruptly ends, and in its stead rises the face of this colossal rocky escarpment, like some barrier built by the mountain gods. Eagles might nest here. It breaks the monotony of the world of woods very impressively.

I delight in sitting on a rock in one of these upper fields and seeing the sun go down behind Panther. The rapid-flowing brook below me fills all the valley with a soft murmur. There is no breeze, but the great atmospheric tide flows slowly in towards the cooling forest; one can see it by the motes in the air illuminated by the setting sun: presently, as the air cools a little, the tide turns and flows slowly out. The long, winding valley up to the foot of Slide, five miles of primitive woods, how wild and cool it looks, its one voice the murmur of the creek! On the Wittenburg the sunshine long lingers; now it stands up like an island in a sea of shadows, then slowly sinks beneath the wave. The evening call of a robin, or a thrush at his vespers, makes a marked impression on the silence and the solitude.

The following day my friend and I pitched our tent in the woods beside the stream where I had pitched it twice before and passed several delightful days, with trout in abundance and wild strawberries at intervals. Mrs. Larkins's cream-pot, butter-jar, and bread-box were within easy reach. Near the camp was an unusually large spring, of icy coldness, which served as our refrigerator. Trout or milk immersed in this spring in a tin pail would keep sweet four or five days. One night some creature, probably a lynx or a wildcat, came and lifted the stone from the pail that held the trout and took out a fine string of them and ate them up on the spot, leaving only the string and one head. In August bears come down to an ancient and now brushy bark peeling near by for blackberries. But the creature that most infests these backwoods is the porcupine. He is as stupid and indifferent as the skunk; his broad, blunt nose points a witless head. They are great gnawers, and will gnaw your house down if you are not watchful. Of a summer evening they will walk coolly into your open door if not prevented. The most annoying animal to the camper-out in this region, and the one he needs to be most on the lookout for, is the cow. Backwoods cows and young cattle seem always to be famished for salt, and they will fairly lick the fisher-

man's clothes off his back, and his tent and equipage out of existence, if he give them a chance. On one occasion some wood-ranging heifers and steers that had been hovering around our camp for some days made a raid upon it when we were absent. The tent was shut and everything snugged up, but they ran their long tongues under the tent, and, tasting something savory, hooked out John Stuart Mill's "Essays on Religion," which one of us had brought along thinking to read in the woods. They mouthed the volume around a good deal, but its logic was too tough for them, and they contented themselves with devouring the paper in which it was wrapped. If the cattle had not been surprised at just that point, it is probable the tent would have gone down before their eager curiosity and their thirst for salt.

The raid which Larkins's dog made upon our camp was amusing rather than annoying. He was a very friendly and intelligent shepherd dog, probably a collie. Hardly had we sat down to our first lunch in camp before he called on us. But as he was disposed to be too friendly, and to claim too large a share of the lunch, we rather gave him the cold shoulder. He did not come again; but a few evenings afterward, as we sauntered over to the house on some trifling errand, the dog suddenly conceived a bright little project. He seemed to say to himself, on seeing us, "There come both of them now, just as I have been hoping they would; now while they are away I will run quickly over and know what they have got that a dog can eat." My companion saw the dog get up on our arrival, and go quickly in the direction of our camp, and he said that something in the cur's manner suggested to him the object of his hurried departure. He called my attention to the fact, and we hastened back. On cautiously nearing camp, the dog was seen amidst the pails in the shallow water of the creek, investigating them. He had uncovered the butter and was about to taste it when we shouted, and he made quick steps for home, with a very "kill-sheep" look. When we again met him at the house next day he could not look us in the face, but sneaked off, utterly crestfallen. This was a clear case of reasoning on the part of the dog, and afterward a clear case of the sense of guilt from wrong-doing. The dog will probably be a man before any other animal is.

John Burroughs.



THE PULPIT FOR TO-DAY.



INTO the United States God has poured a vast heterogeneous population. The picture which John painted in the Apocalypse may be seen here, with a difference: men gathered out of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, but not before the throne of God, nor praising him. Every phase of individual character is here represented; every race, every nationality, every language, every form of religion. Here are the Irishman, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Swede, the Norwegian, the German, the Hungarian, the Pole, the Italian, the Spaniard, the Portuguese. Here are the Celt, the Anglo-Saxon, the African, the Malay. Here is the negro, with his emotional religion; the Roman Catholic, with his ceremonial religion; the Puritan, with his intellectual religion; and the unbelieving German, with his no religion at all. Hither they have come trooping, sometimes beckoned by us, sometimes thrust upon us, sometimes invading us; but, welcome or unwelcome, still they come. To America the language of the ancient Hebrew prophet may be almost literally applied:

The sons of strangers also shall build thy walls,
And their kings shall serve thee;

Thy gates also shall be open continually;
They shall not be shut by day nor by night;
That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles,
And that their kings may be brought.*

This heterogeneous people occupy a land which embraces every variety of climate from northern Europe to middle Asia, and every variety of wealth from the wheat fields of Russia to the silver mines of Golconda. Its fertile soil gives every variety of production from the pine-trees of Maine to the orange groves of Florida. It has for agriculture vast prairies of exhaustless wealth; for mines, mountains rich in coal, iron, copper, silver, gold; for mills, swift running rivers; for carriage, slow and deep ones; and for commerce, a harbor-indented coast line, lying open to two oceans and inviting the commerce of both hemispheres. I do not dwell upon the magnificence of this endowment,—that is a familiar aspect,—but upon its diversity. The nation which occupies such

* Isaiah lx. 10, 11. The whole chapter applies in a remarkable manner to the present condition of the United States.

a land must be diverse in industry as it is heterogeneous in population. The simplicity of social and industrial organization has long since passed away. There are few richer men in the world than in America, and none who have amassed such wealth in so short a time; there are no poorer men in the world, and nowhere men whose poverty is so embittered by disappointed hopes and shattered ambitions. In the Old World men are born to poverty, and accept their predestined lot with contentment, if not with cheerfulness. In America the ambitious youth sees a possible preferment in the future; counts every advance only a step towards a further advancement, and attributes every failure to injustice or ill-luck. Society, thus made up of heterogeneous population, subjected to the educational influence of widely differing religions, engaged in industries whose interests often seem to conflict, if they actually do not, and separated into classes by continually shifting partition walls, is kept in perpetual ferment by the nature of its educational, political, and social institutions. The boys of the rich and the poor sit by each other's side in the same school-room; their fathers brush against each other in the same conveyance. The hod-carrier and the millionaire hang by the same strap, and sway against each other in the same horse-car. Every election brings rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, into line to deposit ballots of equal weight in the same ballot-box, and makes it the interest of each to win the suffrage of the other for his candidate and his party. The caldron, political and ecumenical, is always seething and boiling; the bottom thrown to the top, the top sinking in turn to the bottom. The canal-boat driver becomes President; the deck hand a railroad magnate. The son of the President mingles with the masses of the people in the battle for position and preferment, and the son of yesterday's millionaire is to-morrow earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. In the Old World men live like monks in a monastery; each class, if not each individual, has its own cell. Here all walls are down, and all classes live in commons. All this is familiar; it is enough here to sketch it in the barest outlines; for my only purpose in recalling it is to ask the reader to consider what is its moral meaning. It can have but one. Into this continent God has thrown this heterogeneous people, in this effervescent and seething mass, that in the struggle they may learn the laws

of social life. African, Malay, Anglo-Saxon, and Celt, ignorant and cultivated, rich and poor, he flings us together under institutions which inextricably intermix us, that he may teach us by experience the meaning of the brotherhood of man.

Our national history confirms this interpretation—if any confirmation were needed. The questions of our national history have all been social, not theological. We can hardly conceive that battles were fought, as bitter as our civil war, over the question whether God should be defined as existing in one Person or in three; whether the Son should be defined as proceeding from the Father or created by Him; whether he should be described as of the same substance or only as of like substance. We can hardly conceive that Europe was plunged into fierce wars by the question whether righteousness was imputed or imparted. But these were the real questions of the past, and if they seem insignificant to us now, it is only because we do not look beneath the form to the substance of the issues involved—issues as sublime as ever demanded the supremest concentration and the most devoted zeal of men. For these questions men once willingly died; for them they now unwillingly keep awake for half an hour of a Sunday afternoon. The questions for which we have fought, and are willing to fight again if need be, are questions of a different sort. Slavery, temperance, labor and capital, the tariff, public education: these present the questions of our national life, and they are all aspects and phases of one question—What are the divine laws of social life? Are there any principles of government, known or discoverable, which will enable men who differ in origin, in condition, in race, and in religious belief to live harmoniously together in one commonwealth—that is, in one social and political organization, fashioned and carried on so as to promote their common welfare?

This is certainly a question which the clergy and the Church must help to answer. It is emphatically a religious question.* If the Church does not interest itself in what concerns humanity, it cannot hope that humanity will interest itself in what concerns the Church. Why, indeed, should it? If the Church shelters itself under the plea that religion is a matter between the individual soul and God, it adopts a very much narrower definition of religion than that of the Bible. The Hebrew prophet who asked, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy

God?" had a conception of religion two parts of which have to do with our relations to our fellow-men, and one part with our relations to God. Christ's summary of the law and the prophets puts as much emphasis on the brotherhood of man as on the fatherhood of God. Indeed, it could not be otherwise. A religion which did not teach us how to live on earth would have small claims upon our respect when it claimed to teach us how to prepare for heaven. A captain who does not know how to manage a ship at sea cannot be trusted to bring her into port. A teacher who cannot tell his boys how to get along with each other in school is not the man to prepare them to get along with each other as men in manhood. Christianity is not merely individual; it is organic. That Judaism is so no Bible student will for a moment question. It deals mainly with organisms—religious organization in an established church, political organization in a Jewish commonwealth. Hebrew scholars even doubt whether the Old Testament knows anything about a future life; it certainly concerns itself mainly about the life that now is. The New Testament equally concerns itself with social organization. It undertakes to build up, not merely individual Christians here and there, but a Christian society. Christ begins his mission by proclaiming that the kingdom of God is at hand. His first published sermon is an explanation of the duties which men owe to one another, and of the principles on which they are to act, if the kingdom of righteousness and peace is ever to be established on the earth. His second sermon is a prophetic survey of the processes by which that kingdom will be developed. He does not lay more stress upon the declaration, "One is your Master, even Christ," than upon the accompanying declaration, "All ye are brethren." The minister who does not discover laws of social life in the Bible has studied it to very little purpose. The minister who does not teach those laws does not follow the example of either the Old Testament prophets, the New Testament apostles, or the divine Master of both.

To whom else shall the people look for instruction in the moral principles of a true social order if not to the ministry? Shall they look to the politicians? I am not going to enter upon any cheap satire of the politicians. They are like the preachers, some good and some bad. But, good or bad, their function in a democracy is not to inculcate, still less to discover, great principles. They are executive officers, not teachers. They are appointed to formulate in law and so set in motion the principles which, under the instruction of

* "Every political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question."—*Mazzini*.

others, the people have adopted. This is what more or less effectively they are doing; and this is what they ought to do. The politician is not a motive power; he is a belting, and connects the motive power with the machinery. He gets things done when the people have determined what they want done. The bankers and financiers deliberate and discuss, and when the popular determination as to currency is reached as the result of this discussion, Congress incorporates it in a law. The politicians will never determine what is the best legal method of dealing with the liquor traffic. When the people have determined, the politicians may be trusted to carry that determination into effect. The people cannot learn the moral laws of the social order from the politicians; the politicians must learn them from the people. The master does not take orders from his servant; the servant takes them from his master. Shall we then look to the editors for moral instruction in sociology? The editors ought to be public teachers, but with few exceptions they have abdicated. The secular press is devoted to secular news-gathering and to party service; the religious press, to ecclesiastical news-gathering and denominational service. There are some notable exceptions, but they do but prove the rule. Not long since I heard the editor of one of the wealthiest and most successful, though not most influential, of American journals say in a public debate, that the daily paper was organized to make money, and that was what it ought to be organized for. So long as this is deemed true by the editors, the newspaper cannot be a teacher. The world has never paid for leadership until the leader was dead. Such a press can only crystallize the public sentiment which others have created, and so make efficacious a feeling which otherwise would effervesce in emotion. This it does, and for this service we are duly grateful. But it cannot—at least it generally does not—do the work of an investigator. It does not discover laws of life. It does not create; it only represents. It is a reservoir, without which the mill could not be driven; but the reservoir must itself be fed by the springs among the hills. The real formers of public opinion are the teachers and the preachers, the schools and the churches. The former are necessarily empirical; they deduce the laws of life from a study of past experience. The latter ought to be prophets. Their sympathy with all classes of men, their common contact with rich and poor, their opportunities for reflection and meditation, and their supposed consecration to a work wholly unselfish and disinterested, ought to combine with their piety to give them that insight into life which has always

been characteristic of a prophetic order. I do not mean to demand of the ministry the impossible; but if this is not their function, it would be difficult to say what function they have. They cannot formulate public opinion in laws as well as the politicians; they cannot represent that public opinion which is already formed as well as the journalists; they cannot extract the truth from a scientific study of life as well as the teacher and the scholar. But so far as natural selection, aided by special studies and a generally quiet life, can equip any class of men for a prophetic function, and so fit them to discern the great moral laws of the social order, the ministry are so equipped. If they will leave the professional teachers to expound the secular, that is, the empirical side of social science, the newspapers to reflect the conclusions respecting such science as are formed, and the politicians to embody those opinions and principles in law, and will devote themselves to the spiritual study of the Book, and of life,—that book which is always being written and is never finished,—they can be leaders of the leaders. They can lay the foundations on which other men shall rear the superstructure. They speak, or can speak, to all classes in the community, for they belong to none. They address audiences of personal friends, whom they have counseled and aided in the hours when friendship is the most full of sweet significance. They speak to these friends at a time when baser passions are allayed and moral sentiments are awakened. The very smallness of their auditory as compared with that of the journalist adds force to their counsels and affords protection from misapprehension.

The pulpit for to-day, then, must be competent to give instruction in the moral laws which govern social and industrial life—the organized life of humanity. The age requires this instruction; the people desire it; the ministers should give it.

It cannot be expected in such a paper as this that I should attempt to unfold a Christian sociology. This has yet to be done, by the interchange of many opinions, and the interaction of many minds. I may, however, indicate certain lines of thought as illustrative of the kind of teaching which the exigency of the nineteenth century demands of the pulpits in America.

I. What is the Christian law of liberty?

"The true liberty of a man," says Carlyle, "you would say consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path and to walk therein. To learn or be taught what work he was actually able to do; and then by permission, persuasion, or even compulsion to be set about doing of the same. . . .

O! if thou really art my senior, seigneur, my Elder, Presbyter, or Priest — if thou art in any way my *wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to conquer and command me. If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure you in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices!"*

No! this is not liberty; it is servitude. Servitude may be better than walking over precipices; it may be in every way justifiable if the freeman be a lunatic, and is bent upon pushing men weaker than himself over precipices. But it is not liberty. We hold in this country that men can be kept from walking over precipices, or thrusting their fellows over, without the use of brass collars, whips, and handcuffs; but how this is to be done we do not yet, I fear, very clearly discern. When the mob of anarchists, aroused to frenzy by the appeals of Most and Parsons and Spies, march to burn and kill and destroy, and are met by steel bayonets and whistling rifle-balls, we have come to Carlyle's definition of liberty, to brass collars, whips, and handcuffs. These are preferable to the precipice; but they are not liberty. "Liberty," says Webster's Dictionary, "is ability to do as one pleases." "Freedom is exemption from the power and control of another." How can a great heterogeneous people, made up of every nationality, race, class, and religion, be thus free, be endowed with this ability to do as they severally please? For if Webster is right, liberty is a large ability. It is power; it is competence.

On my lawn is a goat tethered by a rope to a stake. He is not at liberty. Why not cut the rope and let him go where and do as he pleases? Because, if I do, he will gnaw the bark of the young trees, trample down the garden beds, pull up the strawberry plants by the roots. In a word, because he is not able to perceive and be obedient to an invisible law, he must be subjected to a visible and tangible one. If it were possible to train him so that he would leave the young trees alone, would keep out of the garden, and would eat only the grass and the burdocks, of which latter he is fond, and which we should be glad to have him destroy, he might be set free, to go where and do what he pleases. Because he cannot be taught to please to do right, he must be tethered. We have also a collie dog. Fond as he is of a ramble with his young masters, the boys have only to say to him, "No, Victor; go home," and he lies quietly down on the lawn and looks wistfully and pathetically after them. Formerly they had to tie him when they went off for a ramble. But he has

learned obedience, and therefore has acquired liberty. This is a very simple illustration of a very simple truth; namely, that liberty is not exemption from law; it is spiritual perception of and voluntary obedience to law. The goat can never be made free, because it can never be taught to perceive and to respect the invisible law. Law and liberty are not opposites. We come into liberty when we become a law unto ourselves. Liberty and independence are not synonymous; liberty is voluntary subjection.

Aristotle classifies government in three classes — government by the one, government by the few, government by the many. We have added in America a fourth class — self-government. The mass cannot do what all the individuals in the mass are incapable of doing. If the individual American cannot govern himself, the American people cannot govern themselves. A pack of wolves is no more capable of freedom than is a single wolf. The first condition of self-government in a community is that each individual should possess the power of self-government in himself. Each individual must be endowed with ability to do as he pleases or the state cannot be free. If even a considerable minority are engaged in schemes for pushing their fellows over the precipice, we must have recourse to Carlyle's brass collars, whips, and handcuffs. But the first condition of self-government is the ability to recognize an invisible law, and to subject one's self to its restraint. This is what Isaiah means when, in that resplendent picture of peaceful industry replacing war, he declares that the law shall go out of Zion. This is what Christ means when he says, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The law of liberty is the supremacy of the individual conscience in the individual life. It is the law written within, and therefore needing no whips and handcuffs imposed from without. If ever our churches by their preaching shall lighten the sanctity of the divine law, shall suffer the people to forget that the Father of mankind is also its lawgiver, shall let the Old Testament, with its Thou shalt and Thou shalt not, drift into obscurity; if ever the ties of family life are loosened, and children forget to honor their father and their mother, and to obey their parents in the Lord; if ever the community comes to entertain a contempt for its appointed law-makers and its interpreters of law, and to allow its self-imposed requirements to be disregarded with impunity; if ever sheriffs and governors dally with mobs, entreating where they should command, and giving promises where they should give shot and ball; if ever Justice drops her sword and wishes to retain her office by virtue of her scales alone; if ever

* "Past and Present," p. 213.

entire states are allowed to dis sever their allegiance to the constitution of the land and fight for lawlessness and call it liberty — unless in that hour there are ministers in the pulpits to recall Mount Sinai, and fathers to remember the story of Eli, and governors to bear the sword not in vain, and a national determination to maintain liberty by maintaining law at any cost of blood and treasure, the end of the republic will not be far distant.

"Despotism may govern without faith," says De Tocqueville, "but liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in the republic which they [the atheistic republicans] set forth in glowing colors than in the monarchy which they attack; it is more needed in democratic republics than in any other. How is it possible that societies should escape destruction, if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to the Deity?"*

That question I leave to the reflection of the reader.

II. What is the Christian conception of labor?

Throughout the Middle Ages war was the only honorable pursuit. He who plundered others was knighted; he who clothed the naked earth with fertility by his toil was a vassal. Down to our own time, in England, the only refuge of the younger sons of the nobility has been the Church, the army, and the civil service. The scion of noble stock might walk the deck of a man-of-war, but if he drove a nail in making her iron sides he was an outcast. He might preach borrowed sermons in the pulpit, but if he were to do one honest day's work in laying up the stone work or shaping the rafters of the church he became a pariah. Nor can we say that even in American society this conception of labor as an indignity has no root and breathes out no pernicious odor upon the air. The iron masters of the Lehigh Valley tell me that they cannot find workingmen enough and must send to Europe for them; the Pacific coast is beginning to ask, If the Chinese must go, who can be found to till our vineyards, and tend our small fruits, and make our vegetable gardens for us? But almost every village has too many lawyers for justice, too many doctors for health, too many shopkeepers for trade, and too many ministers for good morals. Twice in the last two or three years I have received letters from fathers saying, "My son wants to be a farmer; I should like to send him to college and fit him for a profession. What should I better do?" What

* De Tocqueville, "Democracy in America," Vol. I., p. 393.

nobler profession is there than to obey God's mandate to Adam, to dress the earth and keep it; to win back a Garden of Eden from the thistle-cursed wilderness? So far has this conception of labor as an indignity entered into thought, that the Church itself imagines that toil was inflicted upon man as a penalty for sin. Our systems of education are corrupted by this servile conception of labor. The brain is educated, but not the eye to see, nor the hand to fashion, nor the muscle to do, nor the body to endure. We live in a country which clamors for men who know how to compel reluctant Nature to disclose her secrets; and yet it is hardly a quarter of a century since scientific schools were engrafted on even our higher education; and not yet are the simplest principles which underlie the industries of the vast majority of our people inculcated in our public schools, or known to the teachers in them. Seven and a half millions of men are engaged in various agricultural employments, that require for their best prosecution an intelligent comprehension of the chemistry of nature, of comparative physiology, and of the great laws of trade on which the markets of the world depend; but the student may go through the entire curriculum of the public school — primary school, grammar school, high school, and even State university — and hardly know that there is a chemistry of nature, or that a comparison of the physiological structure of the animal race has been made, unless in his later years he has learned these facts in an "optional." The highest ambition of the laborer in the lower ranks of the hierarchy of labor is to reduce his hours from twelve to ten, or from ten to eight, or even from eight to six; and the highest ambition of the laborer in the higher ranks of labor is to retire, *i. e.*, to reduce his hours of labor to none at all.

Christianity has a very different conception to give to the world, and the Christian ministry are the men to give it. It depicts, in the prose poem with which the history of the race begins, an Eden which the innocent children of God were appointed to dress and to keep. In the primitive commonwealth, which was to serve as a pattern for future generations, war is discouraged, agriculture honored and ennobled. Abraham is a farmer; Moses, a herdsman; David, a shepherd boy; Paul, a tent-maker; Christ, a carpenter. In the glowing picture of the future golden age which awaits the world the spears are not laid aside, but beaten into pruning-hooks; nor the swords hung up ingloriously to rust away, but converted into plowshares. The benediction of God is bestowed on the laborer. The Hebrew painter takes his brush to paint a picture of

ideal womanhood. This is what he places on his easel:

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

Which picture I beg permission to recommend to the thoughtful consideration of those who have in charge the higher education of women.

That is not the higher education for either man or woman which educates them away from honest industry, from hard work; which teaches the boy to shun the plow, or the girl to shun the spindle; which puts in either men or women an ambition to escape labor, not to perform it. What does the eight-hour movement mean? Does it mean two hours more for head, and heart, and home; for books, and wife, and children, and love? Does it mean less hand work, and more head work; less factory work, and more home work; fewer hours with the "boss," and more with the tired wife and neglected babes? Then all hail to it. An age in which seven men can gather from the willing earth food for one thousand ought to redeem humanity from drudgery — but not from toil. For if the eight-hour movement means merely less work — less in factory or at home, for "boss" or for children, of head or of hand, then it means more idleness, more drink, more wretchedness, more paupers.

III. What is the Christian conception of wealth?

The unchristian conception of wealth is expressed in the saying, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It finds its perfect illustration in the saying of the French Bourbon, "The State! I am the State." This was the mental attitude of all the Roman emperors. Rome was their private property — its citizens their cattle, its wealth their personal estate. The American Republic no longer believes this to be true. That public office is a public trust is professed by all Americans, even if it is believed only by a few. What is true of office is true of property. I criticise Henry George as not sufficiently radical. He objects to private property in land. He does not go far enough. The Bible objects to private property in anything. The doctrine that property is a trust is far more explicitly taught in the New Testament than the doctrine of a vicarious

atonement, or a Trinity in Unity. The latter are deductions from Biblical statements, the former is itself a Biblical statement. Property is a trust; life is a service; the poor are the beneficiaries; the duty of the trustee is to give them food in due season; the judgment is an accounting; the self-server is an unprofitable servant; the server of his age and race is a faithful and wise servant, who has proved his capacity for rulership. This is not figure; it is not Oriental imagery; it is not theological fiction; it is plain, simple, matter-of-fact, prosaic truth. The man who takes his property to be his own and uses it on himself is as truly guilty of embezzlement as the clerk who filches from his employer's till. No Bible student doubts this; but not many Bible preachers are accustomed to preach it, and fewer still of Bible Christians adopt and act upon it.

This truth is not more clearly announced by the Bible than it is by that other great revealer of spiritual truth — life. Our country is rich. What made it so? We have been digging coal and iron out of the Pennsylvania hills, and pumping oil out of its reservoirs; we have been gathering grain from the wheat-fields of Dakota, and cotton from the cotton-fields of Texas, and silver from the Rocky Mountains, and gold from the Pacific coast. Whose are they? Who stored them there? We are rich as the child is rich who discovers the preserves which his mother has put away in her closet; and, like the child, we shall pay dearly for our theft if we imagine that the treasure we have found is ours, — ours to do with as we please. It is His who put it there; and for our use of it or abuse of it we shall account to Him. It is a hopeful sign of American civilization that never before in the world's history were there so many men of wealth using their wealth as a trust, not as a private possession. I visited, not long since, one of the largest single coal-mine owners in Pennsylvania. He had built up in the wilderness a village with five thousand population. No roof covered more than two tenements; every tenement had about it ground for a garden plot. The day-school was kept open ten months in the year; evening schools afforded special facilities for such as wished to pursue special studies; a great hall furnished them with opportunity for every kind of recreation, from a ball to a lecture; a free library and reading-room gave an evening lounging-place free from beer and tobacco; there was not a liquor shop in the town; the ladies of the mansion equipped every year a Christmas-tree for the children of the village, dressing many out of the hundreds of dolls with their own hands; but what was best of all, the owner of mine, and land, and cottages

lived in the midst of his workingmen, and administered with his own hands the estate which furnished the one thousand workingmen with employment, the five thousand villagers with bread, and homes, and life. I thought how it would have delighted the heart of grim old Carlyle to have visited Drifton, and how even John Ruskin would have found something to praise in such a mining community.

I do not ask that men of wealth shall give more money to the Church, which is often stronger when it is poor than when it is rich; nor to the poor and thriftless, whom unearned money only keeps in poverty. I urge that the power to make money, like any other power, is a trust bestowed on the possessor for humanity. The preacher who preaches for his salary, not for the spiritual well-being of his parishioners, is a mercenary; the physician who practices for his fees, not to cure the sick, is a mercenary; the lawyer who pleads for his honorarium, not for justice, is a mercenary; the politician who enacts laws for what he can make, not for the community, is a mercenary; no less the manufacturer, the merchant, the trader, the man on 'change, who transacts his business to make money, not to give the community its meat in due season, is a mercenary. In the history of the nineteenth century, the doctrine that wealth is a trust must stand by the side of the doctrine that labor is an honor and liberty is an obedience. The materialism that threatens the American Church is not the materialism of Herbert Spencer. It is the materialism of the railroad, the factory, the shop; the materialism that puts thinghood above manhood; that does not know that things were made for man, not man for things—that God gives us, not Irishmen to build our railroads, but railroads to build Irishmen; not Hungarians to dig our mines, but mines to develop manhood in Hungarians.

These illustrations may serve at least to indicate the lines of investigation to which the needs of the nineteenth century invite the American preacher. If he will go to his Book for this purpose, he will find it quite as rich in sociological as in theological instruction; quite as fertile in its suggestions respecting the duty of man to man as in its suggestions re-

specting the nature and government of God. He will find his New Testament telling him that in Christ's kingdom the strong are to serve the weak; the rich, the poor—*i. e.*, the factory owner his hands, the railroad prince his trainmen; that controversies are to be settled, not by wage of battle or its modern equivalent, strikes and lockouts, but by mutual concessions and ultimate appeal to an impartial tribunal—in other words, by conciliation and arbitration; that the State is not a "social compact," nor government a "necessary evil"; that the one is a divinely constituted organism, and the other the necessary condition of its existence; that the judicial function does not belong to humanity, and therefore the judicial system will never become truly Christian till it ceases to be an effort to administer justice and becomes an effort to administer mercy; that the brotherhood of man is an integral part of Christianity no less than the fatherhood of God, and that to deny the one is no less infidel than to deny the other. In short, while he will find in the Book which he is appointed to interpret no light upon scientific details of political or industrial organization, he will find the great moral laws of the social order, if not clearly revealed at least definitely indicated, and in them abundant material for sermons which will be interesting because giving instruction which is both imperatively needed and eagerly desired. Sir Henry Maine has shown very clearly that democracy is not yet "triumphant democracy"; it is still an experiment. The American Revolution determined our right to try it on this continent without fear of foreign intervention; a civil war determined our right to try it without fear of domestic disruption. We have still to work the problem out. Whether a people diverse in race, religion, and industry can live happily and prosperously together, with no other law than the invisible law of right and wrong, and no other authority than the unarmed authority of conscience, is the question which America has to solve for the world. No one class in the community has a more potent influence in determining what shall be its answer to that question than the American clergy.

Lyman Abbott.



THE ONLY FOE.

WILD, threatening sky, white, raging sea,
Fierce wind that rends the rifted cloud,
Sets the new moon's sharp glitter free,
And thunders eastward, roaring loud!

A fury rides the autumn blast,
The hoary brine is torn and tossed;
Great Nature through her spaces vast
Casts her keen javelins of the frost.

Her hand that in the summer days
Soothed us with tender touch of joy,
Deals death upon her wintry ways;
Whom she caressed she would destroy.

Life shrinks and hides; all creatures cower
While her tremendous bolts are hurled,
That strike with blind, insensate power
The mighty shoulder of the world.

Be still, my soul, thou hast no part
In her black moods of hate and fear;
Lifted above her wrath thou art,
On thy still heights, serene and clear.

Remember this,—not all the wild,
Huge, untamed elements have force
To reach thee, though the seas were piled
In weltering mountains on thy course.

Only thyself thyself can harm.
Forget it not! And full of peace,
As if the south wind whispered warm,
Wait thou till storm and tumult cease.

Celia Thaxter.

GEORGE KENNAN.



WELL-KNOWN literary man who met Mr. Kennan on his return from Siberia declared, "I have been talking with a man who has seen hell!" It is not

strange that the world is curious about one whose experiences can be thus graphically described. We wish further knowledge of the personality of him who has traversed the awful circles and himself tasted the fire. Indeed, he who tells us such tales may justly be asked for an account of himself. Sober second-thought has a right to learn the quality of the man who describes inconceivable horrors as actual, living facts. There is reason in seeking to know the experience which gives value to the judgment of one who, standing on the basis of his own statements alone, asks the world to believe the incredible, and relates that which must from its very nature be unverifiable.

It may well enough be that not only to the readers of this magazine, but to all the world as well, Mr. Kennan's history is centered around the expedition of 1885 to study the exile system. His career up to that time was but a preparation for that high service; his mental equipment, his physical traits, his characteristics and qualities are of value as they show his power to do this work. The very facts of his life take on new importance as educators for it, or slip away unnoticed as out of relation to it. Large and small become relative

terms in this view of things, and especially do some minor events take on a new interest. It is said that the hour brings the man: never was a truer instance of it than this work and this worker; never does a whole previous life seem more entirely a preparation for such work. Keen, quick, discriminating, yet especially just and accurate, strong in body and with a stout purpose, of an unconquerable will and an indomitable courage, and with an eager interest in all strange places and peoples, Nature had made him for her service. Nursed on difficulties, and trained by necessity, he yet had never parted company with industry and perseverance, while readiness of resource was both his inheritance and his habit. Books and life had equally been his tutors; he had learned to write readily, to collocate, and to compare. Business, law, and government had given him knowledge. The difficult speech of Russia was his familiar tongue, and a strange and sharp special training had made this far country like another home to him. Surely here was the man, and the hour also had come, for the world was waking to the faint cries of the oppressed and asking for the truth.

Born in Norwalk, Ohio, on the 16th of February, 1845, canny Scotch and impetuous Irish blood mingle with the sturdy English currents in the veins of George Kennan; but for four generations the Kennans have been Americans. His father, John Kennan, a young

lawyer from western New York, had found home and wife in what was then a small town of Ohio. His mother was Mary Ann Morse, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, and it is not without interest to learn that she was of the same family as the great inventor of telegraphy, S. F. B. Morse. It may have been but a coincidence, but it may have been some subtle influence of heredity that determined the trend of life for the boy who sent his first message over the wires the day he was six years old, and who from that time onward found in their constant use both vocation and avocation. It is also curious to notice a passionate love of travel in the father, and a deep devotion to nature, and an unusual mechanical skill—qualities, all of them, which repeat themselves in the son, this last developed into an extraordinary quickness at supplying unexpected needs and a wonderful readiness of adaptation, whether in things physical or in more important matters. From his mother too came strong mental and moral impulses, making him a quick observer and a stern judge of life; and from her came the intellectual ability and love of literature so noticeable in the boy who would have an education at whatever cost, and so conspicuous in the cultivation of the man.

The coveted "education" was no light matter to this seeker after knowledge, as appears by the price he willingly paid for the hope. A college course was the goal at which he aimed, if indeed that can be called a goal which is intended only as a sort of landing-place in an upward way already planned. But it was one thing to plan and another to accomplish the end. Circumstances that could neither be helped nor hindered laid upon the shoulders of this boy the duty of assisting in the support of the family, and at the somewhat tender age of twelve George Kennan began that life as a telegraphist which prevented any further regular school-going, but which, with equal pace, led the way to a very different career. Courage and endurance and industry were not the least of the qualities that were at once exhibited and educated in the struggle of the years that followed. It has already been said that he became a regular operator at Norwalk at the age of twelve. For the next five years, not only there but at Wheeling, Columbus, and Cincinnati,—for thoroughness and skill brought rapid promotion,—he never ceased both study and recitation, whether it was 3 or 4 o'clock of the night when he laid down his work. It was at Cincinnati, in the latter part of 1863, that he finally gave up the hard-fought battle; and from that time on there was no more school for Kennan, and of the plan of a collegiate course only the unconquerable

desire remained. It was now in the midst of our civil war, and the extreme pressure of work at this important junction of lines, added to the unremitting mental and physical strain of double duties, had well-nigh broken down a constitution not used to give way. Pursued, however, by the failure of life-long hopes and seemingly hemmed in by an inexorable future, the young man fell into much despondence. He was filled with the patriotic fervor of the time too, and the spirit of adventure had already taken hold of him so that he left no stone unturned to procure an appointment as telegraph operator in the field, and, failing in this, besieged the authorities for other difficult service.

It was perhaps as much because wearied with importunities as on account of old family friendship, that General Anson Stager, then Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at last acceded to his request for a place in the Russian-American telegraph expedition. That brilliant scheme has been so long forgotten that it may not be amiss to remind the reader what it was, the more especially as its work had a determining influence upon young Kennan's whole future. The failure of the first Atlantic cable made it seem for a time as if no such medium of inter-continental communication could be accomplished. In this emergency the Western Union Telegraph Company saw a possibility of a land route through British Columbia and Alaska on the one side, and over the vast barren spaces of Siberia on the other, with the short and quite possible cable across Behring's Straits to connect the two. Work was actually begun upon the line, but the success of the second Atlantic cable put an end to the overland experiment midway in its career. While it was still a plan however, the restless and gloomy youth in Cincinnati, sitting one day at his place in the office, thinking hopelessly of his appeal to General Stager, suddenly jumped into life at the receipt of a laconic message sent over the wires by that gentleman's own hand, "Can you start for Alaska in two weeks?" and with the confident courage alike of his age and his temperament replied, "Yes, in two hours!" This eager candidate for hardships was still to undergo six baffling weeks of desperate fever and many months of rough life and adventure in Central America and California before the expedition actually left for eastern Asia on July 3, 1865. Scarcely twenty years old, there were eight years of work behind him in which unwearied industry and much professional ability had already been evidenced and appreciated,—years in which the burdens of life had fallen somewhat heavily upon shoulders eager for other tasks,—but as

the ship sailed out of the harbor of San Francisco and he turned his face to Kamtchatka, the very golden gate of promise opened before him.

The two years spent in the wilds of eastern Siberia, with its camps on the boundless steppes, its life in the smoky huts of the wandering Koraks, its arctic winters, its multiplied hardships, and its manifold interests and excitements, proved a very preparatory school for another and vastly more important Siberian journey. Not the least of its advantages was the knowledge of the language then first acquired in those months of often solitary life among the wild tribes of Siberia. Among this man's many qualifications for his work is an unusual linguistic ability. Not only is a language very easy to him, but almost without his own knowledge he possesses himself of a certain inner sense of its use, and a facility at its idiom. He has been called among the first — if not, indeed, the best — of Russian scholars in America. However this may be, a strong sense of the genius of the language is his to that degree that those fortunate friends who have been introduced by him to some of the leading Russian novelists are sometimes heard to express the wish that he would give over more important work and take to translating. It goes without saying that his acquaintance with Korak and Caucasian, Georgian and Kamtchatkan, wild Cossack and well-to-do citizen, nihilist and soldier, has given him a range of speech seldom possessed in a foreign tongue by any one man, and obviously of inestimable value in the difficult work before him. Certainly no other Russian traveler can equal him in this indispensable adjunct to investigation. Mr. Kennan's brilliant story of these strange months of work and travel for the telegraph company is too well known to require any retelling of its experiences, but it is only between the lines that we get knowledge of the physical endurance, the unbounded resource, the nerve, the skill that made the result possible, the high spirits and buoyant temperament that filled with gayety the most tedious days, and upheld the little party of three or the lone worker in the most appalling surroundings. Nothing was impossible to the man who so successfully made that journey and did that work. It is well to remember also that this was the first great opportunity for adventure which had opened before one whose scanty boyhood was spent over travelers' tales, whose favorite study was geography, and whose very babyhood laid out his blocks into towns and cities, among which his toy ships sailed their complicated voyages. Long horseback rides through beautiful scenery never yet spread out before civilized eyes; adventurous journeys and

hair-breadth escapes from snow and seas; life in sumptuous homes, or frozen tents, or dirty huts, as fortune chanced; tedious and enforced idleness, or hard and responsible labor — all this filled up the long days that were in some sort double days, divided only by the twilight of the arctic night. This was indeed the taste of blood to the lion's cub, and life seemed made for travel. All too soon the brief experiment ended; but our young telegrapher was a full-fledged traveler now, and much too loath to go home again for any haste. A whole winter he spent in St. Petersburg, clinging to a thread of chance that the telegraph project might be revived; but he was by no means unemployed, as always and everywhere he was watching, observing, studying; while the quick, eager glance, the extraordinary perception of detail, and the equally quick recognition of under-currents and the reasons of things, served him as well among the varied elements of the Russian capital as it had done among the fierce savages of the provinces. It was to be expected that so friendly a man would make many Russian friends; and it was equally a matter of course that so close an observer would learn much of Russian habits, and still more of Russian life. All unconsciously to himself he was laying broad and deep the foundations of his life work, and preparing the way for an unparalleled undertaking as brave and heroic as any deed of knight or warrior, and far-reaching in its results beyond any knowledge of his or ours.

Both the work of the telegraph company, and the overland journey from Kamtchatka to St. Petersburg, had given him much knowledge of the people, and he had frequently turned aside to explore the prisons. Thus it was that when he came home in the spring of 1868, his portfolio was full of material for lectures and magazine articles, all of which he meant should furnish him the sinews of travel for a certain journey into the Caucasus. It was then that Kennan first appeared in print. With the exception of a few private letters printed during his absence in the local newspapers, his first work as a writer was an article in "Putnam's Magazine" for that year, called "Tent Life with the Wandering Koraks," and this and the series which followed it were shortly after expanded into the book already referred to, "Tent Life in Siberia" being published in 1870. The story of the lecturing experience is eminently characteristic both of the temper of the man and of his mental habit. Lectures to crowded halls alternated with audiences of a round dozen. To great cities and little hamlets, to church societies and female seminaries and dignified assemblies, wherever he could find place, he offered his strange tales of an unknown land. It was still the palmy time of the lyceum lec-

ture, and well he improved his opportunity. If failure were his portion on one night, he made it the entering wedge of success the next. Full of industry, courage, philosophy, above all possessed by the determination not to fail, come what would, he laid siege to success. The literary skill evinced, considerable as it was, was the least of the qualities brought out in this little *entr'acte* of his life. Most of all it exhibited those elements of character which later held firm in the tremendous strain put upon his whole being by this explorer of human life and death. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the money was secured and the trip to the Caucasus enjoyed. The fall and winter of 1870 were spent in a solitary horseback journey through Daghestan. It was then that occurred that famous ride down the face of a precipice, a feat rarely performed by mortal man, and made a test of courage by a fierce Georgian nobleman; it was in the strange country beyond the mountains that he became the companion of gypsies, and made one of a merry group of peasants greeting their governor with feasts and games; it was here that he saw the wild horsemanship that makes the glory of those remote regions, and learned for himself anew to fear nothing and to be a brother to all. The whole tour was full of the wildest adventure, testing the physical courage of the man almost beyond belief, abundantly proving once more his extraordinary ability to adapt himself to the most adverse conditions, to render the least promising environment tributary to his ends, and showing his remarkable power of bending men as well as things to his purpose, and his success at winning their confidence, whether in palace or hut. A single ride across the mountains gives him a prince for a companion, a single night around the camp-fire makes the wildest Tartar his friend.

It is pertinent to speak particularly of these journeys, since they give the answer to the question as to what knowledge Mr. Kennan possesses as a basis of judgment on Russian affairs; but the next few years of his life, although spent in less exciting pursuits, have perhaps no less bearing upon his ability to judge correctly of men and things. He was now a hardened traveler, an accomplished Russian scholar, and possessed of wide and varied experience of that strange and many-peopled empire, but he knew little — almost nothing since his busy boyhood — of life in its normal conditions. It was therefore of the utmost value to his after-work that on his return to this country he engaged in various apparently irrelevant occupations, although these attempts were in no sense intended to be life pursuits. The boy had dedicated himself to travel and literature, and the man would fulfill the vow, but there

were other considerations to be taken into account — there was a *meanwhile* to be undergone. One of these temporary undertakings was in the law department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in New York City, and this resulted eventually in an engagement by the Associated Press to report the decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington. Thus there came to him a certain acquaintance with the law; and in a seven-years' life in Washington he learned much of government, its duties and functions. As editor for the Southern States, and afterward for some years as "night manager," of the Associated Press in that city, the man — as did the boy — worked all night and came home to work all day, for even this busy profession was not enough for his superabundant energies. His passion "far countries for to see," to which a human interest had now been added, was by no means satisfied. Many plans of many kinds occupied his mind, one of the more important being a well-grounded scheme for the rescue of the *Jeannette* expedition. It is enough to say of this that Commander Goringe offered to sacrifice his Egyptian collection, if need be, to furnish the funds for it. Kennan also gave much thought and work to the efforts for the relief of Lieutenant Greely. But all the time his chief desire, the end he wished eventually to attain, was another journey to Russia to study the exiles, and this he was always trying to bring about. That small portion of his time not occupied by his regular work he filled full of other labor, leaving his pen no more time to rust out than his body; and in the constant stream of articles he put forth and the lectures he delivered — including an extremely successful course of "Lowell Institute lectures" at Boston — he invariably spoke of the exile system in the most kindly manner. As he himself has told us in his preface to the Siberian papers, all his prepossessions were in favor of the government as against the revolutionists, and so again he unwittingly paved the way for the journey he was to make, and rendered possible the tour which was to be so full of horrors and yet so valuable to mankind. Various reasons moved him to this desire. Mr. Kennan is a great lover of accuracy, and time and trouble count for nothing with him until he is sure of all his statements, even in those minor particulars which sometimes seem immaterial. Therefore he wished to verify more completely certain assertions he believed accurate, but which had been fiercely disputed, and to see with his own eyes further details of a life with which he thought himself very familiar; and, whether the result should agree with his accepted views or not, he was entirely ready to meet it. Yet feeling,

as he did at this time, that the Russian administration was much traduced and misrepresented, his strong sense of justice and fair play led him to take every occasion to dispute this position from the basis of personal knowledge. He was always and everywhere, both publicly and in private, a sincere defender of the Czar's government, insisting upon his own acquaintance with the facts to the entire confusion of his opponents for the most part. The writer of this remembers certain private encounters of such a nature, and his vigorous, energetic, even combative, and altogether unconquerable advocacy of the lenient treatment of political prisoners by Russia, mingled with a sort of contempt for the nihilists, and a rooted belief that the public was altogether deceived by false statements, both as to their character and condition. However, since his facts were questioned, he became yet more determined to see again for himself and more thoroughly this Siberia, that he might know still more certainly of what he spake, and answer altogether both his own questions and those of his opponents. He would retrace his steps that he might verify his words. Either he would recede from his well-known position, or he would, once and forever, put an end to these complaints against a great government. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, public events and personal affairs held him in the United States for some time longer. But already *THE CENTURY* had determined to be sponsor for this great undertaking, and after two short preparatory trips to Europe, Mr. Kennan sailed from New York on the 2d of May, 1885, sent out by that magazine, and with him went a skillful artist, Mr. George A. Frost, to supplement his work. At last he had entered upon the service he had so long dreamed of, and for which so many experiences had unconsciously prepared him. Just half his life had been given to Russia, either in travel or in thought, and the years spent in America had been no less valuable to his equipment than the others. Again he sailed away from our shores as he had done twenty years before, on a voyage of discovery, full of exultant hope. From this journey he returned in August, 1886, and it may safely be presumed that he will not go to Russia again!

With this last trip all the world will shortly be familiar from his own graphic account of the terrible journey. Let us hope that he will not fail to show how much his success was the result of his personality, his knowledge, ability, and genius for his work. His own feeling about it was epitomized in a private letter written soon after his return. He says:

My last trip to Siberia was the very hardest and at the same time the most interesting of my whole life. I would not have believed two years ago, that at my age and after my tolerably varied and extended experience of life, there were yet in store for me so many strong, fresh, horizon-breaking sensations. I do not mean that I regarded myself as an extinct volcano of emotion, or anything of that kind,—my emotions never were volcanic,—but I believed that I had already experienced the strongest sensations of human existence, and that I could never again be as deeply moved as I had been in the early years of manhood, when the whole world was strange, fresh, and exciting. But it was a mistake. What I saw and learned in Siberia stirred me to the very depths of my soul—opened to me a new world of human experience, and raised, in some respects, all my moral standards. I made the intimate acquaintance of characters as truly heroic in mold—characters of as high a type—as any outlined in history, and saw them showing courage, fortitude, self-sacrifice, and devotion to an ideal beyond anything of which I could believe myself capable. It is about some of these characters—some of the people we call “nihilists”—that I wish to talk to you. I can reflect to you only a small part of the influence they exerted upon me, but I can at least explain to you how it happened that I went to Siberia, regarding the political exiles as a lot of mentally unbalanced fanatics, bombthrowers, and assassins, and how, when I came away from Siberia, I kissed those same men good-bye with my arms around them and my eyes full of tears. You will, I am sure, understand that it was no ordinary experience which brought about such a revolution as that.

In 1879 Mr. Kennan married Emeline Rathbone Weld, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Medina, N. Y., and brought her to Washington. Of this part of his life it is enough to quote the words of a close friend: “The side of his nature displayed in his home relations is of the most tender and charming character—indeed, the home life is ideal.”

Mr. Kennan is of slight physique, somewhat delicate in appearance,—so thin, so white, so dark is he,—but possessed of great powers of endurance, especially in the capacity to bear strain. Lithe and active, his nervous energy is intense, and a considerable muscular development enables him to perform feats, both of action and of endurance, apparently quite beyond his strength. Siberia and the Caucasus alike assent to this, and many times he has proved its truth in less conspicuous places. A buoyant and sanguine temperament is joined to a wonderful recuperative power physically; these things and a sound body enable him to recover at once from the awful strain he so frequently and lightly puts upon himself, and allow him to play with hardship like an athlete in a race. The man who meets him for the first time is struck with his hearty, reassuring manner, his cordial hand-grasp, his steady, square, and penetrating look, his ease and readiness of speech. An erect and active habit of body goes along with an alertness of mind; but just as his steps are both sure and quick, so is decision joined to the ready mind, and with them is a certain

soberness of judgment. Enthusiastic and romantic, his sympathies are quick and tender. But although a certain frank disclosure of himself awaits any friendly seeking, he is a man of reserved nature, and his confidence is difficult to reach. It may indeed be objected that some of these qualities are contradictory; be that as it may, they each and all appear and reappear in this man in quick succession. His affections are particularly deep and strong, and he holds his friends by a firm grasp, even unto death, through good and evil report. Much might be said of his friendships—not only of the devotion he gives, but of that which he receives. A curiously strong magnetic power draws men to him. His friends know no bounds to their admiration, and they love him like a woman.

Mr. Kennan's peculiar buoyancy of temperament appears in his spirits, which reach both the heights and the depths. In his happy hours of a joyous temper,—almost frolicsome in those rare moments when work is forgotten,—fond of story-telling, a wit, and in particular a good talker, he is a much-sought companion for the lighter hours of life: a diligent student of men and affairs, with a quick perception and a steady grasp of a subject, based on unusual experience, he is equally ready for the more serious discussion of causes or events. At work again, he is altogether at work. Few men are so entirely and strenuously at work as he. It is laughingly said, albeit with something of truth, that he will spend hours over a statement and take a whole day to verify a fact. He produces his results with the greatest care and by the most painstaking methods. There is constant physical and mental strain, and even a temporary cessation of actual labor brings no relief from tension until the work is done, when, the pressure off, it is altogether off. At play, pleasure, or work, thoroughness and entire absorption is the note of his life. Says the friend already quoted:

When he is off duty and on a holiday, there never is a more genial, lively, quick-witted, merry fellow than he. His appreciation of fun is great, and he not only enjoys it, but is willing to bear a goodly share in the frolic. He is apt with a good story, and very responsive to wit and humor. No one ever presented two so totally different phases as he. When he is in the midst of the winter's work, when every minute is precious, he is as silent and pre-occupied as an oarsman in an inter-collegiate race. The pressure is so constant, and the breathing spells so rare, that, when they come, there is but little inclination for anything but the breathing. There is no sparkle, no liveliness, only that intense concentration and painful pre-occupation. It is mental travail of the most distressing kind.

Mr. Kennan has a deep and abiding love of Nature, a careful and affectionate regard for her beautiful things—her clouds and flowers,

her mountains and sea. A lover of music, he is possessed of a quick ear and is not without a working knowledge of the art. A man of wide reading and of fine intellectual tastes, always given free rein, he has not only much acquaintance with general literature, but some particular lines of reading he has pursued with the thoroughness which characterizes all that he does. It is obvious that this is true in regard to Russian affairs, for only a constant reader of both periodical and standard literature in that language could so keep abreast of the life and thought of a foreign country. His books are well read, and the wide range of subjects they embrace is no less noticeable than the fullness of certain departments. One might almost trace his mental development in these books, but surer ground would be found in the complete card index which marks the steps of all his reading and thinking. Nothing makes greater impression of the thoroughness and accuracy of the man, and of his equipment for his work.

George Kennan's mental and physical characteristics peculiarly fit him for the task of observation, while the qualities of his character give especial value to his judgment of facts. Great physical courage, partly temperamental and partly the result of character, combined with a natural confidence in his own power, break before him the most impassable barriers. A phenomenal readiness at expedients furnishes him with a device in every most desperate situation. To these he adds the peculiar facility of adaptation to strange peoples, and the great talent for languages already alluded to. Fortunately he has the scientific habit of mind to a marked degree, and, be the occasion large or small, he sees and sets down the minutest particulars of his surroundings. Details are both noted and recorded. He does not so much select salient points as put down *all* he sees. If for this reason he sometimes fails to give due proportion to matters and events, he believes it his business to give you the facts—you may draw your own conclusions. This is not to say that he draws no conclusions of his own. Quite the contrary. He is a man of much thought and has thought well on many things. Probably the first impression he would make upon a stranger would be that of balanced judgment, and this certainly is the expression of long acquaintance. Just and fair, a man who sees all things and who weighs well both sides of a matter, his final conclusion may safely be trusted.

Equally striking is his tremendous will power, ever pushing him on to success. To this there seems to be no limit. He has a feeling of pleasure in overcoming obstacles, he loves a difficulty, he delights to match his

powers against opposition; as he himself expresses it, he has a certain pride and pleasure in doing, by the sheer force of his own manhood, something which all nature conspires to prevent. In every direction his standards are exacting. His ideals are fine and high. Purity, sincerity, honesty, truth, and honor are dear to him. Character is the sharp test he puts to himself and other men, and on that standpoint alone he finds common ground with those about him. To him the purpose of life is an ever-heeded question, and its best use a never-forgotten aim. Life means much to him, and constantly more and more. Being asked on one occasion what end he proposed to himself when as a boy he sought so eagerly for a wider field, he answered somewhat after this fashion: "I wanted a full life, a life in which all one's self is satisfied. My idea of life was one into which were crowded as much of sensation and experience as possible. It seemed to me that if I should grow old and

miss any of the sensations and experiences I might have had, it would be a source of great unhappiness and regret to me." Mr. Kennan has not grown old, but he has already tasted more sensations and experiences than most men, and these experiences have wrought upon him until he wishes more than to feel them for himself—he would make them factors in the world's progress. He has put his life in jeopardy every hour, and he would make that risk the price of hope for the prisoners of despair. He has come home to cry aloud, that we who think ourselves too tender to listen to the story of such suffering may feel and see the horror and the glory of it. He is no longer content to tell the traveler's tale; but to-day, and to-morrow, and until the deed is done, he must needs strive to open the blinded eyes of History, and help her to loose the chains that bind a whole people.

Anna Laurens Dawes.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Administrative Novelty.

WHAT is the remedy for the lawlessness of law-officers? Who will keep the keepers? The fact is notorious that, all over the land, plain statutes are disregarded by those who are plainly bidden to enforce them; that sheriffs and constables and policemen stand and look on while the laws which they have sworn to execute are dishonored before their faces. This is the feature of our political administration that is most troublesome and discouraging. That evil and desperate men may be found among us, who, for selfish purposes, are ready to defy the laws, is not marvelous; that the men who are intrusted with the execution of law should, in so many instances, appear to be in league with the law-breakers, guaranteeing them immunity in their transgressions, is certainly alarming.

This is more particularly true with respect to the laws which restrain liquor selling. It has come to be the settled policy of the dealers in strong drink to resist all laws which interfere with their business. Not unfrequently, in organized bodies, they vote to disobey the laws of the State. Such action is, of course, the essence of anarchy. It would seem that the custodians of law should resent conduct of this kind as especially

insulting to them, and that they should be ready to try conclusions with those who thus defy them. But in many cases we find the police authorities ignoring this challenge, and apparently taking their orders, not from the statutes, but from the anarchical groups who have assumed the power to annul the statutes. This spectacle is more familiar than it ought to be. The complete paralysis of the police force of many cities, in presence of certain vicious classes, is a lamentable sign.

It is sometimes said that this is due to a failure of public sentiment; that if the people were determined to have the laws enforced, they would be enforced. But this is not altogether just. Often the police department is so organized that the people cannot bring the power of public opinion to bear upon it in any effective way. It is under the control of commissioners who are not elected by the people, or who are elected for such terms that it may require several years to bring in a majority of trustworthy men. And it must be admitted that it is difficult to keep the popular attention fixed on a question of this nature, and the popular indignation up to boiling-point, for three or four years at a stretch. This is one reason why municipal reform often goes forward so haltingly. If the executive departments of the city are so organized that it will take several years

to change the administration, inefficiency and rascality are pretty likely to intrench themselves, and to make themselves secure against dislodgment. The popular wrath may be hot for one campaign, but it is pretty sure to cool off before the next. This is one reason why a centralized government, like that of Brooklyn, is to be desired; it brings the people into direct and frequent communication with the sources of administrative power, and enables them summarily to remove dishonest and inefficient officers. If public opinion is the effective force of popular government, then our governmental machinery should be so contrived that public opinion can act promptly and directly upon the administration. It is a curious fact that many of our legislative devices, for the last twenty-five years, have been intended to prevent any direct and efficacious application of the popular will to the problems of government. It seems to have been supposed that those forms of administration are safest which put the offices that are the final depositories of power at the farthest possible remove from the hands of the people. It is needless to say that this practice evinces a total lack of faith in democracy. Indeed, we might almost say that the democratic principle has been ignored in our municipal systems; and might fairly apply to democracy what was pertinently said of Christianity,—that it could not be truthfully pronounced a failure, because it had never been tried. Thus it is often true that the failure of the police authorities to enforce a law is not due to the lack of a public sentiment demanding the enforcement of the law, but is rather due to those legislative contrivances which prevent public opinion from acting directly and efficiently upon the custodians of the law.

It must be remembered also that the courts, as well as the police, are the custodians of the law. The police authorities can do nothing unless the courts and the juries support them. In Brooklyn, during Mayor Low's term of office, a body of clergymen, headed by Mr. Beecher, called upon him to inquire why the excise laws were not more faithfully executed. The mayor drew the attention of his visitors to the fact that the courts were the ultimate enforcers of law, and that the courts utterly failed to coöperate with the police in giving vigor to the law. The police under his administration had arrested one saloon-keeper five times for selling without a license, and the total amount of fines imposed upon him by the court amounted to less than the cost of a license. A barkeeper also had been acquitted by a jury for selling without license, on the ground that he had tried to get a license, but had been refused by the excise board! It is evident that good executive officers will not be very zealous in the enforcement of laws if the courts give them this kind of backing. And it is very clear, in the words of Mayor Low, that "public sentiment to enforce law must express itself through the jury-box and from the bench just as efficiently as through the executive, or the desired result cannot be reached."

It sometimes happens, however, that public sentiment expresses itself through the judiciary more directly and efficiently than through the executive; and a curious incident of recent history shows how the courts may be used to spur to action a derelict administration. In one of the cities of Ohio, the law requiring the closing of the saloons on Sunday had been fla-

grantly disobeyed for years, and the police authorities, who were commanded by the law to see to its enforcement, had never lifted a finger to restrain the transgressors. At length application was made by citizens to one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for a writ of mandamus, requiring the police commissioners to execute the law. The case was argued, the fact of the entire inaction of the authorities was shown—could not, indeed, be disputed; and the judge promptly issued the writ, commanding these officers to perform their duty. The commissioners met and consulted. "Suppose we refuse," they said; "what then?" "That will be contempt of court," replied the city solicitor. The jail already contained one or two inmates whom the judge had recently punished for contempt, and the prospect was not alluring. "I move," said one of the commissioners, after a solemn pause, "that orders be issued to the men to enforce the law strictly next Sunday." The motion was unanimously carried, and on the next Sunday, for the first time in fifteen years, every saloon was closed.

The question thus raised, as to whether the courts can exercise supervisory power over executive officers in the execution of criminal laws, is certainly an interesting one. Many legal gentlemen would have said beforehand that the thing could not be done. There may be those, even now, who will insist that the thing is impossible. But the answer of the saloon-keepers to this assertion must be the same as that of Mr. Lowell's philosopher, who, while in durance vile, recited the story of his incarceration to his lawyer; and, on being told, with some confidence, "They can't put you in jail on a charge like that," calmly answered, "They hev."

To what extent the writ of mandamus can be used in compelling negligent police authorities to enforce the criminal laws is a question into which a layman may be excused from entering. But the suggestion thus presented is worth considering by all who find themselves confronted with laxity in this department of municipal government.

Modern Science in its Relations to Pain.

ONE of the most frequent criticisms of modern science and its methods is derived from its asserted indifference to the more tender and spiritual side of man; and the more embittered critics have even said or implied that this indifference has already passed beyond the materialistic into the brutal. Napoleon long ago struck the key-note for this whole line of criticism when he said that surgeons did not believe in the soul because they could not find it with lancet and probe. And in all the discussions of vivisection the specific charges of cruelty against the professors have evidently been only a phase of the general suspicion of materialistic tendencies in their profession.

The commonest answer, from scientific men and others, has been that the change in methods of investigation which has brought to human knowledge and use the powers of ether, chloroform, cocaine, and other agents for the suspension of pain or consciousness during surgical operations has a fair right to expect a kindly consideration for its present work. Not many changes in modern life are more striking than the contrast between the past and the present of surgery. The surgical patient of former times was strapped

down to the operating-table, that no flinching on his part might disturb the accuracy of the operator's work. His open and conscious eyes watched the preparations and the actual operation either with a nervous terror or with a bullying affectation of indifference; and his after-life carried in it always the hardened cicatrix of such a memory as no one in the present need know. Is modern science to have no credit for its removal of so vast a mass of absolute agony from the life of man? The poorest laborer of the present may face with equanimity and safety operations from which the most powerful monarch of earth, a half-century ago, could expect only exquisite torture of mind and body, with perhaps impending peril to his life. And it seems but a fair proposition that the results of scientific methods in the past should give reason for expectations of even higher good to mankind from similar investigations in the future.

All this, however, it may be said, is but an incidental and unintended benefit to individuals, and no real part in the development of humanity. An accidental discovery of utility in the past is no good ground for hope of similar accidents in the future. Scientific men are not to gain plenary permission to indulge their taste for cutting and carving flesh merely because the wit of a surgeon or the boldness of a dentist, fifty years since, found that the power of ether to suspend consciousness might be put to use in surgery. The point of the discussion is thus transferred to that wider field on which, after all, the methods of modern investigation must stand or fall. Is "accidental" a term which is fairly descriptive of such discoveries as have been indicated? Or are the methods of modern science such as to promise the widest good for humanity in spite of incidental features which are apt to shock an unaccustomed mind? If the incidental benefit to individuals is to be stricken out of the account, ought not the incidental injury to individuals to go with it? Nor is the transfer any real misfortune to the object of the criticism; the influence of scientific investigation upon the world rather than upon the individual is its best title to existence.

One cannot study the history of his own times very far before becoming conscious that a decided point of difference between our generation and any former period, between what we call civilized peoples and the rest of the world, is in the comparative feeling in regard to pain. The modern civilized man is squeamish about pain to a degree which would have seemed effeminate or worse to his great-grandfather, or to the contemporary barbarian. His squeamishness is not egoistic; he does not seem to be any more afraid of being hurt than his great-grandfather was if he can see any good reason for it. The German soldier, while the mitrailleuse was still a weapon of unknown and frightful possibilities, cursed the Frenchman and charged up the hill face to face with the "hell-machines" as undauntedly as ever his forefathers faced simple bullet or bow and arrows. The nameless railway engineers, who stand to their posts into the heart of a great accident rather than desert a train-load of passengers, face and defy possibilities of pain such as the great Julius or Ney never dreamed of. Is there a finer thing in Plutarch than was seen when the English battalion, presenting arms to the helpless beings in the departing boats, went down in perfect

parade order on the deck of the foundering troop-ship? Modern life is rich in a supremacy over personal suffering which takes a higher character only as the finer organization of the human being comes to know more exactly in advance the nature of the pain which it is to face.

It is rather in others and for others that the modern civilized man dreads pain. He finds it harder to know that other men are suffering the pains of cold or hunger in Kansas or Ireland or India; or that "prisoners of poverty" are working for pittance in the great cities; or that laboring men are driven to work sixteen hours a day; or that criminals are tortured or mistreated in the chain-gang; or that "politicals" are driven to insanity in the Russian state-prisons. He represents and punishes cruelty to animals where his great-grandfather, perhaps, thought nothing of sending a slave to the whipping-post. He revolts even against harshness in just punishment, and desires to alleviate some of the horrors of hanging. If he ignores a case of cruelty, it is from lack of omniscience: let him know about it, and the world shall know his feelings about it. Wilberforce and Copley might go on for years telling Englishmen of the horrors of the middle passage and of all the villainies of the slave-trade: and still the slave-ships sailed out from Liverpool, and the slave-trade was represented in Parliament. Cruelty in more recent times lives by stealth and blushes to find itself famous in the newspaper pillory.

It is in its relations to this general development of humanity, and not in any alleviation of individual suffering, that modern scientific investigation may found its strongest claims to consideration. It should not be easy to deny that there are such relations. When the growing sensitiveness to suffering in others and the full admission of the methods of modern science are found in exactly the same peoples, in the same periods, and to the same degree, the connection between the two ought not to be doubtful. The modern civilized man is no longer made dull and callous by the frequent recurrence of human suffering in those forms which science can reach; and when it comes in any form, it makes a far deeper impression upon him. If Davy, by inventing the safety lamp, decreases the chances of colliery accidents, he gives all men a deeper horror when a hundred or more human beings are locked up in a burning mine or choked to death by damp. Ocean travel is made safer every year by increasingly ingenious inventions; but the diminution of wrecks serves to make the event far more startling when fire or fog succeeds in snatching its victim from among the great ocean steamers. Surgical progress, particularly in anaesthetics, by removing a vast amount of pain from the familiar acquaintance of the people, must have had a very great influence in intensifying their susceptibility to suffering in others, when it comes to their knowledge. But surgical progress, after all, is but one phase of a far larger system: every invention leading to a decrease in the amount of danger and suffering in human existence, all due to the methods of investigation introduced by modern science, has acted in the same direction and has produced similar effects.

The surgeon's knife follows unerringly the lines of muscle and tendon; and we are apt to think that its accuracy is due to a cold heart as well as to a cool head and a skillful hand. But the operator's work has direct

though unseen relations to the forces which have added Christian and Sanitary Commissions to warfare, which have mitigated the horrors of prison and asylum life, and which have sided with the weak and helpless all over the world. Money or fame or sheer love of research may seem to be the motive forces of the scientific investigation that is at work all around us; but through it all we should learn to recognize a still higher power preparing a still kindlier heart for the coming humanity.

Socialism and the "Trusts."

THE phenomenon which has most startled the country, since the sudden rise of the Knights of Labor, is the appearance of what are known as "trusts." We had known corporations, and had recognized the mode in which, by their concentrated competition with one another, they gave to the general public the results of the steady improvements in methods and amount of production, in the shape of better quality of goods and lower prices. We had even known "pools," arrangements between corporations to limit or cease competition, which was becoming destructive: many objected to them as enemies of competition; others defended them as the inevitable result of conditions under which the possibility of combination proved the impossibility of competition. The question of the guilt or innocence of "pools" must still be regarded as largely an open question; and before we have time to settle it, we are confronted by the still more serious question of the "trusts."

Corporations are the usual component units of the trust, as of the pool; and the authorized defense of the former rests on the general notion that the successive appearances of these forms of combination—corporations, pools, and trusts—are only successive steps in the evolution of new and more highly specialized modes of capital, necessary to meet new modes of production or new conditions of the market; and that legislative interference with them would be in effect an act to prevent the proper and natural development of production, to the injury of the whole people. It is claimed that such enormous masses of carefully organized capital are necessary to meet the competition of the great natural opportunities of countries which have hitherto been backward, but are now exhibiting a new energy in production; that, if the trusts limit competition at home, it is only destructive competition, whose limitation is for the good of all producers; and that the trust's natural desire to increase the number of its consumers, with the greater facilities for larger, cheaper, and better production, which its growing capital affords it, will prevent any injury to consumers. According to this view, the dividends of the trust would come from the prevention of waste, not from increase of price. And so we have attempts to form trusts in every conceivable form of human industry, even to milk and eggs, and a farmers' trust.

The process of widening its jurisdiction, which is open to all trusts, and is followed by some at least, has been described very clearly. It may be illustrated by an industry which it does not seem to have invaded yet. Suppose that the price of sewing-machines under competition is \$50; that the mass of production is done by twenty corporations, each controlling the

market in an equivalent territory; and that ten of the producers, believing that prices have been forced to too low a point, form a trust, which is to control production for the general good. If the trust should undertake to put up prices within its ten markets, some neighboring producer will invade its territory as soon as the selling price has risen sufficiently to cover cost of transportation. It is necessary, then, to bring the nearest producer into the trust. An increase of price to \$51 within the trust's ten markets will not be likely to decrease consumption materially, or to open the way to invasion of the trust's territory by competing products of other producers; but it will enable the trust, without changing its profits and dividends, to offer sewing-machines for sale at \$40 apiece within its nearest rival's territory until he consents to enter the trust. It is then easier for the eleven members of the trust to force another rival in, and then another and another, until all the desirable market is secured. The process stops only when the remaining producers are so remote or so much hampered by difficulties of production that they are compelled to sell at or above the price which the trust desires to fix, so that they may safely be considered as *hors de combat*.

The trust is now ready to raise prices within its territory to a rate which will afford to the component corporations such dividends as they could not have attained under competition. Its managers have by this time learned every condition of their market so accurately that they can operate as if by instinct. If, under the new conditions, a competitor appears who is so far handicapped by natural or personal disabilities that he can only make and sell sewing-machines at the trust's prices, he may safely be disregarded. If he is skillful, acute, or so favored by natural opportunities as to show indications of becoming a dangerous competitor, a slight increase of price in the remainder of the trust's territory enables it, without any decrease of dividends, to concentrate an enormous "cat" upon the market of its would-be rival, and crush him out of the business. All that is needed is a thorough knowledge of the conditions and a careful watchfulness on the part of the trust's managers, and competition really becomes impossible. Such a description cannot be answered by references to the high character of the men who control some of the trusts; the same road is open to all trusts, and, if some of them do not follow it, competitors exist through their forbearance, not by virtue of legal rights. The trust is the pool militant, and it will take the line of least resistance to success.

All this is quite compatible with the continued existence and activity of a considerable number of producers outside of the trust; these are producers whose natural prices do not interfere with the trust rate. It is compatible, also, with a steady decrease of price, if the industry is one the natural tendency of which is to decrease of price as improved methods give a larger production at the same cost of effort. In these two cases the trust may continue its usual dividends, while appealing to the decrease of price and the number of outside producers as coincident proofs of the virtue of its methods and the excellence of the results. It is difficult, however, to see that the consumer gets any benefit from the competition of such rivals, or that he gains all the natural decrease of price, as free competition would give it to him.

The effects on the consumer would be more clearly apparent if a successful trust could be formed in purely agricultural products, whose increase of production comes regularly with a more than proportional increase of effort and a consequent increase of price; it would very soon be seen that the consumer was paying the full natural increase of price, and something more. It would be still more evident if salt, for example, were an article of limited supply, and coincident attempts were made to form a salt trust and a wheat trust; the wheat trust would fail, unless it were a successful wheat-corn-and-oat trust, for any increase of price in wheat would drive a proportionate number of consumers to the use of corn-flour or oat-flour; the salt trust would be successful, if properly managed, for the consumer can and will use nothing instead of it, even at an increased price. In all cases, increased price is the essence of the successful trust, though it may be disguised in those cases whose natural tendency is to decrease of price; the trust's increased dividends are and must be paid by the consumer in a higher than the competition-price.

If, however, we should grant that the claim of the trust is fairly based, and that its limitation of produc-

tion and abolition of competition are for the benefit of the consumer, wherewithal shall we answer Socialism when we meet it in the gates? If an unofficial combination of producers is able to benefit the consumer by abolishing competition, why should not government agencies do the same thing, secure the same benefits to the consumer, and at the same time appropriate the trust's dividends for the additional benefit of relieving all consumers of just so much taxation? The argument offered on behalf of the trust runs on all-fours with the argument offered on behalf of Socialism; and any criticism of the former shows it to be even worse than the latter, for it really aims to benefit the producer, while the latter at least professes to aim at securing the benefit of the consumer.

The consumer can very well take care of himself, without the paternal care of the government, the Socialist, or the trust, provided only that competition be full, fair, and free. Whenever competition begins to be anything but full, fair, and free, it is high time to look up the legal defects which have produced that result, rather than yield tamely and weakly to the semi-Socialist argument advanced for the necessity and advantage of the trust.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Teacher's Vacation.

A GREAT deal is said and written for teachers upon subjects pertaining to their work, but very little concerning their vacations or hours of rest. The educational journals are filled with dissertations on the teaching of certain subjects and on methods of work. The result is that many teachers know better how to work than how not to work. They know better how to keep up a restless, worrying, unprofitable activity than how to rest in a manner conducive to the health of body and spirit. Most teachers are confined in the close air of their school-rooms for almost ten months of the year, and during this time are subjected, by the nature of their work, to severe nervous tension. They have not learned the first requisite of the good teacher, if under such circumstances they do not care for their health with the scrupulous watchfulness of the miser guarding his dearest treasures. Fresh air, exercise, regular hours for sleep and plenty of it, and wholesome food ("society" only in homeopathic doses) are indispensable. Where this regimen is not strictly observed, pellets, tinctures, tonics, plasters, powders, and, worst of all, the "substitute" teacher, must come in to supply the deficiency. Then the tired heart and brain must be goaded up with a tonic and the rebellious nerves chained down with an opiate, or the weary system cannot drag through to the end of the year. Some people are fond of quoting the saying, "It is a sin to be sick." This will admit of modification, but not in cases where plain natural laws, where common physiological rules, which all may know and understand, are violated. To the teacher who has just managed to "tonic" through to the end of the year, the vacation is a welcome haven; it is an oasis in the

desert of existence. It becomes the Elysium of the pill-taker, the Paradise of the headache fancier, the Nirvana of the nerve-shattered dyspeptic and rheumatic. If all teachers obeyed the laws of health strictly, if the needless worry, the waste of effort and the waste of emotion were eliminated — if, in short, teachers but served their consciences and better judgment with half the zeal they serve their whims and desires, many aches and pains and much sorrow and sighing would flee away. These words are not for those teachers who have expended much of their vitality in long years of public service. When such teachers are sick — it rarely happens — all know what it means. Much of the large measure of health, strength, and energy which was once theirs has been given out for years into the currents of public life. It has passed into the counting-room, the press, the pulpit, the bar; into the channels of trade and labor with the boys and girls for whom they have toiled.

Many teachers would be glad if there were no vacations. They are inclined to look upon these as periods of enforced idleness.

But it cannot be doubted that the vacation is far more valuable to teachers than the work and the money. The vacation, and how it may be profitably spent are matters of importance to teachers whether they fully recognize it or not. Happy, thrice fortunate and happy, is that teacher who has friends, hospitable, generous friends, who insist upon a visit, and who will rescue her from heat, dust, and high brick walls. Much to be desired is the cool retreat by lake or wood, where good friends cheer with words and acts of kindness, where bracing breezes are laden with life-giving oxygen, and where the fresh, plain, savory fare of the farm and garden and orchard put new color into the cheek and new blood into the veins. Tonics and cordials will

not be needed until teaching, "society events," progressive euchre, and progressive physical derangement begin again. But there are teachers who must stay in the city and catch no glimpse of green fields and shimmering waters. Those who are thus penned up in the city often have resources which the migrating teacher cannot appreciate. They certainly have release from school work and have occupation for the mind, and this is great gain. For rest is not mere vacuity, it is not mere cessation from activity, it is not sheer idleness and utter release from responsibility. It is well, perhaps, that some teachers should have the leisure of vacation to live at home and perform more of those sacred duties that are enjoined by affection and family interest. What one teacher may gain in flesh and color among the green hills and flashing waters, another may gain in patience and devotion, in power of thought, in sweetness of spirit and depth of character in the home circle.

In whatever way the teacher's vacation may be spent, the prime object to be kept in view should be to store up, by change, rest, and pleasant recreation, the greatest amount of physical and mental energy. These things conduce to the teacher's happiness and efficiency. They contribute to the well-being and success of the pupils. Where the teacher has vigorous health and reserves of mental energy, there are enterprise, life, and industry in the school. There are found patience, justice, sympathy on the part of the teacher; obedience, confidence, and affection on the part of the pupils. With most teachers the sole capital which they have invested is their body. They draw interest, not on stocks and bonds, but on their brain, nerve, and muscle. Whether this may continue depends primarily on how the heart does its pumping, and how the stomach does its work. The manner in which these physical functions are performed governs largely the power to sleep, the disposition of mind and heart, and the capacity for work and study.

TOLEDO, O.

H. W. Compton.

More Anecdotes of Father Taylor.

THE admirable portrait of my old minister, Father Taylor, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1887, brings him before me again most vividly as I have seen and talked with him in his house; but nothing less than a series of instantaneous photographs can convey an idea of his face when in the pulpit, under the power of his own matchless eloquence. It was at one moment a terror to evil-doers, and perhaps at the next it drew the sympathy of his audience as streams of tears coursed down his cheeks; and again, the tempests and the rain subsiding, a smile would come over it like the sunlight upon a peaceful sea.

Both writers in *THE CENTURY* have acknowledged their inability to portray his eloquence. It was truly something as much beyond the attempts of essayists as the representation of the man in all his attitudes was beyond the skill of a painter.

Mr. Whitman was correct in speaking of Father Taylor as an orthodox preacher. He was orthodox, "sound in the Christian faith," but he was not orthodox as the term is conventionally applied. He was a Methodist, and he had his own methods in spite of all conferences and bishops. They would have disciplined any other brother who indulged in such liberal ideas

and practices, had he been a country minister; but it is greatly to the credit of this austere sect that they recognized his innate goodness and his peculiar adaptiveness to the pulpit of that Bethel Church. They knew that no other preacher could take his place, and so they "let him have his full swing." He would not be bound by any iron-clad law of exchanges. He often exchanged with Unitarians, and when he got into a Unitarian pulpit, if the mood came over him, he would boldly proclaim his theology. But he was seldom a theologian unless it became compulsory for him to show his colors.

I remember once listening to a heavy Calvinistic discourse in the Bethel Church from a distinguished Boston clergyman. Father Taylor sat in the pulpit, and it was a study to watch the ill-disguised expressions of contempt upon his face. At last the sermon came to its end, and the preacher stepped aside to give Father Taylor the opportunity to make the closing prayer. Instead of that, he tapped the Calvinist on the shoulder, and looking down on the audience said with a calm smile, "Our good brother means well, but he don't know. I guess there's time enough for another sermon, so I'll just take his text and preach from it."

It was like a cloud-burst. Half the time he turned his back upon us, and rained down torrents of argumentative eloquence upon the brother upon the sofa behind. We all enjoyed the scene immensely. At last Father Taylor subsided and, extending his hand to the clergyman, said, in his most gentle tone and in his most winning way, "Brother, forgive me if I have hurt your feelings, but I did not want you to come on this quarter-deck and kick up a mutiny against Divine providence among my crew."

I could relate many anecdotes of Father Taylor, some of which Dr. Bartol will call to mind.

When he began to preach around Boston (he told us this himself), he visited Duxbury. In those days there was only "the old meeting-house" in country towns. It is a pity that there are more meeting-houses in some of them now. One minister was all that the town could well support, and by common consent he was the head of the church and of the village.

When the young Methodist, full of ardor and enthusiasm, by the dictate of natural politeness called on the dignified Dr. Allen, the latter asked him what was his business. "To preach the gospel to every creature, as my Master has commanded," replied Taylor. "Isn't that what the Bible tells us?"

"Yes, it tells us that," answered Dr. Allen, "but it does n't say that every creature can preach the gospel. I preach all the gospel that is wanted in Duxbury." Taylor was obliged to look elsewhere for an audience.

In the year of the Irish famine the Government, at the instance of Commodore de Kay, placed the United States sloop-of-war *Macedonian* at the disposal of the merchants of New York. The *Jamestown*, which was loaned to Boston, was commanded by Captain R. B. Forbes, and its cargo of corn and flour was chiefly contributed by the venerable Thomas H. Perkins; the *Macedonian*, under the command of Commodore George Coleman de Kay of New York, formerly a volunteer in the Argentine navy, sailed about the same time on a similar errand of mercy. Father Taylor was supercargo and chaplain of the *Macedonian*. On his return from this benevolent embassy we gave him an ovation at the Bethel. He was always fond of re-

fering to "Boston's merchant princes." On this occasion Colonel Perkins was present. Father Taylor was unusually eloquent upon his favorite theme. "Boston's merchant princes!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to see one of them, boys? There he sits; look at him!" The whole congregation arose and, to the utter confusion of the old gentleman, fixed their eyes upon him as Father Taylor thus apostrophized him: "God bless you, sir! When you die, angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders."

In the course of his sermon, which was mainly a description of his voyage and his experiences abroad, he said that "the famine was sent by God to soften the hearts of Americans and to harden the heads of Irishmen. The Irish had lived on potatoes too long. There was no phosphorus, no brain food, in a potato. They were now taught by our charity to live on wheat and corn." Perhaps the English Government at this day may attribute Irish contumacy to their change of diet.

Once when Father Taylor was in the midst of a most eloquent sermon, his voice pitched to its highest key, a man rose from his pew near the pulpit and started to walk down the broad aisle. Suddenly as a typhoon sometimes subsides to a calm, the old man stopped, and then in that peculiar whisper of his which pervaded the whole house, went on, "Sh—sh—sh! Keep still, all of you, and don't disturb that man walking out."

It was a very funny incident when a newspaper reporter, who is still living, and who will surely pardon me for telling of it, as for once he got the better of Father Taylor, came into church rather late after the pews were all filled, and men were sitting on the pulpit stairs. Father Taylor saw him, and called out in a loud voice: "Come up here, McLean, and sit down on the sofa." McLean accepted the invitation, and it might be supposed that he was somewhat disconcerted when Father Taylor turned to him and said, "Now get up and pray, you sinner!" But nothing disconcerts a newspaper reporter. I don't know if my old friend had had much practice in the exercise, but he arose unabashed and offered a very creditable prayer, in which, as he had been a sailor himself, he introduced suitable nautical phraseology, and concluded by commending to the mercy of Heaven "this whole sinful crew, and especially the skipper."

I once heard Father Taylor preach a sermon on the Atonement. It was all in a style that nobody but a sailor could understand, a style that every sailor could comprehend, although a treatise on this subject from an up-town pulpit would have been "Greek" to him. This was one of the passages: "You are dead in trespasses and sins, and buried too, down in the lower hold amongst the ballast, and you can't get out, for there is a ton of sin on the main hatch. You shin up the stanchions and try to get it open, but you can't. You rig a purchase. You get your handspikes, capstan bars, and watch tackles, but they are no good. You can't start it. Then you begin to sing out for help. You hail all the saints you think are on deck, but they can't help you. At last you hail Jesus Christ. He comes straight along. All he wanted was to be asked. He just claps his shoulder to that ton of sin. It rolls off, and then he says, 'Shipmates, come out!' Well, if you don't come out, it is all your own fault."

It was on the Sunday before a State election. Briggs was the candidate of the Whig party, but Father Tay-

lor desired that he should be elected because he was a religious man. This was his prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear Thee, who obey Thy commandments, men who—But, O Lord, what 's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all round the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for governor!" His prayer was answered on the next day.

Father Taylor was eloquent, humorous, and pathetic by turns. Sometimes all these characteristics seemed to be merged in one. These and many other of his traits interested me, but I loved him because, first and last and all the time, he was the sailor's friend.

John Codman.

Extend the Merit System.

THE objections to civil service reform come principally from those who are or who aspire to be politicians. To have the offices filled by worthy and competent persons, whose term of office is not dependent on the success or defeat of any party, would rob this numerous class of their stock in trade, and permanently retire them from politics.

What difference does it make to me whether the postmaster of my village is a Democrat or a Republican, if he be competent and obliging? The same is true of the county officers. Politics should have nothing to do with them, for they have nothing to do with politics. There are only a few political offices. Why should the non-political officers, when experience has made them capable, be turned out every time the party sentiment changes, and their places filled by inexperienced men whose only merit is their partisanship? There can be no satisfactory answer given to this question in the affirmative; but that they should be retained as long as they are efficient and honest is patent from these reasons: First, it would be a saving of expense; secondly, it would secure a better service; thirdly, it would elevate and refine politics.

1. The postmasters, in all cities of eight thousand inhabitants and upwards, are commissioned for four years. There is no promise, no matter how faithful, that their term of office will be longer. They receive a stated salary. Now it is a fact, that could they hold their places for a long term of years, free from contributions and other exactions, they would gladly serve the public for two-thirds of what they now receive, and this is true to some extent of their subordinates, and also of those who fill the smaller offices. It is safe to say that in the Post-Office Department thirty per cent. of its present cost would be saved, and the people better served. Take our county officials: they are rarely reelected. When their term of office expires they are hardly proficient, but out they go and a new set is installed; and even a layman of any experience knows what perplexity and uncertainty is occasioned by these new officers. To estimate the damage to suitors and others in Pennsylvania, caused by mistakes and omissions of inexperienced officers, at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum is within bounds. The frequent elections require a large expenditure of time and money. It often takes years to accomplish the end after the office idea is hatched. Then, when one is successful there are ten who fail. The aspirants spend their time and money, and the

people suffer from this loss besides footing the bills of the too frequent elections. If our county officers could hold their office for a term of twenty years, if they remained competent and honest, and be free men, under no party obligations, they could well afford to fill the places for half of what they now receive. This would be a net saving of forty-five per cent. directly, to say nothing of the indirect saving. An absolute civil service reform would enable us to run the government, nation and state, for sixty per cent. of the present cost. Then why not have it, and let the politicians take care of themselves? 2. It would secure a better service. That an officer of experience is more efficient than one who is inexperienced is self-evident. Civil service would, in the main, give us men who are suited for the place, and experience would ripen, making them good officials. 3. It would elevate and refine politics. Who are the active politicians? Are they our best men? Unfortunately they are not, as a rule. A man of honor and self-respect enters the political field with fear and trembling. If he succeeds, it is an exception. To be a politician of to-day, one must lose sight of everything but the goal. He must be ready to violate an agreement, to make all manner of promises, to ask, beg, and even buy votes, and support his party, right or wrong. These are only a few of the offices that are political, but by the nefarious system which has so long been in vogue they have all been wrongfully made to represent party, and consequently a horde of office-seekers have arisen, and in their unholly scramble for place they have forsaken all decency, and thus have degraded our whole system. Civil service reform would, in a great measure, cut off this element. There would be but little chance to bargain and sell. The strictly political offices would be prominently brought out, the people would vote according to their convictions,—for the incentive to stick to party, at all hazards, would be gone,—and the result would be better officers, from President down.

P. F. Hallock.

The Abolition of Slavery by the Cherokees.

IN 1861 the Cherokees had long been a slave-holding people under the influence of their early surroundings. The war found them already divided into two factions. Under the influence of Southern emissaries the disloyal Cherokees were organized into "Blue Lodges" and "Knights of the Golden Circle," while the loyal masses by a spontaneous movement organized themselves into a loyal league known as the "Ketoowah," sometimes derisively called the "Pin Society," in allusion to the two crossed pins worn by the members on their jackets as a distinguishing mark. The Ketoowah societies were soon to be found in every part of the Cherokee nation, and embraced in their membership a great majority of the voters, especially of the full-blooded Indians. The meetings were always held in secret places, often in the deep forest or in the mountains, and the initiates were given to understand that a violation of the sacred oath was a crime punishable by death. The primary object of this league was to resist encroachments on Indian rights and Indian territory and to preserve the integrity and peace of the Cherokee nation according to the stipulations of the treaty of 1846, but it finally united in working for the abolition of slavery, and by its means a

large majority of the Cherokees became at length firmly grounded in their fidelity to the Federal Government.

The Cherokees numbered in 1861 about 22,000. Of these 8500 joined the Confederates and went south, and 13,500 remained at home. On the 21st of August, 1861, the Cherokees, finding themselves at the mercy of the Confederate forces and practically left to their fate by the Federal Government, met in convention at Tahlequah and resolved to make a treaty of peace with the Confederate authorities; but on February 18, 1863, finding themselves no longer constrained by superior force, a national council was held at Cowskin Prairie, where the treaty was denounced as null and void, any office held by a disloyal Cherokee was declared vacant, and, more remarkable still, an act was passed abolishing slavery in the Cherokee nation. Through the kindness of the chief, I have been permitted to copy an act from the records:

AN ACT EMANCIPATING THE SLAVES IN THE CHEROKEE NATION.

Be it enacted by the National Council: That all Negro and other slaves within the lands of the Cherokee Nation be and they are hereby emancipated from slavery, and any person or persons who may have been held in slavery are hereby declared to be forever free.

Be it further enacted, That this act shall go into effect on the twenty-fifth (25th) day of June, 1863. And any person who, after the said 25th day of June, 1863, shall offend against the provisions of this act, by enslaving or holding any person in slavery within the limits of the Cherokee Nation, he or she so offending shall, on conviction thereof before any of the Courts of this nation having jurisdiction of the case, forfeit and pay for each offense a sum not less than one thousand (\$1000) dollars, or more than five thousand (\$5000) dollars, at the discretion of the Court.

Two-thirds of said fine shall be paid in the National Treasury, and one-third shall be paid, in equal sums, to the Solicitor and the sheriff of the District in which the offense shall have been committed. And it is hereby made the duty of the Solicitors of the several Districts to see that this law is duly enforced. But in case any Solicitor shall neglect or fail to discharge his duties herein, and shall be convicted thereof, he shall be deposed from his office, and shall hereafter be ineligible to hold any office of trust or honor in this nation.

The Acting Principal Chief is hereby required to give due notice of this act.

Be it further enacted, That all laws and parts of laws conflicting with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

COWSKIN PRAIRIE, C. N.
Feb. 21st, 1863.

J. B. JONES,
Clerk National Com.
Concurred in Council.

LEWIS DOWNING,
Pres. pro tem. School Com.
SPRING FROG,
Speaker of Council.

Approved Feb. 21st, 1863.

ITHACA, N. Y.

THOS. PEGG,
Acting Principal Chief.
George E. Foster.

"The Last Hope of the Mormons."

IN the October number an editorial with the above title inadvertently used the word "disfranchise" in the sense of a refusal of Statehood. No territorial disfranchisement of the body of the Mormons could have been intended, since nothing of the kind has taken place.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



WHAT 'S IN A NAME!

Observations.

NONE are such accomplished dissemblers as those who find dissembling difficult.

THE surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

A NOTE pitched too high is equally silent with one pitched too low.

A GOOD cause seldom fails through the judiciousness of its enemies; but often through the injudiciousness of its friends.

THE sublimity of the mountain is not in the mountain, but in us.

EACH man is a walking coal-mine, and it is for him to decide whether it shall send forth heat and light, or only soot and smoke.

MORE strength is needed to abstain from work when tired, than to undertake it when rested.

THE safety of the spire is not in the thinness of the top, but in the solidity of the bottom.

THE true host entertains so that on leaving the guest feels more pleased with himself than with his host.

HE who is unwilling to submit to undeserved blame should remember to refuse undeserved praise.

GENIUS is like a barrel on the top of a hill: it will not indeed move unless pushed; but once pushed, it goes of itself. Talent is like a load on the roadway; it will not go forward unless dragged.

THIS is the difference between a noble thought and a merely brilliant thought: the former, like a friend, improves on acquaintance; the latter loses its force on a second meeting.

WEAKNESS trusts in its strength; strength fears in its weakness.

HE who is unconsciously selfish is not so dangerous as he who is consciously so; the former betrays his selfishness, the latter conceals it.

Ivan Panin.

The Friend of Ages Ago.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
—Yes, if you 'd just as lief as not.

John Paul.

THERE are several things that trouble one's age,
And work for a man much woe,
Such as gout—and doubt—debts that *will* run,
And rhyme that will *not* flow.
But when all has been said, do we not most dread,
Of the many bores that we know,
That ubiquitous ban, the woman or man,
Who knew one "ages ago"?

In youth—you were young; and foolish perhaps;
You flirted with high and with low,
Had one love on the hill, and one down by the mill—
Yet never were wicked, ah, no!
And this friend knew you in a far-away way,
In a way that was only so, so—
Just enough to give hue to the cry about you:
"Oh, I knew him ages ago!"

You are married now and quite circumspect,
Your pace, like your speech, is slow.
You tell in a bank, keep silent in church—
Are one it is proper to know;
But this vigilant friend will never consent
That your virtues unchallenged shall go—
Though she never demurs, but only avers
That she knew you "ages ago."

And sure I am that if ever I win
To the place where I hope to go—
To sit among saints—perhaps the chief—
In raiment as white as snow,
Before me and busy among the blest—
Perhaps in the self-same row—
I shall find my ban, this woman or man,
Who knew me "ages ago."

And shall hear the voice I so oft have heard—
Do you think it is sweet and low?—
As it whispers still with an accent shrill
The refrain that so well I know:
"Oh, you need n't be setting much store by him,
This new angel 's not much of a show,
He may fool some saint who is n't acquaint—
But I knew him ages ago!"

Charles Henry Webb.

Consolation.

DEAR Betty, when an hour ago
You scorned my humble offer
Because my lean and empty purse
Was not a well-filled coffer,
Why did you breathe your cruel "No"
With such a frightened quiver?
Perhaps you thought I meant to seek
Some suicidal river.

Ah, no, sweet girl! These modern times
Of cynic calculation
Take wiser ways and means to end
A lover's desperation;
And Corydon no longer sighs
His heart away in sorrow,
But seeks a richer Phillis out
And woos again to-morrow.

M. E. W.

The Ladies of Manhattan.

ODE TO PHILADELPHIA: STOLEN FROM DOBSON.

THE ladies of Manhattan
Go swinging to the play,
A footman and a coachman
On top of each coupé:
But Philada, my Philada!
Whene'er she goes as far
As First-Day evening meeting,
She takes a cable car.

The ladies of Manhattan,
According as they feel,
Wear nothing on their shoulders
Or coats of silk and seal:
But Philada, my Philada!
Has neither frills nor furs;
The turtle-dove's soft raiment
Is not so neat as hers.

The ladies of Manhattan
Are always going out,
They run from call to concert,
They drive from ball to rout:
But Philada, my Philada!
Has no such round perennial
Save when, in every dozen years,
She gets up a Centennial.

My Philada, my Philada!
Although it be so grand,
The style of all Manhattan
I do not understand;
I care not what the fashion
Of all the world may be,
For Philada—for Philada,
Is all the world to me!

G. F. Jones.

Love In Leap-Year.

SHE asked him once, she asked him twice,
She asked him thrice to wed.
He thought her friendship "very nice,"
But each time shook his head.

At last, when he felt more inclined
The wedded state to try,
He told her he had changed his mind;
But she said, "So have I."

Kemper Bocock.

Divided.

I BREATHE to-night the icy blast
That blows o'er wintry meadows wide:
You scent the orange-bloom and rose,
A far, Floridian stream beside.

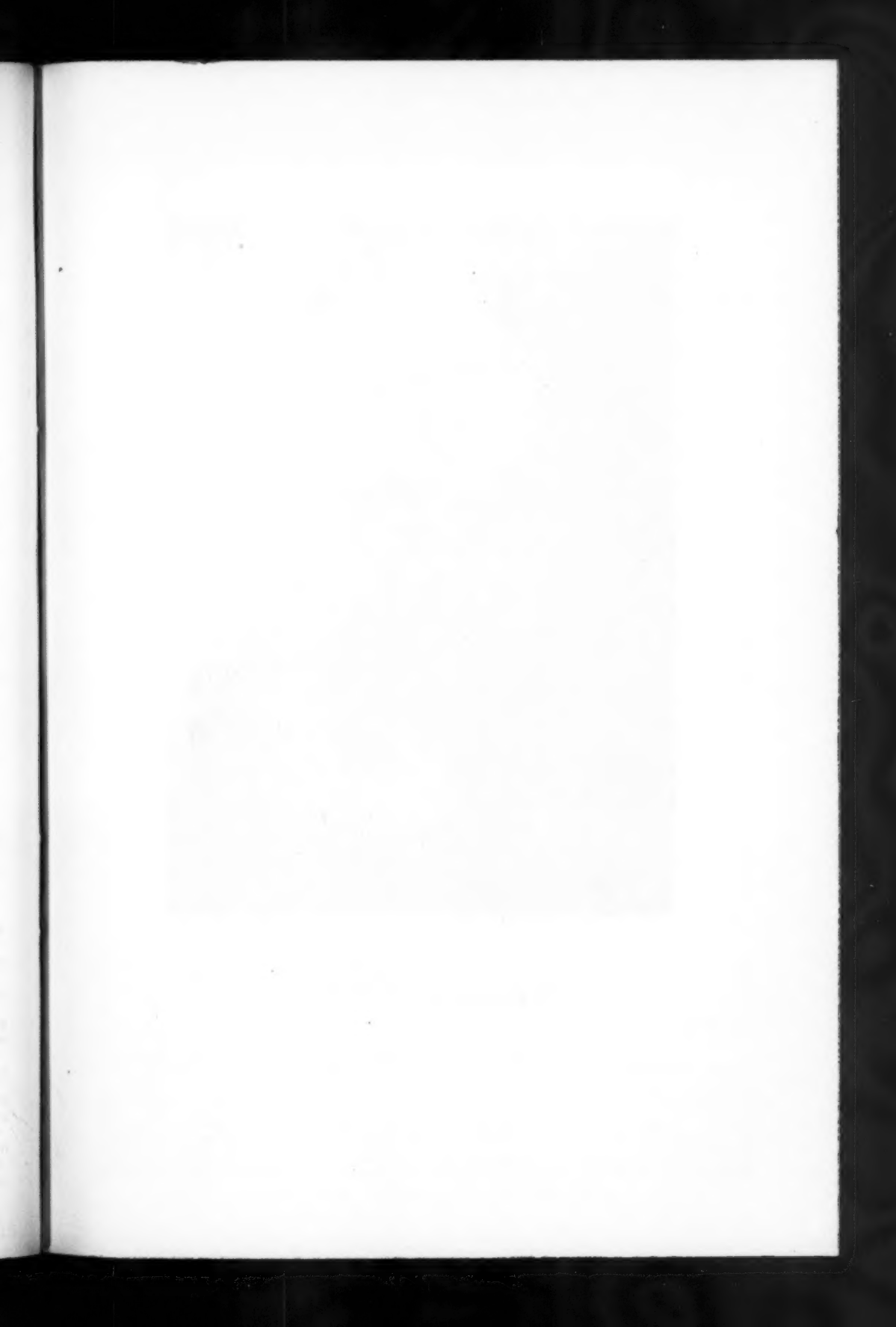
Yet were I there, or were you here—
But an arm's reach from heart to heart—
What should we gain? we still would be
Lost love! the width of our fate apart!

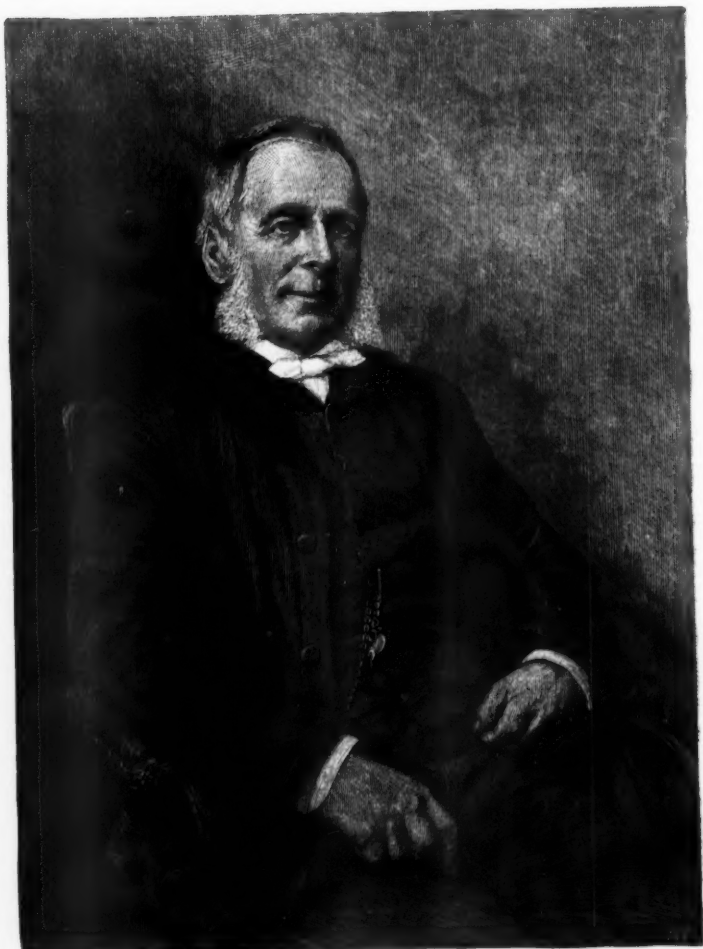
C. E. S.

The Tale of the Tiger still drags its slow
length along!

WHEN my wife flies into a passion,
And her anger waxes wroth,
I think of the Lady and Tiger
And sigh that I chose them both!

M. S. Hopson.





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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Edward Thring

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.